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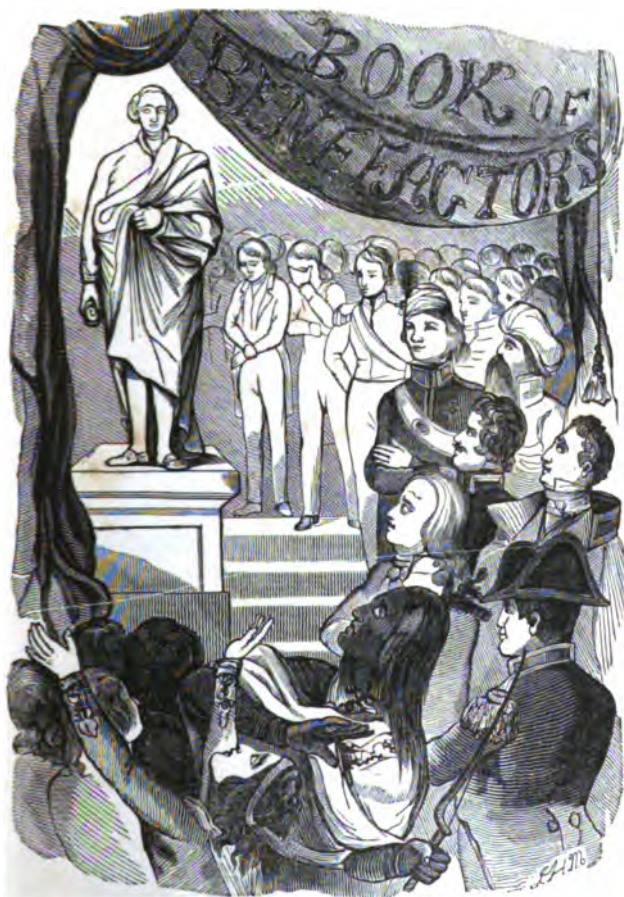


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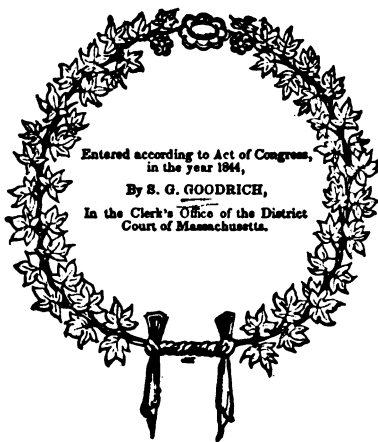
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PREFACE.

It is not the purpose of this volume to present the lives of all, or any considerable portion, of those persons who have acquired the most enviable of titles—that of **BENEFACTORS OF MANKIND**. Nothing more is attempted than to lay before the reader brief sketches of a few of those persons who may lay claim to this designation, either for their deeds, their example, or their influence.

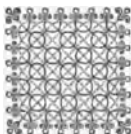
There are several reflections suggested by our subject, which are worthy of consideration. In the first place, it is to be remarked, that a **BOOK OF BENEFACTORS**, though it be devoted to the memory of those most truly honored of mankind, does not include mere warriors, wits, geniuses, statesmen and millionaires—those who are apt to fancy that they are the master-spirits of mankind.

Another reflection is this—that goodness—beneficence—is felt and acknowledged by mankind. Though accidental circumstances—fleeting passions or prejudices—may obscure the light of virtue, so that it is unseen for a time—still, that light is ever tending to struggle out from the mists, and always commands the homage of the human heart, when it is perceived. It is clear, therefore, that there is a moral as well as a physical sun in the universe, and that its rays are as truly adapted to a soul within, as the pencils of natural light to the optic nerve.

Another reflection, and a grateful one to the American bosom, is, that our country has furnished the finest character—that acknowledged by the civilized world to be the finest—in the annals of our race, at least in modern times. The value of Washington's example, aside from his great deeds in our behalf, is beyond calculation, if we use it aright. His character is not only of inestimable worth, as a model upon which to mould our youth; but

is it not also of great significance, in respect to our institutions, and indeed to the cause of human advancement, that it should have been formed in resisting monarchical despotism and in laying the foundations of a republic?

The reader will remark that we have not confined our selections of benefactors to those who stand before the world, professedly, as such. Those who have been eminently useful, though in the pursuit of their own avocations, we have esteemed as doers of good to mankind, and given them a place in our pages. Of this class are Fulton, Whitney, Arkwright and others. For the brief sketches of some of this class, toward the close of the volume, we are largely indebted to the valuable little work, entitled *Exemplary Biography*, by Chambers, of Edinburgh.



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A BOOK OF BENEFACTORS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THIS great man,—“the first in war, the first in peace, the first in the hearts of his countrymen,”—was the third son of Augustine Washington,* and was born near the Potomac, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22nd, 1732. He was sent to a common country school, where little was taught beyond the mysteries of reading, writing and arithmetic. But he profited largely by the slender advantages he possessed. He was inquisitive, diligent and docile, and readily appropriated to himself all the knowledge possessed by his teacher.

It would appear that he had other instruction at a later period ; for, at the age of thirteen, he commenced the study of mathematics. When he finally left school, he had become a proficient in geometry, trigonometry and surveying, for which last he had a decided partiality. During the last summer he was at school,

* The Washington family appears to have been of some antiquity, and of high respectability in England. John and Lawrence Washington emigrated to Virginia, about the year 1657, and settled at Bridge's Creek, near the Potomac, and became successful planters. John married Anne Pope, by whom he had two sons, Lawrence and John, and a daughter.

he surveyed the lands adjoining the school-house, of which the plans, measurements and calculations were found among his papers after his death.

Among the interesting remains of this remarkable man, there are manuscript school-books, which afford us the means of ascertaining his early habits and pursuits. When he was about thirteen years of age, he copied, with much care and in a neat hand, the forms of business papers, such as notes of hand, bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds and wills—all evincing great patience and care. In the same book are selections in rhyme, distinguished for their religious and moral tone, rather than for their poetical merit.

A very interesting portion of one of these manuscript books is a Code of Politeness or Rules of Behavior, which appear to have been compiled by himself when he was about thirteen years of age. They are, on the whole, drawn up with much good sense and propriety of feeling, and we are doubtless to ascribe something of that consistency, decorum, dignity, condescension and mildness, which distinguished Washington through life, to the principles thus early adopted and established.

In the year 1746, when he was fourteen years old, he was offered a midshipman's berth in the British navy. This was obtained by his brother Lawrence, who had been an officer in the British army and served at the siege of Carthegena. Young George was pleased with the appointment, and prepared with a buoyant spirit to enter upon its duties; but as the time approached for his departure, the solicitude of

his mother interposed, and the scheme was abandoned. He was her eldest son, and she was now a widow. We may therefore easily conceive the feelings which led her to such a decision.

Washington's school education was finished in the autumn preceding his sixteenth birth-day. His acquirements were confined to reading, writing, arithmetic and the simpler portions of mathematics. It does not appear that he had any instruction in grammar, and therefore, the excellent style of writing, of which he was afterwards the master, must have been the result of subsequent practice and study. Nor did he ever enter upon the study of the ancient classics. After the French officers had joined the army, during the revolution, he paid some little attention to their language, yet never was able to read, write or translate it. From these statements, it appears that the actual amount of knowledge acquired by George Washington at school, was greatly inferior to that which is taught at the present high schools throughout the country. Indeed, most of the children in our New England seminaries, at the age of twelve years, have compassed a wider field of learning than the hero of our story when he had reached the beginning of his manhood.

But if his acquisitions were not great, he had established habits which were of even higher utility. He had subjected himself to a judicious code of manners; he had acquired habits of patience and order, even in the dry and irksome details of business; he had obtained the mastery of his quick and vehement passions; he had accustomed himself to be guided by

duty rather than inclination. He had, indeed, habituated himself to so complete a system of discipline, that he seems to have taken pleasure in what would have been revolting to others. He could find amusement, even at thirteen, in forming and writing out, with the utmost nicety of arrangement and in a fair hand, elaborate mathematical calculations, diagrams, &c.!

"These particulars," says his biographer, Mr. Sparks, "will not be thought too trivial to be mentioned, when it is known that he retained similar habits through life. His business papers, day-books, ledgers and letter-books, in which, before the revolution, no one wrote but himself, exhibit specimens of the same studious care and exactness. Every fact occupies a clear and distinct place; the hand-writing is round and regular, without interlineations, blots or blemishes; and if mistakes occurred, the faulty words were so skilfully erased and corrected, as to render the defect invisible except to a scrutinizing eye.

"The constructing of tables, diagrams and other figures relating to numbers or classifications was an exercise in which he seems at all times to have taken much delight. If any of his farms were to be divided into new lots, a plan was first drawn on paper; if he meditated a rotation of crops, or a change in the mode of culture, the various items of expense, labor, products and profits were reduced to tabular forms; and, in his written instructions to his managers, which were annually repeated, the same method was pursued.

"While at the head of the army, this habit was of especial service to him. The names and rank of the

officers, the returns of the adjutants, commissaries and quarter-masters, were compressed by him into systematic tables, so contrived as to fix strongly in his mind the most essential parts, without being encumbered with details. When the army was to march, or perform any movements, requiring combination and concert, a scheme was first delineated; and at the beginning of an active campaign, or in the preparation for a detached enterprise, the line of battle was projected and sketched on paper, each officer being assigned to his post, with the names of the regiments and strength of the forces he was to command.

“ During the presidency, it was likewise his custom to subject the treasury reports and accompanying documents to the process of tabular condensation, with a vast expenditure of labor and patience; but it enabled him to grasp and retain in their order a series of isolated facts, and the results of a complicated mass of figures, which could never have been mastered so effectually by any other mode of approaching them.” Such were some of the great results of the habits adopted by Washington in his school-boy days,—though these were doubtless dictated in some degree by his natural disposition.

The character of Washington during this period of his life, is thus drawn by his biographer: “ Tradition reports that he was inquisitive, docile and diligent; but it adds that his military propensities and passion for active sports, displayed themselves in his boyhood; that he formed his schoolmates into companies, who paraded, marched and fought mimic battles, in which

he was always the commander of one of the parties. He had a fondness for the athletic amusements of running, jumping wrestling, tossing bars, and other feats of agility and bodily exercise. Indeed, it is well known that these practices were continued by him after he had arrived at the age of mature life. It has also been said that, while at school, his probity and demeanor were such as to win the deference of the other boys, who were accustomed to make him the arbiter of their disputes and never failed to be satisfied with his judgment."

At the time of George Washington's birth, his father resided near the banks of the Potomac, in Westmoreland county; but he removed not long afterwards to an estate owned by him in Stafford county, on the east side of the Rappahannoc river, opposite Fredericksburg. Here he lived till his death, which happened, after a sudden and short illness, on the 12th of April, 1743, at the age of forty-nine. He was buried at Bridge's Creek, in the tomb of his ancestors.*

Washington's mother was now left with the weighty charge of five young children; George, the eldest, being eleven years old. She was, however, a woman

* Augustine Washington was twice married, and had ten children—four by the first, and six by the second wife. The subject of our memoir was the first-born of the latter,—Mary Bull. Little is known of the character or history of Augustine Washington, but, as he possessed a valuable estate, chiefly acquired by his own industry, it is fair to infer that he was in business methodical, skilful and upright. He was a planter, and each of his sons inherited from him a separate plantation. Mount Vernon was given to Augustine, and afterwards became the property of George.

of good sense, and devoted herself with great energy to the complicated duties of her trust. Her assiduity and fidelity overcame every obstacle, and she lived long to enjoy the best reward of a mother's solicitude, —the success and happiness of her children. George continued with his mother till he left school, soon after which, he went to reside with his brother Lawrence, then proprietor of the country seat which is well known by the title of Mount Vernon. Here he spent the winter, devoting himself to the study of mathematics and the exercise of surveying. He also became acquainted with Lord Fairfax, and other members of the Fairfax family established in that part of Virginia, with whom his brother Lawrence was connected by marriage.

Lord Fairfax was the proprietor of an immense tract of wild land in Virginia, extending even into the recesses of the Allegany mountains. Learning young George's turn for surveying, he employed him to survey a portion of these lands. In pursuit of this appointment, he set out upon his first surveying expedition shortly after he was sixteen years old. The enterprise was arduous and partook not a little of adventure. It was March, but winter still lingered on the summits of the mountains, and the rivers were swollen with freshets. Still, the youthful leader, with his band of attendants, pressed eagerly forward. They soon plunged into the trackless wilderness, crossed the first ridge of the Alleghenies, and entered upon their duties. Here, in the solitude of the forest, they remained for several months, often with no shelter but the sky, and far removed from human habitations,

except those of the savages, who dwelt in scattered bands amid these wild regions. At last, having accomplished his task, he returned, and had the satisfaction of receiving the full approbation of his employer.

Young Washington's reputation as a surveyor was now established, and he received a commission from the governor of the colony, which gave authority to his surveys. He devoted three years steadily to this pursuit; and, as there were few surveyors in that quarter, the compensation he received was liberal. At the same time, he was forming a character for probity and correct business habits. During this period his home was with his brother at Mount Vernon, as being nearer the scene of his labors than his mother's residence; but he made her frequent visits, and assisted her largely in the conduct of her affairs.

At the age of nineteen, he received, from the government of Virginia, the appointment of military inspector, with the rank of major, and the pay of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. His military propensities appear to have been more rapidly developed by this event. Under the tuition of some British officers who had served in the recent war, he studied tactics, learned the manual exercise, and became expert in the use of the sword. He read the principal books on the military art, and joined practice to theory as far as circumstances would permit.

But he had scarcely entered upon the business of his new office, when he was called to other duties. Lawrence Washington had been long suffering under

a pulmonary attack, and his disease was now so threatening that his medical advisers recommended him to try the climate of the West Indies. As it was necessary that some person should attend him, he desired George to be his companion, and the two set sail for Barbadoes in September, 1751, where they soon arrived. The change of air produced a transient alleviation of the patient's disease, but the unfavorable symptoms soon returned, and he determined to proceed to Bermuda. George set out for Virginia, for the purpose of accompanying the wife of his brother to that island, and, after an absence of somewhat more than four months, he reached his home. During his residence in Barbadoes, he had been seized with the small pox, and though the attack was severe, he recovered in about three weeks.

The same habits which Washington had adopted at home, attended him during this expedition. He kept a minute journal during his absence, which has been preserved. From this it appears that at sea he daily copied the log-book, noted the course of the winds, the state of the weather, the progress of the ship, and other incidental occurrences. In the island of Barbadoes everything attracted his notice—the soil, agriculture, fruits, commerce, military force, fortifications, manners of the people, municipal regulations and government. Thus everything became an object of observation and study; every scene was a book, from which he was constantly adding to his stock of knowledge.

The accounts from his brother in Bermuda were at first flattering; but these fair prospects were soon

blighted, and finding no essential relief, he returned to Virginia, where he sank rapidly into the grave, at the early age of thirty-four. George was one of his executors, and was chiefly entrusted with the settlement of his large estate. These private employments occupied much of his time, but they did not draw him from his public duties as inspector or adjutant-general. These indeed occupied a large share of his attention, and he appears to have been frequently engaged in instructing the militia officers, reviewing companies on parade, inspecting arms and accoutrements, and establishing an uniform system of manœuvres and discipline.

Washington had now reached the age of twenty-one, and the time had arrived when he was to enter upon that public career which has immortalized his name. Intelligence had reached the governor of Virginia that the French, who had long occupied the territory of Canada, had crossed the northern lakes in force, and were about to establish posts and erect fortifications on the waters of the Ohio. It was also rumored that the Indians in that quarter, friendly to the English, now began to waver in their fidelity; and that the hostile tribes, encouraged by the French, exhibited symptoms of open war. The crisis seemed to demand immediate attention.

Yet some time passed before any active measures were taken,—during which the French prosecuted their designs with rigor. Already had troops, with munitions of war and other supplies, been sent across the lakes, while bodies of men had ascended the Mississippi from New Orleans. These several detach-

ments had united, and already established themselves on the southern banks of the Ohio.

It is a question of some interest to whom the lands thus occupied, belonged, and about which a contest was now to arise, destined to kindle the flames of war throughout Europe, and result in severing from France the largest portion of her American settlements; yet a careful inquiry would probably leave us in doubt, or bring us to the conclusion that neither of the contending parties had any just claim to the territory in dispute.

Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, having received orders from England to build two forts upon the Ohio, for the purpose of maintaining the British claim, resolved, as a first step, to send a commissioner to the French agents, with authority to inquire, in due form, into their designs and proceedings. This important trust was confided to the youthful Washington. He departed from Williamsburg, October 1st, 1753. On his route, he collected his attendants, who amounted to seven persons. They were provided with horses, tents, baggage and provisions, suited to the expedition.

The party of adventurers set boldly forward upon their enterprise. The whole length of their journey was about five hundred and sixty miles, and lay, for the most part, through an unbroken wilderness, and where, as yet, no traces of civilization were to be found. They were also to traverse the lofty ridges of the Alleghanies, and to pass through territories inhabited by Indian tribes. It is rare, indeed, that an enter-

prise so bold and hazardous, has been conducted by so youthful a leader.

Some twenty miles below the point where the Monongahela and Allegany unite to form the Ohio, Washington summoned a council of the neighboring sachems, to whom he communicated the views of the governor of Virginia. Attended by four Indians as guides, he then proceeded on his journey; making his way over mountain and valley, crossing rivers and marshes, threading the tangled forests, and, overcoming every obstacle, he at last reached the head quarters of the French settlements. Here he was civilly treated by the commandant, M. de St. Pierre, to whom he delivered his message. While this was under consideration, he took occasion to look around and examine the fort. His attendants were instructed to make similar observations. The fort was situated on French Creek, about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie. Washington succeeded in taking an accurate plan of it, and ascertained the number of cannon, canoes and other articles belonging to the establishment. The reply of M. de St. Pierre was that he would communicate the substance of Governor Dinwiddie's letter to the governor of Canada, under whose instructions he acted. The terms in which this was couched were respectful, but it was at the same time uncomplying and determined.

Winter was now rapidly approaching, and Washington, who had been treated with great civility by the commandant, and was liberally supplied by him with provisions, set out for his return. He proceeded with his party in a canoe to the distance of

one hundred and thirty miles, where he found his horses, which had been sent forward. Soon after, they reached the Allegany river, which they expected to cross on the ice. In this they were disappointed, for it was only frozen a few yards from the banks. After spending the night upon the snow, with no other covering than their blankets, they set about making a raft. Having only one miserable hatchet, this was not completed till sunset. The raft was now launched, and they set off from the shore. The current of the river was rapid, and large masses of ice were floating down. The raft was soon jammed in between these, and appeared to be on the point of sinking. At this moment, Washington endeavored to guide it with his setting pole, which, however, was suddenly struck by the ice, and he was jerked to a considerable distance into the river. Exerting his powerful strength to the utmost, he seized upon one of the logs of the raft, and recovered his position. With their utmost efforts, they were unable to reach the shore, and, as they were now approaching an island, they left the raft, and waded to the land. Here they spent the night, suffering intensely from the cold, and one of the party having his hands and feet frozen. In the morning, the ice had formed so as to bear their weight, and they crossed to the eastern bank of the river without accident. After various adventures, Washington arrived at Williamsburg, on the 16th of January, and made his report to the governor. He had been absent eleven weeks.

It was now obvious that a necessity existed for decisive measures, in order to expel the French; an

order was therefore issued by the governor and council, for the building of two forts upon the Ohio, and the raising of two hundred men for the purpose of accomplishing the object. The command of these troops was given to Washington. Further measures were also adopted; other troops were raised, and Washington received the appointment of lieutenant-colonel. At last, with three small companies, he proceeded to Will's Creek, where he learned that the French had captured a small fort on the Ohio, already begun by the English, under Captain Trent. This was an open act of hostility, which seemed to render his position critical; he therefore sent expresses to the governors of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, begging for reinforcements. At the same time, he pushed boldly forward into the wilderness, occupying his men in clearing and preparing the road as they advanced.

The news soon arrived that a party of French troops was advancing upon the Virginians. Not knowing their number, Washington hastened to a position called the Great Meadows, cleared away the bushes, threw up entrenchments, and prepared for the event. After a short time, however, he put himself at the head of forty men, and set off to join some friendly Indians, who were at the distance of six miles, and commanded by a chief called the Half-king. The night was dark, and the rain fell in torrents. The party, however, pushed on, groping their way through the intricacies of the forest, and clambering over rocks and fallen trees.

At length they reached the Indian camp, and, being joined by the warriors under the Half-king, they

marched in concert against the enemy, whom they found in an obscure retreat, surrounded by rocks. Washington's men immediately commenced an attack, and, after a smart skirmish, the French ceased to resist. Their commander, M. de Joumonville, and ten of his men were killed, and twenty-two were taken prisoners. This event occurred on the 28th of May, 1754. The prisoners were conducted to the Great Meadows, and thence, under a guard, to Governor Dinwiddie. This act, being one of the first in the long and bloody war that followed, was severely scrutinized and loudly condemned by the French. Yet it appears to have been fully justified by the circumstances of the time.

The western army was soon increased to four hundred men, and Washington, foreseeing that, as soon as the French at Fort Duquesne received information of the capture of Joumonville's party, they would send a force against him, took the most active measures to enlarge and strengthen the entrenchments at the Great Meadows. To the structure thus hastily erected, he gave the name of Fort Necessity. News soon came that the French were reinforced by troops from Canada, and a strong detachment would shortly be despatched against the English. Alarmed by the prospect of coming hostilities, the Indians gathered to the fort from all quarters. Among them was the Half-king and his warriors, Alaquippa, a sable queen of the forest, and other persons of distinction, with numerous attendants. These made a heavy demand upon the stores of Fort Necessity, and embarrassed, rather than aided, the English cause. The Indians,

throughout the war, being ever greedy of presents, making large requisitions for supplies, and agitated by constant jealousies, were ever a source of anxiety and vexation. They were sometimes useful as scouts, but never effective in battle. They hung around the army to be fed and feasted, yet were always ready to sell their allegiance to the highest bidder. Encumbered by these allies, and contending with jealousies and divisions among his troops; far removed from aid, and threatened with the appearance of a powerful enemy, Washington's position demanded the highest exercise of a soldier's courage, prudence and decision—and happily these were at his command.

He had advanced some miles toward the Monongahela river, but he now determined to retreat and make a stand at Fort Necessity. This position, lying near the foot of Laurel Hill, and a few yards from the great Cumberland road, was now strengthened, and the most active exertions were made to prepare for the enemy. On the morning of the 3d of July, a wounded sentinel came in, giving information that the enemy, nine hundred strong, were at hand. At eleven o'clock, they approached the fort, and the action began. The rain fell heavily, but the French and Indians, sheltered by the trees around, poured their shot upon the little army within the garrison. This was bravely returned, and though the trenches of the fort were filled with water, and many of the guns of the English incapable of being discharged, the little band, with Spartan valor, fought on till night closed the scene. The action had continued for nine hours, when the French requested a parley. Nego-

tiation followed, and Washington agreed to surrender the fort, taking, however, his men, arms and baggage with him. Agreeably to these stipulations, he marched the next morning for the station at Will's Creek. Leaving his men at this place, he proceeded to Virginia, and had the satisfaction of receiving the thanks of the legislature of the colony, as well as the applause of the country.

The zeal of Governor Dinwiddie was greater than his discretion. He therefore proceeded to adopt impracticable schemes, and finally established a system which placed the officers of the Virginian troops below those of the same rank holding commissions from the king. Such was its operation, that Colonel Washington had but the rank of a captain, and was placed beneath officers whom he had before commanded. To such a degradation he could not submit; he therefore resigned his commission, left the army, and spent the winter in retirement.

In the spring, General Braddock arrived from Great Britain with two fine regiments, and invited Washington to take part in the coming campaign against the French at the west, holding his former rank, and making part of the general's military family. To this he acceded, and thus, as a volunteer, he participated in one of the most memorable and disastrous events of our early history. Braddock was brave, but self-willed and rash. He marched into the western wilds with a powerful and well-appointed army, confident himself of victory, and exciting throughout the country the liveliest expectations of success.

Early in July he approached Fort Duquesne, now

Pittsburg, the object of his expedition. On the 9th of the month, the troops had crossed the river Monongahela, and now moved along its southern margin. It was a brave spectacle. Their arms glittered in the sun, and their prospects were bright as their weapons. Washington often said, in after years, that he had never seen so imposing a scene as was exhibited by that gallant army, pouring in their proud array, through the stately forests, upon that lovely summer morning. Alas, how soon was their pride humbled; their joy turned to sorrow and mourning!

The English army now amounted to near fifteen hundred men. About one o'clock, their advanced parties were suddenly startled with musketry, discharged from amid the rocks and bushes around. They were filled with instant consternation, for no enemy was in sight. They fired in turn, but at random and without effect. They soon gave way, and fell back upon the artillery and other portions of the army, striking into the whole mass a fatal panic. The general behaved with the utmost courage, and the officers strove to rally their men. But all was confusion. They continued for nearly three hours in this fearful condition, the troops huddling together in confused groups, sometimes firing at random, and shooting down their own troops. The Virginians adopted the Indian mode of fighting, taking shelter behind trees and rocks, and did much execution; but Braddock, with strange infatuation, forbade this, and sought to rally his soldiers in platoons, as if they were fighting upon the smooth, level plains of Flanders. The enemy continued their deadly fire, and though

unseen, the English soldiers fell like helpless deer before them. More than half the gallant army that had crossed the river that morning, so high in hope, so full of bright expectation, were either killed or wounded. Braddock himself received a mortal wound, and many of his best officers fell by his side.

Washington had forewarned the general of the dangers he had to meet and the peculiar mode of warfare that would be adopted. But his counsel was rejected with disdain. Still, in the battle, he behaved with the greatest courage and resolution. The other aids were killed, and the general's orders devolved on him alone. He rode fearlessly in every direction, and thus became a mark to the sharp-shooters that lay ambushed around him. His companions were swept away, but he moved unhurt amid the shower of death. Two horses were shot under him; four bullets passed through his coat, and every other officer, on horseback, was either killed or wounded,—but he was saved! Surely, there was a Providence watching over him that day, preserving and fitting him for the great events over which he was afterwards to preside.

In this fatal battle, the English lost nearly seven hundred and fifty men in killed and wounded; of whom nearly sixty were officers. On the other hand, the enemy's loss was small. Their force amounted to eight hundred, of whom six hundred were Indians. According to their returns, not more than forty were killed. Washington took command of the remnant of the army, and conducted the retreat with the greatest

ability. The wounded general was borne along, but he expired on the fourth day, and was buried near Fort Necessity. The troops at length reached Fort Cumberland, and Washington, no longer connected with the service, retired to Mount Vernon.

Though the heaviest denunciations fell upon Braddock, Washington's character, as a gallant and able soldier, was established by these events. His wisdom, courage and resources had shone conspicuously, and were applauded by the whole country. His merits were acknowledged by the Virginia legislature, and the sum of three hundred pounds was granted for his services. He was strongly pressed to continue in public life, and, August 14, 1755, he was appointed to the command of the Virginia troops. Being now established in a command of high responsibility, he applied himself to the discharge of its duties with that union of energy and circumspection which marked his character. For several years he continued to devote himself to the service of his country, and at last, in 1758, he resigned his commission and retired to private life. Though the actions he had performed were not splendid, they were arduous and useful, and extorted, as well from the country as the officers and soldiers, the most decided marks of respect and approbation.

On the 6th January, 1759, he was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, widow of John Parke Custis, and distinguished alike for her beauty, accomplishments and wealth. By this marriage he received a large accession of property, which, added to the estate at Mount Vernon, and the fortune he had otherwise in posses-

sion, constituted an ample fortune. To the duties and pleasures of private life, Washington now devoted himself. He was happy in his marriage; the union subsisted for forty years. The character of his amiable lady has ever been a theme of praise. She was courteous, yet dignified; remarkable for her deeds of charity and her unaffected piety, and for discharging, in an exemplary manner, alike the duties of every private as well as every public station.

Fifteen years now passed, during which Washington was constantly a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, being returned by a large majority of votes at every election. With his accustomed punctuality, and while his own mind was expanding and ripening by means of study and reflection, he was exercising a powerful influence in the legislature by his sound judgment, his quick perception and his straight-forward sincerity.

In April, 1764, he took up his residence permanently at Mount Vernon, with no higher aim than to cultivate the social virtues, fulfil his duties as a citizen, and sustain the dignity of a country gentleman. For these simple, yet happy pursuits, he was admirably fitted, and, even when his fame was highest, he seems to have yearned for the comfort and content of his country home.

It is pleasant to pause a moment and contemplate a great man, while engaged in the common, yet peaceful pursuits of life. Washington was now a planter, and it appears that he was as industrious and systematic here, as in the more responsible stations he had occupied. He was addicted to hospi-

talities, and the most distinguished men in Virginia were his frequent guests. He was fond of amusements, and pursued the sports of fishing and the chase, with avidity. He was, at the same time, ready to make himself useful to all around him; he took upon himself various trusts, acted as an arbitrator in settling disputes, took part in parish affairs, and was a vestryman in the church,—in all which stations he displayed a disinterestedness, candor, and good faith, which secured the affection and respect of his neighbors.

As the war of the revolution approached, Washington watched public events with a scrutinizing eye. He sympathized with the people of the country in their opposition to British encroachments on our rights, and participated in the various measures of the Virginia legislature, to resist them. He was also a member of the first congress, which assembled at Philadelphia September 5, 1774. When Patrick Henry, who was a member of this body, was asked who he thought the greatest man in it,—he replied, "If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

The business of congress being over, Washington returned to the occupations of his farm; but the next year he was a member of the second continental congress, and, in June, he was appointed to the chief command of the army that had assembled at Boston. Washington, who had by no means solicited this elevated, but fearful trust, received it with modest

diffidence, at the same time pledging himself to exert his utmost efforts in behalf of his country during the impending struggle.

His commission was dated June 19th. He made immediate preparations for his departure, and arrived at Cambridge July 2d. He took command of the army on the next day. It is not easy to conceive of a situation more perplexing than that in which he was now placed. The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought, and the people had flocked from all quarters to the rescue. They came, bringing such weapons as they possessed. They had collected to the amount of several thousands, but they were without discipline, and almost entirely destitute of efficient arms; they were poorly provided with munitions of war and the means of support. At the same time, the British forces held possession of Boston, where they were well fed, and amply supplied with military stores and equipments.

Unappalled, however, by the difficulties of his situation, Washington applied himself, with sleepless vigilance and zeal, to his duties. Under the magic influence of these efforts, order seemed to grow out of confusion, strength spring from weakness, and confidence to take the place of distrust.

When Washington took the command of the army, it was his expectation that he should be able to visit his home during the winter. But this he found impracticable. Accordingly, he wrote to his wife, and she joined him at head quarters in December, where she remained till spring; and it appears that this was her practice during the war. She passed

the winters with him in camp, and returned, at the opening of the campaign, to Mount Vernon. For eight years and a half he never visited Mount Vernon but once, and then casually, on his way to Yorktown.

As he was unable to visit his estates, he gave them in charge to his relative, Lund Washington, who appears to have executed the trust with diligence and fidelity. He was accustomed to write to the general, two or three times a month, giving him an account of everything that happened. In reply, Washington, on one occasion, wrote him as follows: "Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness; and I have no objection to your giving my money in charity, to the amount of forty or fifty pounds a year, when you think it well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection, is, that it is my desire that it should be done. You are to consider that neither my wife nor myself, is in the way to do these good offices. In all other respects, I recommend it to you, and have no doubt of your observing the greatest economy and frugality; as I suppose you know, that I do not get a farthing for my services here more than my expenses. It becomes necessary, therefore, for me to be saving at home."

We shall not follow Washington through the minuter details of the war. It will be sufficient to state a few of the leading events. In March, 1776, having gained Dorchester heights, and thus obtained a position to annoy the British in Boston, the latter were

compelled to evacuate the place, and the American army entered it in triumph.

Washington now proceeded to New York, which it was apparent was to be the object of attack. Here he devoted himself to the strengthening of the defences. On the 27th of August, the two armies met upon Long Island, near the city, and the Americans were defeated with great loss. With consummate skill, Washington withdrew his forces, by night, saving his military stores and artillery. For two days and two nights he was on horseback superintending the retreat.

In September, he was compelled to evacuate New York, and move northward, making a stand at White Plains. Here an engagement took place, and a portion of the American forces were driven back. He was now obliged to retreat into New Jersey. His situation was gloomy in the extreme. The militia had proved ineffective in battle, and the army was dwindled to a shadow. But that steadfast firmness, which constituted one of the prominent features of his character, never for a moment forsook him. Undismayed by the perils which threatened him,—when other hearts wavered,—when congress was shaken,—he did not for a moment despair, nor relax his exertions, nor omit anything that could obstruct the progress of the enemy or improve his own condition. Conscious of the rectitude of our cause, he never seemed to doubt of final success. Whenever he appeared before his harassed and enfeebled army, his countenance was serene, his demeanor unembarrassed. He be-

trayed no fear himself, and his perfect self-possession inspired confidence in the bosoms of others.

In his retreat through New Jersey, Washington was followed by the British army, flushed with victory, highly disciplined, and perfectly equipped, while his own troops were dispirited, destitute, and daily decreasing by the expiration of their terms of service. In December, the British general made an attempt to get possession of a number of boats for the transportation of his forces over the Delaware; but having failed, he went into winter quarters.

Feeling the necessity of some effort to revive the drooping spirits of the country, and having received some effective reinforcements, Washington resolved upon the bold attempt to attack the British posts on the Delaware. Being on the western side of that river, he crossed it by night, and, coming suddenly upon Trenton, captured a thousand Hessians, belonging to the British army. This occurred December 26th.

After this success, Washington remained a while at Trenton; but, on the 3d of January, he attacked three British regiments at Princeton, killed more than an hundred men, and captured three hundred prisoners. Throughout the battle, he appeared in the hottest parts of the combat, giving orders and animating his troops. These successful operations broke up the British posts upon the Delaware, revived the flagging hopes of the country, and increased the fame of the American commander. At the moment that his army was thought to be on the verge of annihilation, in the face of a victorious enemy, he

commenced a series of offensive operations, which disconcerted the plans of the foe, and seemed suddenly to convert disaster into triumph. Such results, under such circumstances, afford the most conclusive evidence of the highest order of military talent.

The campaign of 1777, imposed the most arduous duties upon Washington. Various battles were fought, and, on the 10th of September, the Americans were defeated in the memorable engagement of the Brandywine; this opened the way of the British to Philadelphia, and they entered it on the 26th.

The following winter, Washington took up his quarters at Valley Forge, twenty miles north of Philadelphia. Here the sufferings of the army were excessive, from the intense severity of the season, and want of the comforts of life. Such was the despondence of the country at this time, that the incessant labors, the unyielding patriotism, the steadfast fidelity, the consummate abilities of Washington, could not shield him from complaint—from the imputation of want of energy, as indicated by want of success. Consequently, an intrigue was set on foot for superseding him in the command of the army, and giving it to Gates, the victor of Saratoga. But to weaken his hold upon the confidence and affection of the great body of the people and the army, was found impossible, and even the troops who had conquered under Gates, received the idea of the change with indignation. The machinations of his enemies were frustrated without any efforts on his part, and only did injury to themselves; nor did they make any undue impression upon Washington's steady mind, or serve

in any way to change his measures. His sensibilities were for his country, and not for himself. What real greatness of soul did he evince at this trying period!

The British evacuated Philadelphia, in June, 1778. They retreated upon New York, through New Jersey, followed by Washington, who brought them to action on the 24th of the month, at Monmouth. The day was excessively hot, and the battle was severely contested. The Americans did not gain a decided victory, yet the result was favorable, as the British retreated the ensuing night, and the spirits of the country, and especially of the army, received a favorable impulse. It is said that Washington never appeared to greater advantage than in this battle. His calmness, his courage, his admirable dispositions exercised the most powerful influence, and determined the fortunate results of the day.

From this period to the siege of Yorktown no incident, calling for particular mention, occurred in Washington's career. He remained in the neighborhood of New York, watching the enemy and taking every measure for the welfare of the country, without being able to perform any striking exploit. He had to contend with difficulties, the mastering of which required higher qualities than are necessary to gain a brilliant victory. His soldiers could scarcely be kept from perishing with cold and hunger, or from dispersing and living on plunder. They were daily leaving the service; some regiments mutinied, and others revolted and marched home; at the same time the most urgent requisitions for recruits proved unavailing. Nothing could be looser and more precarious than the

thread by which the army was kept together, and, in any other hands than those to which it was entrusted, it must inevitably have been broken.

In 1781, Washington had planned a grand enterprise against New York, in conjunction with the French commander, the Count de Rochambeau. But various circumstances concurred to alter his views. While he amused Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander at New York, with the expectation of an assault, he suddenly marched to the south for the purpose of coöperating with the French in an attack upon Lord Cornwallis, who was stationed at Yorktown, with an army of seven thousand men. The siege commenced on the 28th of September, and, on the 19th of October, after severe fighting, Lord Cornwallis was compelled to surrender. His entire garrison, together with the ships, boats and munitions of war were delivered up to the conquering army.

This splendid victory put a finishing stroke to the war. On the 25th of November, 1783, a treaty of peace with Britain having been ratified, the English forces evacuated New York, and Washington entered that city, attended by a splendid retinue. On the 4th of December, he took a solemn and affecting farewell of the principal officers of the army, and, proceeding to Annapolis, where congress was then in session, he resigned in form, to that body, the commission he had so long and so gloriously borne. Carrying with him the gratitude of his country and the admiration of the world, he retired to private life.

Several years now passed, in which Washington devoted himself to his farm, to the claims of hospi-

tality and charity, and to the sustaining of a large correspondence. He sought to restore his lands, exhausted during the war; he adopted a new plan for a rotation of crops, and he spent much time in setting out trees. His house at Mount Vernon was thronged with visitors from all parts of the world; many brought letters of introduction from La Fayette, Rochambeau and de Grasse. Some even crossed the Atlantic to see him; and he was visited from all parts of the United States. All these persons were received with the utmost kindness and attention.

His correspondence was very extensive. He had letters from every country in Europe, and from all parts of the United States. Some of these were upon public affairs, and others were letters of friendship. He kept copies of most of his letters, not only at this period, but during his whole life. These furnish a record not only of his thoughts and actions, but of his motives, and constitute in themselves a full record of his life. They are finely written in point of style, and are uniformly marked with justice, wisdom, and humanity. There has perhaps never been a human life more fully laid open to the public, than that of Washington in his correspondence, and not one which is at the same time so spotless and so full of action.

His charities were numerous, though usually unseen. He was particularly interested in the encouragement of education. During many years, he gave fifty pounds, annually, for the instruction of indigent children in Alexandria; and, by his will, he left a legacy of four thousand dollars, the net income of which was to be used for the same benevolent object, forever

Several instances are known in which he offered to pay the expenses of young men through their collegiate course. Thus occupied, his hours flowed happily on, and we may look to this period as that which afforded him more gratification than any other.

In 1787, Washington was chosen as one of the delegates of Virginia, to the convention to be held at Philadelphia, to revise the federal system. He was unanimously chosen the president of that body, and no member more heartily approved the constitution which they formed, and which now, for more than fifty years, has formed the basis of our national government.

When the new constitution was about to go into operation, all eyes were turned upon Washington to fill the first office in the gift of the people, with affectionate confidence, and a desire which could not be resisted. The animosities of parties could not deprive him of a single vote. The day of election came, and George Washington was chosen, by the unanimous voice of the electors, the first president of the United States.

In April, 1789, Washington, having received official notice of his election, set out for New York, where congress was then in session. His journey from Mount Vernon to the place of his destination had the air of a triumphal procession. Everywhere he was greeted by the citizens, who flocked in crowds to see the saviour of their country, and offer him their homage.

He delivered his inaugural address on the 30th of April, 1789, and, throughout his administration, he acted up to the principles and promises therein contained. As before in his military capacity, so now in

his civil, he declined receiving any compensation beyond his actual expenditures in his official character.

Soon after he entered upon the duties of the presidency, Washington resolved to make a tour to the eastern states. He set out in October, 1789, and proceeded in his own carriage, by way of New Haven, Hartford, Worcester and Boston, to Portsmouth in New Hampshire. Full of enthusiasm inspired by his virtues and his fame, the people flocked in thousands to greet him with acclamations of joy, and testify their respect and veneration. Persons of all ranks and conditions,—men, women and children—the tottering infant, the crutched soldier, the gray-haired patriarch,—assembled from far and near, at the crossings of the roads, and other public places,—happy to set their eyes upon the form of Washington.

The journey was in all respects satisfactory to the president. He was gratified with the evidences afforded of the strong attachment of the people to himself; of the reviving prosperity of the country, and that the government was gaining favor in the public mind. He was happy to see that the ghastly marks of war had almost disappeared—that ample harvests were springing up under the hand of cultivation; that manufactures were increasing, commerce becoming more extended, and society, in all its interests, acquiring an aspect of peace and prosperity. After an absence of two months, he returned to New York.

John Adams of Massachusetts, an ardent friend and eloquent champion of American liberty, and who

had been a distinguished member of the continental congress, had been chosen vice-president. In organizing his cabinet, Washington selected Alexander Hamilton, of New York, as secretary of the treasury, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, secretary of state, Henry Knox, secretary of war, and Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, attorney general. John Jay, of New York, was appointed chief justice. Associated with these great men, he commenced his administration.

The duties of the new government were great indeed. The country was embarrassed with a debt of nearly a hundred millions. The nation had been impoverished and desolated by war. The morals of the people had been corrupted by the vices which are engendered in armies. The bands of society had been loosened or sundered; the conflicting jealousies of thirteen republics were agitating the whole mass of society.

To establish a new government under such circumstances, when the very foundations of society seemed to be yet rocking with the recent earthquake; to bring order out of confusion; to shape the intricate machinery of the new republic, and make all parts work harmoniously;—this required not only the highest efforts of genius, but the utmost sagacity of wisdom; yet the result has proved that the men brought to the task were competent to the stupendous undertaking.

The new government went at once into full operation, and, doubtless, the reverence, the confidence, the affection for Washington, entertained by the entire

nation, contributed, more than any other circumstance, to this propitious course of events. Under the guidance of any other hand, it is probable that the great political engine, fabricated with so much care and skill, had rushed at once into anarchy and confusion. The great name, the fair fame of Washington were doubtless as important to the country in this time of peace, as had been his soldierly qualities in time of war. He was called the father of his country. How potent the spell to subdue fretful and selfish passions, exerted by that magic title! How great, how beneficent the power that lies in a good name!

In discharging one of the most delicate duties of his position—that of appointment or nomination to office—Washington adopted the most wise and patriotic rules. He determined in no degree to give a preference on account of the ties of family relationship, and to have always in view three things—fitness for the proposed station; claims arising from former services; and local position, so as to distribute the offices equally over the country. In practice, he followed these principles, and here, as in everything else, set an example worthy of observance by his successors.

In August, 1789, the mother of Washington died at the age of eighty-two. He had seen her a short time before he entered upon the duties of the presidency. She was sinking under disease, and he foresaw the issue. He took an affecting leave of her, and when he heard the news of her departure, he mourned, yet with gratitude that Providence had given him such a parent, and spared her so long. She was indeed

a superior woman; and we and the world at large are doubtless greatly indebted to her good influences, in shaping the character of her son by favorable impressions in his youth—for such a boon as was bestowed in him. How great is the power of a mother for good or evil! If Washington was in some essential degree the result of a mother's training—was not, also, Aaron Burr, Robespierre, Benedict Arnold? Ye mothers, think of that!

Washington's mother had been a widow forty-six years. She was remarkable, through life, for good sense, vigor of mind, uprightness of character and simplicity of manners. She lived to see the brilliant career of her son,—yet when he visited her in the height of his fame, he found his home unchanged. His renown caused no alteration in her style of living. Neither pride nor vanity mingled in the feelings excited by his success, or the attention paid her as the MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. When his praises were uttered before her, she was silent, or only added that he was a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man. Let no one despair of human nature, while it produces such models as this!

Soon after the government went into operation, it became apparent that two political parties were rising in the country, whose contests threatened to embarrass its progress, if not to subvert the structure itself. From the beginning, there were some persons unfriendly to the constitution, and Mr. Jefferson, the secretary of state, appears to have been among those who gave it a reluctant assent. In his office he discharged his duties with fidelity, but as the admin-

istration advanced, he was understood to disapprove its leading measures. He looked upon the general government as possessing a degree of power dangerous to the individual states, and likely to swallow up their independence, unless jealously watched and rigidly kept within the defined limits of its provisions.

Hamilton entertained different views. Contemplating the fretful elements at work in society, and looking to the experience of mankind, he believed that if there was any defect in the constitution, it was that of weakness; and that, instead of restricting its operations by a narrow construction of the powers it granted, the administration should rather seek to fortify itself by an opposite course. In pursuance of these views, he had recommended the funding system, the assumption of state debts, the bank, and the tax on domestic spirits, which, being approved by Washington, were among the leading features of his administration. To all these Jefferson was opposed, and consequently a feeling of hostility grew up between him and the secretary of the treasury. This division in his cabinet gave the president great anxiety, and he endeavored, though in vain, to heal the breach.

As the term for which Washington was chosen president, drew near its close, a general wish was entertained that he should consent to a second election. To this, however, he had strong objections. He yearned for the peace and quiet of private life, and doubtless felt solicitous to set an example to his successors, of holding the presidential chair for but a single term. But the edifice of government had not yet acquired steadiness; the waves of party were

beating upon it; the French revolution was shaking society, throughout Christendom, to its foundations, and communicating its threatening undulations even to our own shores. It was generally felt that his firm guidance was still necessary at the helm. He received many letters to this effect, from every part of the country, and from leading men of all parties. Hamilton, Randolph, and even Jefferson, made written communications to him, urging, in strong terms and by weighty arguments, the sacrifice of his inclination to the exigency of the time and the demands of his country. Thus, even those who opposed his administration, paid him their homage, and at once confessed his wisdom and their own inconsistency. "The confidence of the whole country," said Jefferson, "is centred in you. Your being at the helm, will be more than an answer to every argument which can be used to alarm and lead the people, in any quarter, into violence or secession." Such were the words of one who was the head of the opposition to Washington's administration, and who has done more than all other men to unsettle the just, wise and patriotic principles which he entertained, and sought to diffuse!

Yielding to the wish of the nation, unequivocally expressed, Washington was unanimously chosen for a second term, and accepted the appointment. It was no idle trust. France was now at war with embattled Europe, and it became a matter of the utmost delicacy to steer clear of difficulty between the contending parties. Washington determined upon a course of strict neutrality; yet this brought upon him the most violent attacks from the opposition, who were

friendly to the French. Party strife now raged with unwonted violence. The storm was rendered more violent by the shameful audacity of citizen Genet, minister from the French republic. On his arrival, he was received with enthusiasm by the people, who remembered with gratitude the aid which his country had afforded in the struggle of the revolution. Emboldened by these indications, he gave immediate orders, after his landing at Charleston, in South Carolina, for fitting out vessels to cruise against those of countries at peace with the United States.

He was politely received by Washington, but his measures were deemed improper, and a public declaration of the government was made, prohibiting such a breach of our neutral relations as he had attempted. The minister protested against this decision, wrote offensive letters to the secretary of state, and seemed alike to forget the dignity of his station and the character of a gentleman. His effrontery was checked by the firmness of the executive, but he still sought to force the country to the support of his views. Under his auspices, democratic societies were formed in various parts of the country, upon the model of the Jacobin clubs of France, whose purpose and effect were to sow the seeds of jealousy and distrust of the government, to bring the administration into contempt, and sap the foundations of the constitution.

In spite of the billows that foamed and fretted around the government, it went steadily on, acquiring stability in the midst of agitation. Unbiassed by the acrimony of parties, the president pursued his calm career. In the spring of 1794, John Jay was sent as

minister to England, to attempt to adjust the difficulties with that power, and soon after Mr. Monroe, though of the democratic party, was despatched to France, in place of Gouvernor Morris, who was recalled. About the same period, an insurrection in Pennsylvania, called the "whiskey rebellion," was suppressed by a show of military force, and without bloodshed.

In 1795, the treaty negotiated with England, by Mr. Jay, was received, and, after calm and anxious deliberation, Washington gave it his sanction. It was also ratified by the senate. It was seized upon, however, by the opposition, and made the ground of the most bitter invective. This was particularly turned against Washington. Seldom has any individual been the object of such malignant obloquy. His character was assailed,—his motives impugned,—his competency denied. The whole country was swept as by a tempest. Yet he turned not from his path. Steadfast in his convictions, he held to his purpose; the treaty went into effect, and proved to be one of the wisest and happiest events in our history. It saved the country from a war, improved our commerce, and contributed to lay the foundation of durable prosperity. What a triumph was this! what a proof of far-sighted sagacity on the part of the president! As time advances, how great does he appear!—how deep his wisdom!—how lofty his calmness! Yes,—and how contemptible his traducers!—how subdued the frothy tempest they excited!

During the progress of these events, several changes had taken place in the cabinet. Mr. Jefferson

returned from his mission to France in 1794, and may from this time be considered as the head of the democratic party. And it is proper to add, that he requited the implicit confidence which had been bestowed upon him, in a manner to excite the indignation of Washington. He was succeeded in the department of state by Edmund Randolph, the attorney general. The same year Hamilton was succeeded by Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, and General Knox, by Timothy Pickering, of Massachusetts.

In 1796, the captivity of La Fayette in the dungeons of Olmutz, became known, and it excited in Washington the keenest anxiety. We had no diplomatic relations with Germany, and had therefore no power to use direct efforts in his favor. Yet our ministers abroad were instructed to use their influence to effect his liberation, and Washington wrote with his own hand to the emperor of Austria, soliciting his release. The effect we do not know; but when the noble captive was set free, he was delivered to the charge of the American consul at Hamburg.

As the end of his second term drew near, Washington determined not to accept another term of office, and set about the preparation of his immortal farewell address. In this he was probably aided by the admirable quill of Hamilton, yet the sentiments and substance were his own. It will endure forever, as a monument of his great wisdom and affectionate patriotism. So long as its advice is heeded by our country, we shall advance in the career of prosperity; if we deviate from its principles, we have cause to fear for our liberties. Let us learn to try every pub-

lic man, every public measure, by this admirable document; and, regardless of names, professions and pretences, approve or condemn, as they may conform to, or depart from, the standards there proposed.

Mr. Adams was chosen president, and Mr. Jefferson vice-president; being duly inaugurated, March 4, 1797, Washington prepared to take his leave. At a dinner, when many of his friends were present, he gave as a sentiment, "Ladies and gentlemen,—this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man,—I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness." The hilarity of the party ceased; and tears which could not be suppressed fell from the eyes of those around. Taking leave of his friends, and a final farewell of public life, he left Philadelphia, the seat of government, and was once more restored to the farm of Mount Vernon.

He now returned to the simple pursuits, which had before occupied him in private life. But in the midst of these scenes, he was called once more to yield to the calls of his country. The conduct of the French directory had excited fears of an approaching contest, and a provincial army was raised, to stand ready for any emergency. Washington was appointed to its command, in July, 1798, and accepted the trust. From this period to the end of his life, he was much occupied in these military affairs. His official correspondence at this period was extensive, and affords the finest models of this kind of writing, as well as abundant evidence of the vigor of his intellect and the fertility of his resources.

And now the closing scene draws near. On the

10th of December, 1799, he was several hours on horseback, and returned in the afternoon, wet and chilled with rain and sleet. In the night he had an ague, and on the morning of the 14th, he had a sore throat, which caused him to breathe with difficulty. His suffering soon became acute, and was unabated through the day. Medicine afforded no relief. He was persuaded that death was at hand. "I die hard," said he to his physician, Dr. Craik,—“but I am not afraid to die. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long.” Nothing could be done to arrest the disease. It was the will of Providence. Patient, and submissive to the Divine will, he struggled for a brief space, and expired without a groan, between ten and eleven o'clock, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. On the 18th, his remains were deposited in the tomb of Mount Vernon, where they still repose.

The character of Washington is the finest in history. It has extorted admiration from every civilized land. Congress paid him their tribute of affection and respect; the whole nation mourned for one, on whom they had bestowed the endearing title of Father of his Country. Bonaparte, the first consul, eulogized his character, and appointed public mourning for his loss. An eulogium was pronounced upon him in the Temple of Mars, at which the civil and military authorities of Paris were present. The British fleets in Torbay hung their flags at half-mast, upon hearing the news of his death!

The person of Washington was commanding, graceful and finely proportioned. In youth he was remark-

able for his strength, and his vigor continued, with little abatement, till he was advanced in life. His stature was six feet, his features regular, his hair brown, his eyes blue. His whole aspect was grave, placid and benignant. The dignity of his movements, the grace of his salutation, the calm sweetness of his smile, were indescribable. An old soldier, speaking of him at the time he was stationed upon the heights of Tappan, recently described him thus: "I saw General Washington almost every day. He was a noble-looking man; his countenance was terribly pleasant. He did not talk much, but even the little children fairly loved him, and they used to gather about the door of his marquee every morning to see him; and he used to pat their heads and smile on them; it was beautiful to see." Beautiful, indeed!

The character of Washington has been drawn by many pens. "Illustrious man!"—says Charles Fox,—"deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation, than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe, excepting the members of our own royal family, become little and contemptible." "I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted classes of men,"—says Mr. Erskine, "but Washington is the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence." Such were the deep and powerful feelings excited by his character in the master spirits of another hemisphere,—yet the children loved him, and played confidently around his tent!

In an oration, pronounced on the 17th of June,

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1843, occasioned by the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, Mr. Webster alludes to Washington in a strain of eloquence which will connect his name forever with the immortal subject of his eulogy.

"America," says he, "has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

"Washington! 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!' Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe, and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that by a suffrage approaching to unanimity the answer would be, Washington!

"This structure, by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded,—beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city or a single state,—ascends the colossal grandeur of his character and his life. In all the constituents of the one,—in all the acts of the other,—

in all its titles to immortal love, admiration and renown—it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil—of parents also born upon it—never for a moment having had a sight of the old world—instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people—growing up beneath, and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society—growing up amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization—partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man; our agony of glory, the war of independence—our great victory of peace, the formation of the union, and the establishment of the constitution—he is all—all our own! That crowded and glorious life—

‘Where multitudes of virtues passed along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Contending to be seen, then making room
For greater multitudes that were to come;’—

that life was the life of an American citizen.

“I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness—to him who denies

that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory—to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples—to all these, I reply by pointing to Washington.”

In the admirable *Life of Washington*, by Mr. Sparks, from which we have chiefly drawn the preceding sketch, we find the following summary :

“The character of his mind was unfolded in the public and private acts of his life ; and the proofs of his greatness are seen almost as much in one as the other. The same qualities which raised him to the ascendancy he possessed over the will of the nation, as the commander of armies and chief magistrate, caused him to be loved and respected as an individual. Wisdom, judgment, prudence and firmness, were his predominant traits. No man ever saw more clearly the relative importance of things and actions, or divested himself more entirely of the bias of personal interest, partiality and prejudice, in discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, in all questions and subjects that were presented to him. He deliberated slowly, but decided surely ; and when his decision was once formed, he seldom reversed it ; and never relaxed from the execution of a measure till it was completed. Courage, physical and moral, was a part of his nature ; and whether in battle, or in the midst of popular excitement, he was fearless of danger and regardless of consequences to himself.

“His ambition was of that noble kind which aims to excel in whatever it undertakes, and to acquire a power over the hearts of men, by promoting their

happiness and winning their affections. Sensitive to the approbation of others, and solicitous to deserve it, he made no concessions to gain their applause, either by flattering their vanity or yielding to their caprices. Cautious without timidity, bold without rashness, cool in counsel, deliberate but firm in action, clear in foresight, patient under reverses, steady, persevering and self-possessed, he met and conquered every obstacle that obstructed his path to honor, renown and success. More confident in the uprightness of his intentions than in his resources, he sought knowledge. He chose his counsellors with unerring sagacity, and his quick perception of the soundness of an opinion, and of the strong points of an argument, enabled him to draw to his aid the best fruits of their talents, and the light of their collected wisdom.

“ His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced, in which he was actuated by a sinister motive, or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity and justice were deeply rooted in his mind; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions he could forgive; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, and rarely pardoned. He was candid and sincere, true to his friends and faith-

ful to all ; neither practising dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence, but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline ; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

“ A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son and brother, he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, ostentation and pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions, unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests. As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others, by standing on an elevation that none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more strong than another, it was the love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty ; and from the faithful discharge of this duty, he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

“ Such are some of the traits in the character of

Washington, which have acquired for him the love and veneration of mankind. If they are not marked with the brilliancy, extravagance and eccentricity, which in other men have excited the astonishment of the world, so, neither are they tarnished by the follies nor disgraced by the crimes of those men. It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendor of any one trait, which constitute the grandeur of his character. If the title of a great man ought to be reserved for him who cannot be charged with an indiscretion or a vice, who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory and durable prosperity of his country, who succeeded in all that he undertook, and whose successes were never won at the expense of honor, justice or integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle—this title will not be denied to Washington."

We cannot better close this brief notice, than by recommending to the youth of our country the careful study of Washington's life and character. He had not endowments beyond many others; he enjoyed no peculiar advantages of education or position; he was not elevated, therefore, beyond the reach of hopeful emulation. There was no unapproachable superiority in his nature or his early fortunes. His success was his own work; what he was, others may be. If we consider the benefits he bestowed on our country by his labors, his writings and his example—if we reckon up the good he has done, and will still do to mankind for ages to come, by demonstrating the possibility of a virtuous and patriotic public and private career,

and if we consider that this vast scope of usefulness was the result of powers and faculties common to our race, we shall learn to estimate the dignity of human nature and the value of human life—placed in the hands of one who will use it for its highest purposes.



JOHN JAY.

THIS man, who deserves a place by the side of Washington, was born at New York, December 12th, 1745. His father, Peter Jay, was a wealthy merchant, descended from a long line of worthy ancestors; his mother was Mary Van Courtlandt.* These had ten children, of whom John was the eighth.

* The character of these parents is thus drawn in the work entitled "The Life of John Jay," &c.; by Wm. Jay, his son, and from which we derive our sketch. "Both father and mother were actuated by sincere and fervent piety; both had warm hearts and cheerful tempers; and both possessed, under varied and severe trials, a remarkable degree of equanimity. But, in other respects, they differed widely. He possessed strong masculine sense, was a shrewd observer, and admirable judge of men; resolute, persevering and prudent; an affectionate father; a kind master, but governing all under his control with mild but absolute sway. She had a cultivated mind and fine imagination; mild and affectionate in her temper and manners, she took delight in the duties as well as the pleasures of domestic life; while a cheerful resignation to the will of Providence, during many years of sickness and suffering, bore witness to the strength of her religious faith. So happily did these various dispositions harmonize together, that the subject of this memoir often declared that he had never, in a single instance, heard either of his parents use toward each other an angry or unkind word. Notwithstanding the cares of a large family, the mother devoted much of her time to the instruction of the two blind children, and of the little John. To the former she read the best authors; to the latter, she taught the rudiments of English, and the Latin grammar."



JOHN JAY.

While he was yet an infant, the family removed to Rye, twenty-eight miles northeast of New York, partly that they might devote themselves with more care to two of their children, rendered blind by the small-pox. John's first instruction was from his mother; at the age of eight he was sent to the neighboring village of New Rochelle, and placed under the care of an eccentric Swiss clergyman, who had charge of the French church in that place. This person was a devoted student, and left his worldly affairs to his wife, who was as penurious as she was careless. The parsonage and everything about it were suffered to go to decay, and the boys under the pastor's charge were treated with much scolding and little food. John, who had been accustomed to a luxurious mode of life, was now driven to the necessity of taking care of himself. The snow drifted upon his head through the broken panes of his windows, but these he closed with pieces of wood. The food was coarse, but he learned to be content with it. His health was good, and it is probable the privations he suffered, were of advantage to him through life. He was reduced to the simple, homely pursuits of other boys; he gathered nuts in the woods, and, stripping off a stocking, brought them home in it. In his after greatness, he used to speak of these days, as among the happiest of his existence.

The inhabitants of New Rochelle were chiefly French refugees, and John soon learned their language, for which he had afterwards abundant use. He remained at the school here three years, and, in 1760, was sent to Columbia college, at New York, a respectable

seminary, but then in its infancy. Being now introduced into a new scene, and with new companions, he soon remarked certain peculiarities and deficiencies in himself, and the energy with which he set about curing them shows great decision of character. His articulation was indistinct, and his mode of pronouncing the letter L exposed him to ridicule. He purchased a book written by Sheridan, probably his lectures on elocution, and, shutting himself up daily in his room, studied it till his object was accomplished. He had a habit of reading so rapidly, as to be understood with difficulty. For the purpose of correcting this fault, he read aloud to himself, making a full stop after every word, until he acquired a complete control of his voice; and he thus became an excellent reader. With the same energy, he pursued all his studies. He paid particular attention to English composition, and so intent was he on this, that, when about to write an English exercise, he placed a piece of paper and pencil by his bedside, that if, while meditating on his subject in the night, a valuable idea occurred to him, he might make some note of it, even in the dark, that he might recall it in the morning.

His good conduct acquired for him the favor of the president of the seminary; but an incident occurred in the last year of his college life, which threatened to alter this state of feeling. A number of students being assembled in the college hall, some of them, either through a silly spirit of mischief, or in revenge for some fault imputed to the steward, began to break the table. The president, attracted by the noise, entered the room, but not so speedily as to find the offenders in

the act. He immediately ranged the students in a line, and beginning at one end, asked, "Did you break the table?" The answer was, "No." "Do you know who did?" "No." Passing along the line, the same questions and answers were asked and received, till he came to young Jay, who was the last but one in the line. To the first question he replied as the others had done, and to the second he answered, "Yes, sir." "Who was it?" "I do not choose to tell you, sir," was the unexpected reply. The young gentleman below him returned the same answers. The contumacious students were called before a board of the professors, where Jay made their defence.

Each student, on his admission, had been required to sign his name to a written promise of obedience to all the college statutes. Young Jay contended that he had faithfully kept this promise, and that the president had no right to exact from him anything not required by the statutes; that these statutes did not require him to inform against his companions, and that, therefore, his refusal to do so was not an act of disobedience. The defence was overruled, and the delinquents were sentenced to be suspended and rusticated. Jay returned to college at the expiration of his sentence, and Dr. Cooper, the president, by the kindness of his reception, suffered him to perceive that he had not forfeited any part of his good opinion.

Left to his own choice of a profession, young Jay chose that of the law, and, immediately after taking his degree, entered the office of Mr. Kissam, a leading lawyer in New York. It is interesting to remark that he found in the same office, Lindley Murray,

afterwards celebrated for his various works, especially those for education. In one of these he speaks of young Jay, referring to the time of their companionship in the law office, in these words : " His talents and virtues gave at that period pleasing indications of future eminence ; he was remarkable for strong reasoning powers, comprehensive views, indefatigable application, and uncommon firmness of mind. With these qualifications, added to a just taste in literature, and ample stores of learning and knowledge, he was happily prepared to enter on that career of public virtue by which he was afterwards honorably distinguished, and made instrumental in promoting the good of his country."

On commencing his clerkship, young Jay asked his father's permission to keep a riding horse. His prudent parent hesitated, and remarked that horses were seldom eligible companions for young men ; adding, " John, why do you want a horse ? " " That I may have the means, sir, of visiting you frequently," was the reply ; and it removed every objection. The horse was procured ; and during the three years of his clerkship, he made it a rule to pass one day with his parents at Rye, every fortnight. In 1768, Jay was admitted to the bar, and, continuing his residence in New York, almost immediately acquired an extensive and lucrative practice. It now sometimes happened that he and his teacher, Mr. Kissam were engaged on opposite sides in the same cause ; and on one of these occasions, the latter being embarrassed by some position taken by the other, pleasantly remarked in court, that he had brought up a bird to

pick out his own eyes. "Oh no," replied his opponent, "not to pick out, but to open your eyes."

Mr. Jay's devotion to his profession, at length began to affect his health, and the physician advised him to take exercise, as indispensable to its recovery. This advice was followed with characteristic energy and perseverance. He took lodgings six miles from his office, and for a whole season came to town every morning on horseback, and returned in the evening. The experiment was attended with complete success.

In 1774, Mr. Jay was married to Sarah, the youngest daughter of William Livingston, Esq., afterwards for many years governor of New Jersey, and a zealous and distinguished patriot of the revolution. His prospects of domestic happiness and professional eminence were now unusually bright; but they were soon clouded by the claims of his country, which called him from the bar and the endearments of home, to defend her rights in the national councils and at foreign courts.

The passage of the Boston Port Bill, on the 30th of March, 1774, disclosed to the American people the vindictive feelings of the British ministry, and taught them that a prompt and vigorous resistance to oppression could alone preserve their freedom. The news of this act excited universal alarm. A meeting of the citizens of New York was assembled on the 16th of May, "to consult on the measures proper to be pursued in consequence of the late extraordinary advices received from England." The meeting nominated a committee of fifty to correspond with our sister colonies on all matters of moment.

Mr. Jay was a member of this body, and the result of their deliberations was the recommendation of a congress of deputies from the several colonies, to take into consideration the proper measures to be taken in the pending crisis. This suggestion was adopted, and Mr. Jay was chosen as one of the delegates from New York. He took his seat in that body—the first continental congress—which was to lay the foundation of American independence, September 5th, 1774, this being the first day of the session. He was in his 29th year, and was the youngest member of the house. He survived all his colleagues many years.

The first act of the new congress was to appoint a committee to state the rights of the colonies in general; the several instances in which those rights had been violated and infringed; and the means most proper to be pursued for obtaining a restoration of them. Mr. Jay was placed on this committee and that for drafting an address to the people of Great Britain and a memorial to the people of British America. The writing of the address to the people of Great Britain was assigned by the committee to him. The occasion, the subject, his own youth, and this being his first appearance in the national councils, all united in demanding from him the utmost exertion of his powers. To secure himself from interruption, he left his lodgings, and shut himself up in a tavern, and there composed that celebrated state paper, not less distinguished for its lofty sentiments than for the glowing language in which they are expressed. The address was reported by the committee and adopted by congress, and immediately led to much inquiry

and discussion respecting the author. Mr. Jefferson, while still ignorant of the author, declared it to be "a production certainly of the finest pen in America."

After a session of six weeks, congress adjourned, having, among other measures, provided for another congress to be held at the same place,—Philadelphia. Of this, also, Mr. Jay was a member. It met, May 10th, 1775, and such was now the serious aspect of affairs, that it continued in session a whole year, excepting a recess during the month of August.

On the 15th June, Washington was chosen commander-in-chief of the army, and, a few days afterwards, the subordinate generals were appointed. These officers were selected from different parts of the continent, and it was thought expedient to take a brigadier from New Hampshire; but congress were unacquainted with any military gentleman from that colony fit for the station. In this dilemma, Mr. Jay nominated Mr. John Sullivan, a delegate in congress from New Hampshire,—saying that his good sense was known to the house, and as to his military talents, he would take his chance for them. The nomination was confirmed, and the discernment which prompted it was abundantly justified by General Sullivan's active and useful career.

The contest had now begun in earnest, though independence was not yet avowed as its object. Addresses to the people of Canada and of Ireland were resolved upon, and they were drawn up by Mr. Jay with his usual ability. He also moved a petition to the king, to be signed by the members of congress, which he carried against great opposition. The

result was auspicious to the cause of liberty ; for, being unheeded, it roused more deeply the indignation of the country.

Congress having now taken all the measures which human prudence could dictate, submitted their cause, with prayer and fasting, to Him without whose blessing the wisdom of man is folly, and his strength weakness. The 20th of July, agreeably to a previous recommendation of congress, was observed throughout the colonies "as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer," and congress, in a body, attended divine service, both in the morning and afternoon, and listened to sermons from preachers, whom they had requested to officiate on that occasion.

America had now commenced a struggle for her rights, trusting to the justice of her cause, and probably without the remotest expectation of foreign aid. But a singular incident occurred in November of this year, 1775, which excited a gleam of hope. Congress was informed that a foreigner was then in Philadelphia, who was desirous of making to them an important and confidential communication. This intimation having been several times repeated, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jay, Doctor Franklin and Mr. Jefferson, was appointed to hear what the foreigner had to say. These gentlemen agreed to meet him in one of the committee rooms in Carpenter's Hall. At the time appointed, they went there, and found already arrived an elderly lame gentleman, having the appearance of an old wounded French officer. They told him they were authorized to receive his communication ; upon which he said, that his Most Christian Majesty

had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the American colonies in defence of their rights and privileges; that his majesty wished them success, and would, whenever it should be necessary, manifest more openly his friendly sentiments towards them.

The committee requested to know his authority for giving these assurances. He only answered by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." They then asked what demonstrations of friendship they might expect from the king of France. "Gentlemen," answered the foreigner, "if you want arms, you shall have them; if you want ammunition, you shall have it; if you want money, you shall have it." The committee observed that these assurances were indeed important, but again desired to know by what authority they were made. "Gentlemen," said he, repeating his former gesture, "I shall take care of my head;" and this was the only answer they could obtain from him. He was seen in Philadelphia no more. It was the opinion of the committee that he was a secret agent of the French court, directed to give these indirect assurances, but in such a manner that they might be disavowed if necessary. These communications were not without their effect on the proceedings of congress. On the 29th of November, a secret committee was appointed, including Mr. Jay, for corresponding "with the friends of America in Great Britain, Ireland, and *other parts* of the world." There is reason, therefore, to believe that the mysterious stranger, whether acting by authority or not,

was the immediate occasion of those steps which resulted, at last, in obtaining the assistance of France.

In the spring of 1776, though still a member of congress, Mr. Jay was called to New York, to take part in a colonial convention there. This assembled in May. On the 29th of June, Lord Howe and his army arrived off the harbor of New York, and the convention, apprehending an attack upon the city, ordered all the leaden window sashes, which were then common in Dutch houses, to be taken out for the use of the troops; an order that strikingly shows how ill the colony was prepared for the arduous conflict that ensued. The next day, the convention adjourned to White Plains, about twenty-seven miles from the city.

The new convention, clothed with power to establish a form of government for the colony, convened at White Plains, on the 9th of July; and, on the same day, they received from congress the Declaration of Independence. This important document was immediately referred to a committee, of which Mr. Jay was chairman, and he speedily reported the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

“Resolved, that the reasons assigned by the continental congress, for declaring these united colonies free and independent states, are cogent and conclusive; and that while we lament the cruel necessity which has rendered this measure unavoidable, we approve the same, and will, at the risk of our lives and fortunes, join with the other colonies in supporting it.”

Thus, although Mr. Jay was, by his recall from

congress, deprived of the honor of affixing his signature to the Declaration of Independence, he had the satisfaction of drafting the pledge given by his native state to support it. The act has the greater merit, and more clearly shows the decision of his character, from the consideration that New York was less unanimous in the assertion and defence of the principles of the revolution, than any other of the thirteen colonies. In almost every county there were numbers who secretly or openly sided with the mother country, and many of them were persons of wealth and consideration. These circumstances had no influence, however, upon the steadfast mind of Jay.

We cannot enter into the details of his various services during the fearful crisis that speedily followed. It must be sufficient to say, that, with ceaseless industry and unabating zeal, in various capacities, he devoted himself to the cause of the bleeding country. We must not omit, however, to notice the manner in which he was instrumental in opening negotiations with the French government, which resulted in the coöperation of that power in our struggle for independence. In 1775, Mr. Jay had been placed by congress on a secret committee of correspondence. The proceedings of this committee were enveloped in the most profound secrecy, and they led to important results. Mr. Jay seems to have been its chief organ of correspondence. The committee, having secured the friendship of certain individuals in France and Holland, sent, in the spring of this year, Mr. Silas Deane, a late member of congress, as their agent to France. He was directed to appear

in that country as a merchant; and certain persons were mentioned, to whom he was to confide the object of his mission, and through whose agency he was to obtain an interview with Count Vergennes, the French minister for foreign affairs. It was hoped that he would thus be enabled to procure military supplies for congress.

As France was at this time at peace with England, it became necessary to resort to expedients to provide for the consequences that might result from the miscarriage of Mr. Deane's letters. For this purpose he was provided with an invisible ink, and Mr. Jay with a chemical preparation for rendering the writing legible. But as letters apparently blank might excite suspicion, and lead to experiments that might expose the contrivance, Mr. Deane's communications were written on large sheets, commencing with a short letter in common ink, relative to some fictitious person or business, and under a feigned name; and the residue of the paper was occupied by his despatch in the invisible ink.

The correspondence, thus arranged, was carried on for a considerable time, and Mr. Deane's mission proved successful.

The convention of New York had been assembled in 1776, to form a constitution for the state, as well as to exercise the powers of government till that could be accomplished. The stirring events which followed occupied their whole attention for a considerable time; but in March, 1777, a committee, appointed for the purpose, reported the plan of a constitution, drawn up by Mr. Jay, which, with slight modifications, was

adopted. Under the new government, now organized, he was appointed chief justice.

In the duties of his new station he was actively engaged for a time, but his services being particularly needed in congress, he took his seat there in December, 1778, after an absence of two years. Though this was not legally incompatible with his judicial station, he found that congress had no recess, and that his time was therefore wholly occupied in its duties. In the autumn of 1799, he accordingly resigned the office of chief justice of New York.

But his services were now required in another sphere. Desirous of strengthening their foreign alliances, congress deemed it advisable to despatch a minister to Spain, and Mr. Jay took his departure on a mission to that government, October 20, 1779. He sailed with his wife, on board the American frigate *Confederacy*, bound for Spain. Being crippled by a storm, the vessel put into Martinique; but he here found a vessel bound for Toulon, which took him and his family on board, and they landed at Cadiz, January 22, 1780.

On the fourth day after he had landed, Mr. Jay despatched his secretary to Madrid, with a letter for the Spanish minister, acquainting him with the commission with which he was charged. An answer was returned, inviting him to Madrid, but intimating that it was expected he would not assume a formal character, which must depend on a future acknowledgment and treaty.

Mr. Jay was thus led to perceive, at the very outset of his negotiation, that the acknowledgment of Amer-

ican independence, by Spain, would on her part be a matter of bargain, and that she expected to be paid for admitting an indisputable fact. He, however, lost no time in repairing to Madrid, and in doing so, encountered all the delay and inconveniences incident to Spanish travelling.

On his arrival at Madrid, he discovered no disposition in the Spanish government to enter into negotiation with him; and he remarked soon after, in a letter to a friend, "pains were taken to prevent any conduct towards me that might savor of an admission or knowledge of American independence."

Shortly after Mr. Jay's departure from America, congress adopted a measure that was prompted rather by the exigencies of the country than by any sound principles of policy. As one expedient for raising money for present necessities, they ordered bills to be drawn on Mr. Jay, for more than half a million of dollars, payable six months after sight, in the hope that, before that time, he would have obtained a subsidy from the Spanish court. With these bills, supplies were purchased for the army, and the holders sent them to their European correspondent, who presented them to Mr. Jay, for acceptance. That congress should have ventured on such a measure, not only without knowing that Mr. Jay could procure money in Spain, but even before they had heard of his arrival there, proves the desperate state of their finances at this period of the revolution, and the conviction that the means of continuing the contest were to be provided for at every hazard. Similar bills were drawn upon Mr. Laurens, who had sailed as American min-

ister for Holland, and unfortunately they arrived before the minister, who, being captured by a British cruiser, was consigned to the Tower of London.

The bills thus drawn upon him, Mr. Jay concluded to accept, in the hope of obtaining the means of meeting them from the Spanish government. A portion of them, to the amount of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was provided for in this way, but at last difficulties arose, and bills he had accepted to a large amount were protested. Mr. Jay's situation was now very painful; but he was soon relieved by getting a letter from Doctor Franklin, one of our ministers at Paris, authorizing him to draw upon him for the amount of all the bills that had fallen due. Thus he had the satisfaction of seeing the credit of his country restored, and his own apparently rash conduct justified by the event.

Mr. Jay's continued residence in Spain now afforded no prospect of usefulness to his country. Although treated with great personal civility, he was not acknowledged in his public character, nor did he see any opportunity of forming any other treaty with Spain, than such as might be extorted from the necessities of America. Thus situated, it must have been with no small satisfaction that he received, early in May, a letter from Doctor Franklin, pressing him to repair to Paris, to assist in the negotiations for peace, which the doctor believed would soon be opened. With his usual promptitude, he obeyed the summons in a few days, and, abandoning a field in which his labors had produced but little fruit, he entered another,

in which he gathered for his country an abundant harvest.

Shortly before his departure from Spain, he received from Doctor Franklin a copy of a letter, written by Mr. Deane to a friend in America, representing the American cause as desperate, and recommending an immediate reconciliation with Great Britain. The letter had been intercepted and published by the English. Mr. Jay, who, as we have already seen, was on friendly terms with Deane, had suspended his portrait in his parlor at Madrid; but, on receiving this evidence of his apostasy, he took down the picture and threw it into the fire, and ever after showed great reluctance to speak of the original.

On leaving Spain, Mr. Jay was informed that Count Aranda, the Spanish ambassador at Paris, would be authorized to continue the negotiations with him. Although there was no reason to anticipate favorable results from a renewal of the negotiation, Mr. Jay was determined to omit nothing that might promote the interests of his country; and therefore he addressed a letter to the count, expressing his readiness to commence the necessary conferences.

A meeting accordingly took place, but resulted in no benefit, beyond the mutual esteem and intimacy of the two ministers. Count Aranda was one of the richest subjects of Spain, and he lived at Paris in great splendor. His assortment of wines was perhaps the finest in Europe. Instead of purchasing, as usual, of the dealers, he employed agents to explore the wine countries, and to select the

choicest kinds at the vineyards where they were made. His plate, of which he had a profusion, was kept constantly burnished by a silversmith, maintained in the house for that purpose, so that it always appeared new.

He had the character of being extremely inflexible, and the following anecdote is told of him. He was one day disputing a point with the king with much earnestness, when the latter, who was also remarkable for a hard head, said to him—"Aranda, you are the most obstinate man of all Arragon." "No, sire," replied the count; "there is one still more obstinate than I am." "And who is that?" said the king. "The king of Arragon!" answered the count. The king laughed, and took no offence at the freedom.

The part taken by France in our revolution was dictated wholly by policy; it did not proceed from a sense of right, or a love of justice, or a desire to promote the cause of liberty; but from a desire to cripple England, her enemy. When the war was drawing to a close, and the independence of America was certain, the cabinet at Paris began to consider what ultimate benefits could be derived from the exertions they had made in our behalf. It seemed to them desirable that the new republic should, as far as possible, continue to be dependent upon her old ally, and for this purpose they sought rather to restrain than enlarge her power. They, therefore, desired to narrow her boundaries, to exclude her from the navigation of the Mississippi, and to prevent a liberal treaty with England, which might establish amicable relations with that country.

To enable him to accomplish these objects, the French minister, Vergennes, by a series of intrigues, induced congress to instruct their ambassadors at Paris, who were about to enter upon negotiations with England, to govern themselves by the advice of the French court. This placed the American ministers virtually under the dictation of France. Such a position seemed to Mr. Jay humiliating to America and her agents, and he strongly remonstrated against it.

It was not till the 25th of July, that the British ministry took a decided step for commencing negotiations with the American commissioners. On that day the king issued an order to the attorney general, to prepare a commission to Richard Oswald, empowering him "to treat, consult of, and conclude with any commissioner or commissioners named, or to be named by the thirteen *colonies* or plantations in North America, and any body, or bodies, corporate or politic, or any assembly or assemblies, or description of men, or any person or persons, whatever, a peace or truce with the said *colonies* or plantations, or any part thereof."

The French minister thought this commission sufficient, and Dr. Franklin approved of it; but Mr. Jay objected to entering upon negotiations, as colonies, and by the decisive measures he took, independent of his colleague, the king of Great Britain removed the difficulty by authorizing Mr. Oswald to treat with the commissioners of the *United States of America*. Thus was an acknowledgment of our independence extorted from the mother country.

In October, 1782, John Adams, one of our commissioners, arrived at Paris. He fully concurred in the

views of Jay, and sought to enlighten Dr. Franklin as to the sinister views of the French court. In this he succeeded, and consequently the commissioners, disregarding the instructions of congress to submit themselves to the dictation of France, proceeded independently in the negotiations with Mr. Oswald. These were soon brought to a successful issue, and a provisional treaty was signed, securing our right to participation in the fisheries of Newfoundland, the navigation of the Mississippi, and a territory of which that river was the western boundary. Thus were the sinister designs of the French minister baffled, through the firmness and sagacity of Jay, seconded by Adams. Mr. Lawrence, the fourth commissioner of the United States, arrived soon after, and his name was attached to the treaty.

The character of the French minister may be inferred from an incident that occurred during these negotiations.

Mr. Jay was one evening in conference with Mr. Oswald, when the latter, wishing to consult his instructions, unlocked his escritoire; when, to his great astonishment and alarm, he discovered that the paper was missing. Mr. Jay smiled, and told him to give himself no concern about the document, as he would certainly find it in its place as soon as the French minister had done with it. In a few days the prediction was verified.

The minister had caused the document to be stolen, probably by bribing a servant; and when he had taken a copy of it, it was returned. So well apprized of the artifices of the French government was Mr.

Jay, that he always carried his confidential papers in his pocket.

Mr. Jay continued in England as one of our commissioners, to settle the definitive treaty with England. This was accomplished in August, 1783, the provisional treaty, before mentioned, being adopted as its basis. Having visited England for his health, and adjusted his accounts, he set out on his return, and arrived at New York July 24, 1784.

He was soon elected a member of congress, and, in 1785, accepted the office of secretary of foreign affairs, in which station he continued till the office expired with the termination of the confederation. On the 17th September, 1787, the convention, which had met at Philadelphia for the purpose, submitted a constitution to a convention of each state, for ratification or rejection.

Although, this constitution did not in all respects equal the wishes of Mr. Jay, its superiority to the articles of confederation was too obvious to permit him to hesitate to give it his support. The opposition to it, however, became active and virulent, and it was studiously inflamed by gross misrepresentation. At this momentous crisis, Mr. Jay united with Mr. Madison and Colonel Hamilton in an attempt to enlighten and direct the public opinion by a series of newspaper essays, under the title of the *FEDERALIST*. These papers were not only circulated throughout the Union by means of the periodical press, but were collected and published in two volumes, and have since passed through many editions; they have been translated into French, and still form a valuable stan-

dard commentary on the constitution of the United States.

Mr. Jay was elected a member of the convention of New York, to consider the proposed constitution, and, seconded by Hamilton and Chancellor Livingston, gave it able support. After a deliberation of three weeks, he moved its acceptance, which was finally carried, July 26, 1788, by a majority of three votes.

Washington being elected president under the new constitution, reached New York, April 23, 1789, and, on the 30th, took the oath of office. At nine o'clock on that day, all the churches of New York were opened, and the several congregations, with their pastors, assembled for the purpose of solemnly invoking the blessing of Heaven upon the new government. After the president's address to congress, he, with both houses, attended divine service at St. Paul's, to render thanks to the Supreme Being for the successful establishment of the government, and to implore the divine blessing. Thus was our union founded in the piety and prayers of our fathers.

Mr. Jay officiated as secretary of state, till Mr. Jefferson should arrive from Europe, to take charge of its duties. But having accepted the office of chief justice of the United States, he held the first circuit court, at New York, April 3, 1790. Continuing to discharge the duties of this high office, he was a candidate for governor of his native state in 1792, and received a majority of votes; but the canvassers set aside a portion of the returns, as being informal, and the democratic candidate, George Clinton, was declared elected.

In the spring of 1794, Mr. Jay was appointed ambassador to England, with a view to adjust the difficulties which had grown up with that country, and which had for some time threatened the return of war. He embarked May 12th, and reached Falmouth in June. With his usual promptitude he immediately announced his arrival to Lord Grenville, the British secretary of foreign affairs. In a few days after, he reached London.

Three objects were contemplated by Mr. Jay's instructions. These were compensation for the losses sustained by American merchants, in consequence of the orders in council; a settlement of all existing disputes in relation to the treaty of peace, and a commercial treaty. The confidence placed by the president in his envoy, led him to direct him to consider his instructions merely in the light of recommendations.

Lord Grenville was duly commissioned by the king to treat with Mr. Jay, and the sincerity and candor of the two negotiators soon led to a degree of mutual confidence, that both facilitated and lightened their labors. Instead of adopting the usual wary but tedious mode of reducing every proposition and reply to writing, they conducted the negotiations chiefly by conferences, in which the parties frankly stated their several views, and suggested the way in which the objections to those views might be obviated. It was understood that neither party was to be committed by what passed in these conversations; but that the propositions made in them might be recalled or modified at pleasure. In this manner the two ministers

speedily discovered on what points they could agree, where their views were irreconcilable, and on what principles a compromise could be effected.

Proceeding in this manner, the treaty was at length formed, and signed on the 19th of November. In May, he returned to New York, and found that, two days previous to his arrival, he had been elected governor of his native state, by a large majority. He was received with enthusiasm by the people, and, resigning his office of chief justice, took the oath as governor, on the 1st of July.

Mr. Jay had foreseen the opposition which his treaty was likely to meet, in America, from several sources,—a desire to embarrass Washington's administration, a hatred of England, and a predilection for France. Even before its contents were known, a furious attack upon it was commenced. The following extract from one of the democratic organs of the period, will show the spirit of the time :

“ No treaty ought to have been made with Great Britain, for she is famed for perfidy and double dealing ; her polar star is interest ; artifice with her is a substitute for nature. To make a treaty with Great Britain is forming a connection with a monarch ; and the introduction of the fashions, forms and precedents of the monarchical governments has ever accelerated the destruction of republics. If foreign connections are to be formed, they ought to be made with nations whose influence would not poison the fountain of liberty, and circulate the deleterious streams to the destruction of the rich harvest of the revolution. FRANCE is our natural ally ; she has a government

congenial with our own. There can be no hazard of introducing from her principles and practices repugnant to freedom."

The democratic societies commenced by Genet were likewise active in exciting opposition to the treaty, and in preparing the public mind for war with England, and an alliance with France. A society in Virginia thus announced its wishes: "Shall we Americans, who have kindled the spark of liberty, stand aloof and see it extinguished, when burning a bright flame in France, which hath caught it from us? If all tyrants unite against free people, should not all free people unite against tyrants? Yes, let us unite with France, and stand or fall together."

As yet, the contents of the treaty, as propriety required before its ratification, had been kept secret; but, on the 29th of June, a senator from Virginia, regardless both of the rules of the senate and of official decorum, sent a copy of it to a democratic printer in Philadelphia, who published it on the 2d of July. This act was applying the torch to that vast mass of combustibles, which the party had long been engaged in collecting, and the intended explosion instantly followed. On the 4th, a great mob assembled and paraded the streets, with an effigy of Mr. Jay, bearing a pair of scales; one labelled, "American Liberty and Independence," and the other, which was in extreme depression, "British Gold;" while from the mouth of the figure proceeded the words, "Come up to my price, and I will sell you my country." The effigy was afterwards publicly committed to the flames. No time was lost in getting up meetings

throughout the country, to denounce the treaty; and, in many instances, inflammatory resolutions, previously prepared, were adopted by acclamation, without examination or discussion. Despite these formidable movements, the senate sanctioned the treaty, and Washington gave it his signature, in the face of threats that might have shaken less steady nerves. The last hope of the opposition lay in the house of representatives. Here an attempt was made to defeat the measure, by refusing to pass the laws necessary to carry it into effect. The democratic party had a large majority in this body, and every effort was made, both in and out of the house, to bring them up to an adverse decision. The subject was debated with great power, and it was during this discussion that Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, pronounced one of the most eloquent speeches that ever fell from human lips. Its effect was deepened by his condition; he was wasted and pale with consumption. As he rose, it seemed indeed that he had hardly strength to speak. As he proceeded, his countenance gathered brightness, and his tones, force and fervor. The power of his argument,—the solemn earnestness of his manner,—the prophetic wisdom of his views, all spoken while standing on the verge of the grave,—gave his speech almost supernatural force. In pointing out the evils which must follow the rejection of the treaty, he adverted to the certain renewal of the Indian war at the west, in the following terms:

“On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them,—if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal,—I would swell my voice to such

a note of remonstrance, that it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants,—wake from your false security ; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed ; the wounds yet unhealed are to be torn open again ; in the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed ; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father,—the blood of your sons shall fatten your field. You are a mother,—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle !

“ It is vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen. They are so far from inevitable, that we are going to bring them into being by our vote ; we choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them, as for the measure that we know will produce them.

“ By rejecting the treaty, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make ; to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake ; to our country, and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable ; and if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bug-bear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

“ There is no mistake in this case—there can be none ; experience has already been the prophet of

events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness ; it exclaims that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture ; already they seem to sigh in the western wind ; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains."

At the outset of the discussion, it was supposed that the house would decide against the treaty ; but when the gulf into which party spirit was about to plunge the country was laid open, some of the leaders of the opposition began to shrink from the responsibility of taking the leap. After a protracted and heated discussion, the question was taken—and, thirteen of the democratic party voting to sustain the treaty, the house was equally divided. The speaker gave his casting vote in its favor, and it went into operation. Its results proved it to be one of the wisest and most beneficent measures in the history of our government.

Mr. Jay discharged the duties of governor of New York with great ability, and was a second time elected to that office. He was offered again the post of chief justice of the United States, but this he declined. In 1801, having been in public life twenty-seven years, and now being fifty-six years old, he left Albany, where he had resided since he was governor,

and settled upon his estate in Bedford, about fifty miles northeast of New York. Here he spent the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and in the peaceful and unostentatious discharge of the duties which religion and benevolence demand.

About this time the religious associations were formed in our country for the dissemination of the Scriptures. To them he was a sincere friend. In 1821, upon the death of the venerable Elias Bowditch, president of the American Bible Society, Mr. Jay was chosen his successor. He discharged the duties of the station till 1828, when his declining health obliged him to resign. He accompanied this act by a liberal donation to the society.

In May, 1829, he was seized in the night with the palsy; medical skill was obtained, but nothing could be done to arrest the disease. His speech was affected, but his mind seemed clear. He lingered till the seventeenth, when he died, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Jay had survived nearly all who had ever been personally opposed to him in politics. His character had triumphed over the calumnies by which it had been assailed; his long retirement had exempted him from all participation in the conflicts and animosities of modern parties; and when he left the world, he probably left no one in it who harbored an unkind feeling towards him. Hence, the intelligence of his death called forth from men of all parties willing attestations of his worth. The public journals, however discordant on other topics, united in doing justice to his memory. The judges and members of the bar

of the county court put on mourning for thirty days, and the supreme court of the state, being in session when the news of his death was received, immediately adjourned, as a mark of respect; and, by order of congress, a bust of the first chief justice has since been executed, and placed in the chamber of the supreme court of the United States.

The character of Mr. Jay may be gathered from the acts recorded in the preceding pages. In its simplicity, harmony, equanimity, and patriotism, it bears a strong resemblance to that of Washington. It would seem that his affections were strong—his love of country fervent; yet he appeared to be prompted even by higher motives of action. A sense of future accountability seems to have been ever present to his mind, and to have made him think the judgments of men as dust in the balance, compared with the realities of a future reckoning. He was a friend to churches and schools; an ardent advocate of the abolition of slavery; a Christian, a patriot, and a philanthropist.

In manner, he was modest and simple. Though few men have done so much, in any age or country, he assumed no importance, claimed no deference, boasted no merit. A stranger might have lived with him for months, and never have known, from his lips, the history of his great deeds. As a writer, he was among the first of his time; his wisdom was deep; his mind penetrating and far-sighted; his judgment cool, circumspet, and seldom mistaken.

Mr. Jay's religion was fervent, but mild and unostentatious. Through life, he continued a member

of the Episcopal church, and approved the doctrines and policy maintained by that portion of the denomination which is distinguished as the low Church. While his health permitted, he was regular in his attendance on public worship, and was always a scrupulous, but not superstitious observer of the Sabbath. On the whole, his life exhibits a rare but interesting picture of the Christian patriot and statesman, and justifies the reverence for his character so eloquently described in an address delivered soon after his death:

“A halo of veneration seemed to encircle him as one belonging to another world, though lingering among us. When the tidings of his death came to us, they were received through the nation, not with sorrow or mourning, but with solemn awe, like that with which we read the mysterious passage of ancient scripture, ‘And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.’”





PATRICK HENRY.

PATRICK HENRY was born in the county of Hanover, Virginia, May 29th, 1736. His parents,* though not

* His father, Colonel John Henry, was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, and came to Virginia to seek his fortune about 1730. He was a man of liberal education, of sound judgment, great integrity and fervent piety. His mother, the widow of Colonel Syme, at the time of her marriage to Mr. Henry, was a native of Hanover county. She was a woman of excellent character, and marked by fine powers of conversation, said to be hereditary in her family.

rich, were in easy circumstances, and, in point of character, were among the most respectable inhabitants of the colony. Until ten years of age, Patrick was sent to school in the neighborhood, where he learned to read and write, and made some small progress in arithmetic. He was then taken home, and, under the direction of his father, who had opened a grammar school in his own house, he acquired a superficial knowledge of the Latin, and learned to read the Greek character, but never to translate the language. At the same time, he made considerable proficiency in mathematics, the only branch of education for which, it seems, he discovered in his youth the slightest predilection.

But he was too idle to gain any solid advantage from the opportunities that were thrown in his way. He was passionately addicted to the sports of the field, and could not support the confinement and toil which education required. Hence, instead of system, or any semblance of regularity in his studies, his efforts were always desultory, and they became more and more rare, until, at length, when the hour of his school exercises arrived, Patrick was scarcely ever to be found. He was in the forest with his gun, or over the brook with his angle rod; and in these frivolous occupations, when not controlled by the authority of his father—which was rarely exerted—he would spend whole days, and even weeks, with an appetite rather whetted that cloyed by enjoyment.

His school-fellows, having observed his passion for these amusements, watched his movements, to discover, if they could, the cause of that delight which

they seemed to afford him. Their conclusion was, that he loved idleness for its own sake. They often observed him lying under the shade of some tree that overhung the sequestered stream, watching for hours the motionless cork of his fishing line, without one encouraging symptom of success, and without any apparent source of enjoyment, unless he could find it in the ease of his posture, or in the illusions of hope, or, which is most probable, in the stillness of the scene, and the silent workings of his own imagination. His love of solitude in his youth, was often observed. Even when in society, his enjoyments were of a peculiar cast; he did not mix in the wild mirth of his equals in age, but sat quiet and demure, taking no part in the conversation, giving no responsive smile to the circulating jest, but lost to all appearance in silence and abstraction. His absence of mind, however, was only apparent; for, on the dispersion of the company, if interrogated by his parents as to what had been passing, he was able not only to detail the conversation, but to sketch, with strict fidelity, the character of every speaker.

It does not appear that he displayed any of that precocity which sometimes distinguishes uncommon genius. His companions recollect no instance of premature wit, no striking sentiment, no flash of fancy, no remarkable beauty or strength of expression; and no indication, however slight, either of that impassioned love of liberty or of that adventurous daring and intrepidity which marked so strongly his subsequent character. So far was he, indeed, from exhibiting any one prognostic of this greatness, that every

omen foretold a life at best of mediocrity, if not of insignificance. His person is represented as having been coarse, his manners uncommonly awkward, his dress slovenly, his conversation very plain, his aversion to study invincible, and his faculties almost entirely benumbed by indolence. No persuasion could bring him either to read or work. On the contrary, he ran wild in the forest, like one of the aborigines of the country, and divided his life between the dissipation and uproar of the chase, and the languor of inaction.

The propensity to observe and comment upon the human character, was the only trait that distinguished him at this early period. This tendency appears to have been born with him, and to have exerted itself instinctively, whenever a new subject was presented to his view. Its action was incessant, and became, at length, almost the only intellectual exercise in which he seemed to take delight. To this cause may be traced that consummate knowledge of the human heart which he finally attained, and which enabled him, when he came upon the public stage, to touch the springs of passion with a master hand.

When Patrick had reached the age of fifteen, his father, finding it inconvenient to sustain the expenses of his large and increasing family, placed him behind the counter of a country merchant. The next year he purchased a small amount of goods for Patrick and William his elder brother, and, according to the language of the country, they set up in trade. Unhappily, they were both destitute of those habits of industry, energy and attention, which were indispensable to

success in their present pursuit. The business of the store soon rushed to its catastrophe, and at the end of the year it was closed. William was thrown loose upon society, and for a time was addicted to dissipation. Patrick was engaged for two or three years in winding up his disastrous experiment in trade. During the confinement of this period, he solaced himself with music, and learned to play well on the violin and on the flute. From music, he passed to books, and, having procured a few light and elegant authors, acquired, for the first time, a relish for reading.

Adversity does not seem to have taught him prudence. At the age of eighteen, he married Miss Shelton, the daughter of a poor, but honest farmer in the neighborhood, and the young couple were soon settled upon a small farm. Assisted by one or two slaves, Henry began to delve the earth with his own hands; but he could not endure systematic labor, and at the end of two years, selling out his possessions, he again turned merchant. But his early habits still continued to haunt him. The same want of method, the same facility of temper, soon became apparent, by their ruinous effects. He resumed his violin, his flute, his books, his curious inspection of human nature; and not unfrequently ventured to shut up his store, and indulge himself in the favorite sports of his youth.

This second mercantile experiment was still more unfortunate than the first. In a few years, it left him a bankrupt, and placed him in a situation than which it is difficult to conceive one more wretched. Every atom of his property was now gone; his friends were unable to assist him any farther; he had tried every

means of support, of which he could suppose himself capable, and every one had failed; ruin was behind him; poverty, debt, want and famine before; and, as if his cup of misery were not already full, here were a suffering wife and children to make it overflow.

But, though Henry possessed acuteness of feeling, he had great firmness of character, as well as an unvarying cheerfulness of temper. His misfortunes, even at this period, could not be traced in his countenance or conduct. His passion was still music, dancing and pleasantry. He excelled in the last, and thus attached every one to him. As yet, however, no one had suspected the extraordinary powers of his mind.

Having failed in all other attempts, he at last determined to make a trial of the law. He studied six weeks, and, being examined, obtained a license, though with difficulty. He was now at the age of twenty-four. Of the science of law, he knew almost nothing; of the practical part, he was so wholly ignorant, that he was not only unable to draw a declaration or a plea, but incapable, it is said, of the most common and simple business of his profession; even of the mode of ordering a suit, giving a notice, or making a motion in court.

For several years, he lingered in the back-ground of his profession. During this period his family was reduced to extreme want; and, to obtain the necessaries of life, he was obliged to take up his residence with his wife's father, who now kept the tavern at the Hanover Court-House. In his absence, Patrick Henry was accustomed to receive the guests and provide for their entertainment.

But the clouds, which had thus far obscured his existence, were about to pass away. The Episcopal religion was established by law in Virginia, and the clergy had each a right to claim an annual stipend of sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. Various acts in relation to this were passed, one of which gave the people the right of paying the tobacco at a certain rate per pound. It became, at last, a question whether this right existed or not; and, as the tobacco was worth more than the rate fixed by law, the clergy had an interest to maintain the privilege of taking the tobacco and not the money. The case that arose, and which was to determine the whole question, was a suit of Rev. James Murray, against the collector of Hanover. Already a partial decision, favorable to the claims of the clergy, had taken place, and hardly a more hopeless case could have been chosen, than that of the defendant, in which Henry was now to commence his career as an advocate.

The array before his eyes, as he was about to begin his plea, was indeed formidable. On the bench were more than twenty clergymen. The court-house was crowded to excess, and in the chair of the presiding magistrate sat his own father! The opposing counsel opened the cause, and, after a flourishing speech, concluded with an eulogium upon the clergy. And now came on the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose awkwardly, and faltered at the outset. The people hung their heads; the clergy exchanged sly looks, and his father almost sunk with confusion from his seat.

But these feelings were brief. Henry seemed speedily to burst the clownish fetters which embarrassed his limbs, and the impediments which fettered his speech. His attitude became erect; his countenance glowed; his tones became mellow and touching, and his words flowed like a torrent. He piled argument upon argument, illustration upon illustration. The whole crowd around seemed fixed with amazement and awe, as if some miracle had taken place before their eyes. Every look was riveted upon the wonderful speaker; every ear stretched to catch his lightest word: the mockery of the clergy was turned to alarm, and, at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they left the bench, disconcerted and despairing of their cause. As for the father, he was taken completely by surprise, and, unconscious of his position, gave vent to his feelings in a shower of tears. The jury, captivated and bewildered, and forgetting even the obvious right of the plaintiff to reasonable damages, brought in a verdict of one penny. This was indeed a triumph—though it was at the expense of law and justice. The event caused a great sensation, and was long remembered. It was the custom of the people in that quarter, for many subsequent years, to express their utmost conception of eloquence by referring to *Patrick's plea against the parsons*.

Henry found himself suddenly elevated to the summit of his profession, at least in the estimation of the people around him. They had witnessed the display of his talents, and they considered him as having vindicated their cause against the clergy. He saw at

once the advantage to be derived from cultivating their good will, and this he did with success. He dressed as plain as the plainest; partook of the homely fare of the country; mixed with the mass on terms of equality, and even continued to imitate their vicious language. "*Naiteral* parts is better than all the *larnin* upon *yearth*," is given by his biographer as a specimen of his speech in condescension to the corrupt standard of those he sought to flatter.

His practice was now considerable, and his fame was rapidly extended. But he was soon called to another theatre of action, where his highest laurels were won. In January, 1765, the famous Stamp Act was passed in England. A general feeling of alarm, attended however by a prevailing disposition to submit to the heavy hand of tyranny, spread through the country. About this period Henry became a member of the house of burgesses in Virginia, from the county of Louisa, whither he had removed. In this assembly he met a galaxy of great men, but chiefly belonging to the old aristocracy of the colony.

It was in this assembly that he moved his famous resolutions, which, Mr. Jefferson said, "gave the first impulse to the ball of the revolution." Henry speaks of them himself, in a paper he left for his executors, in the following words: "They formed the first opposition to the stamp act and the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a burgess a few days before, was young,

inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the house and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture; and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law book, wrote the within."

These resolutions created a violent debate, which lasted for several days. The leaders of the house—Pendleton, Wythe, Bland, Randolph—those accustomed to exert a despotic sway, resisted them with all their force. Henry supported them with equal ability. His talents seemed to rise with the occasion, and his resources to multiply with the force he had to encounter. It was in the midst of this great debate, that he uttered a remarkable passage which has come down to our time. While descanting upon the tyranny of the obnoxious act, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, and with a look of great dignity,—“Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell—and George the third—(“Treason!” cried the speaker—“treason, treason!” echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the fiercest emphasis,)—*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.” Sustained by such powers, the resolutions were carried by a majority of two, and Mr. Henry left the assembly with the reputation of a statesman added to that of an orator.

He continued to be an active member of the house of burgesses, and was always a leader in measures calculated to arouse the country against the march of British usurpation. In 1774, he was appointed a delegate to the new congress at Philadelphia, and took his seat in that body when it came together in the following September.

The most eminent men of the various colonies were now for the first time brought together. They were known to each other by fame; but they were personally strangers. The meeting was solemn indeed. The object which had called them together was of incalculable magnitude. The liberties of no less than three millions of people, with that of all their posterity, were staked on the wisdom and energy of their councils. No wonder then at the long and deep silence which is said to have followed immediately upon their organization; caused by the anxiety with which the members looked round upon each other, and the reluctance which every individual felt to enter upon a business so momentous.

In the midst of this deep and death-like silence, Patrick Henry arose. As if oppressed by the occasion, he began in slow and faltering tones to address the assembly. In a few moments, however, his manner changed. He proceeded to speak of the wrongs sustained by the colonies. As he advanced, his countenance glowed, his form dilated, and his words fell with the mingled power of the thunder and the lightning. Even that great assembly was struck with emotions of amazement and awe. When he sat down, there was a murmur of applause, and the great

orator of Virginia was now felt to be the orator of a nation.

But here the triumph of Patrick Henry ceased. In the discussion of general grievances, he took the lead, but when called down from the heights of declamation to the sober test of practical business, he was entirely at fault. He was now made to feel the fatal neglect of early study, and the waste of opportunities which could never return. Several addresses were proposed by congress—and that to the king was assigned to him. When reported, every countenance betrayed disappointment. It was indeed so ill-suited to the occasion, that it was set aside, and a new draught, prepared by Mr. Dickinson, was adopted. Such was the severe penalty paid for youthful follies. After all, this great orator had but a single gift, and though one of the most wonderful, he was doubtless among the least useful members of that great assembly, which he had electrified by his magic skill in touching the sources of human emotion.

Congress rose in October, and Mr. Henry returned to his native county. In March following, another convention of delegates from Virginia met at Richmond; of this, he was also a member. The petition of congress to the king had been received, and the reply was smooth and gracious in its terms. The loyalty of the country, though shaken, was still strong, and the desire to heal the breach which had been threatened, was common. Such feelings prevailed among the leaders of the Virginia convention. Henry had entirely opposite views. He believed a crisis had come which it was vain to attempt to avert, and

for which immediate preparation should be made. He therefore introduced a series of resolutions to that effect.

These produced a sudden and painful shock. They were resisted, as fraught with danger—as rash, impolitic and unjust. Seldom has any proposition been assailed with such a weight of argument, eloquence, and authority, as were directed against these resolves. But the mover was unabashed. He rose and replied with a power that was irresistible. After proceeding for some time in a strain of lofty eloquence, he closed in these stirring words :

“They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week; or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and indulging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the

brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come!! I repeat it, sir; let it come!!!

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me,"—cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, and every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation,—“give me liberty, or give me death!” The effect of these burning sentences was overwhelming; the opposition was rebuked, and the resolutions were adopted.

In the spring of 1775, Henry took his seat in the second congress, but no opportunity offered for the display of his peculiar talent. He was deficient as a writer, and was disgusted with the dry details of business. His rambling and desultory habits unfitted him for that close attention; careful deliberation, and patient investigation, which were the qualifications then chiefly demanded of the members of congress.

Doubtless, feeling this, he accepted an appointment, tendered by the Virginia convention, as commander of the forces raised for the defence of the colony. He was at his post in September. As he had been previously engaged in a military enterprise against Lord Dunmore, considerable expectations were entertained from him in his new station. He did nothing, however, to fulfil their hopes, and it was said of him, as John Wilkes said of Lord Chatham, "all his power and efficacy is seated in his tongue." He resigned his office in March, 1777—a circumstance greatly regretted by the troops, with whom he was a favorite. It is evident that Henry was deficient in military talents, yet it is probable that the entire barrenness of his career as a soldier, is to be attributed to adverse circumstances, which he had not the tact to overcome.

Immediately after his resignation, he was chosen a delegate from Hanover to the convention about to assemble for the purpose of forming a state government. In June, a constitution was adopted, and Henry was immediately chosen governor of the commonwealth, by the convention.

The fall of the year 1776 was one of the darkest and most dispiriting periods of the revolution. The disaster at Long Island had occurred, by which a considerable portion of the American army had been cut off; a garrison of between three and four thousand men had been taken at Fort Washington, and the American general, with the small remainder, disheartened and in want of every kind of comfort, was retreating through the Jerseys before an overwhelm-

ing power, which spread terror, desolation, and death on every hand. This was the period of which Tom Paine, in his *Crisis*, used that memorable expression,—"These are the times which try the souls of men!" For a short time, the courage of the country quailed. Washington alone remained erect, and surveyed, with sublime composure, the storm that raged around him. Even the heroism of the Virginia legislature gave way, and, in a season of despair, the mad project of a dictator was seriously meditated. That Mr. Henry was thought of for this station, as has been alleged, is highly probable; but that the project was suggested by him, or even received his countenance, is without evidence or probability.

Mr. Henry was twice elected by the people to the office of governor. His administration was marked with no very signal act, yet he retired from the administration with a confirmed and increased popularity. He continued to represent the county of Hanover in the legislature of the state, and took an active part in sustaining the measures connected with the great contest for independence.

After the close of the war, a question arose whether the tories who had fled from the country and given their aid to Britain, should be allowed to return. The feeling against them was deep and bitter, and the popular current was strong in opposition to their being tolerated in the country. The subject was warmly discussed in the assembly, and but for the eloquence of Henry in their behalf, it had been decided against them. He took a broad and liberal view of the subject; he described the ample resources of

the country, and urged the obvious policy of encouraging the increase of the population by every proper means. He closed his speech in these words :

“ Sir, I feel no objection to the return of these deluded people—they, to be sure, have mistaken their own interests most wofully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed—their king hath acknowledged our independence—the quarrel is over—peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. These are an enterprising, moneyed people; they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage—and, as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief they can do us. Afraid of *them* ! what, sir,” said he, rising to one of his loftiest attitudes, and assuming a look of the most indignant and sovereign contempt, “ shall we, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his whelps ? ”

In 1784, Mr. Henry was again chosen governor of Virginia, but he resigned his seat, in consequence of his inability to sustain the expense in which it involved him. He was now encumbered with debt, and such was his situation, that, although appointed a

delegate to proceed to Philadelphia, and assist in forming a national constitution, he was forced to decline the station. He saw, indeed, no escape from continued embarrassment and poverty, but a return to the bar, and this course he adopted, in 1788. He, however, refused the details of the profession, and was only engaged in arguing important causes.

In June, of this year, the convention, assembled to consider the proposed constitution of the United States, met at Richmond. Henry was a member, and here, among a host of stars, he met Madison, and Marshall, and Monroe. It might have been expected, from the structure of his mind, and his habits of thought, that he would oppose the constitution,—and this course he adopted. Bred up in irregular habits, of a vagrant and excursive fancy—he naturally thought more of liberty than tranquillity, and was more solicitous to ensure freedom than security. He seemed, indeed, to think that liberty involved every earthly blessing. “Give us that precious jewel,” said he, “and you may take everything else.” It was this constant desire to breathe a free atmosphere which had given him such power when the purpose was to obtain deliverance from British bondage; but now that this was obtained, and the question came how we might secure and perpetuate the privileges we had won, he became jealous even of a government of our own formation.

He therefore opposed the constitution, denouncing it as a consolidated, not a federal government. He especially objected to the terms in which it begins—*we the people*. This he said implied a compact of the

whole people, and not a compact of states, which he contended it should be. He proceeded to express the utmost apprehensions of the result, if it were adopted. For twenty days he continued to hurl against it and its supporters, not argument only, but wit and ridicule, often attempting to shake the nerves of his antagonists by his unrivalled powers of fancy. But his efforts were vain. There were minds in that convention above his own, whom mere eloquence could not move from the fixed foundations of a calm and deliberate judgment. The constitution was finally approved by a majority of two—and its happy results have served to lessen our respect for the sagacity of its opposers, and to increase our admiration of its founders.

Mr. Henry continued at the bar, and, in 1791, made a celebrated plea before the United States Court, against the power of a British creditor before the war, to enforce his claim upon an American debtor, in an American court, after the war. In 1794, however, he retired from business, and thenceforward was devoted to retirement. He had now become affluent, and, in the tranquil enjoyment of home, he spent the remainder of his days. In 1799, he was elected a member of the assembly of Virginia, but his health had been long declining, and on the 6th of June, of that year, he died.

Patrick Henry was twice married, and had fifteen children, eleven of whom were living at his death. In person, he was nearly six feet high, spare, and stooping. His complexion was dark, his skin sallow, his countenance grave and thoughtful. His eye was

bluish gray, and being deep-set and overhung with dark and full eyebrows, had a remarkable look of penetration.

In his disposition, he was social and kind-hearted. His conversation was peculiarly attractive, and his demeanor such as to win the hearts of those around him. Of his wonderful eloquence, we have given several specimens. His humor was as remarkable as those loftier powers of rhetoric by which he sometimes electrified his hearers. The following instance illustrates his talent for ridicule.

During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two steers, belonging to one Hook, for the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and, on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have disported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time, he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground

over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," he said, "who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not throw open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the door of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? *There* he stands—but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge."

He then carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains of Yorktown, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river; but, "hark!"—said he—"what tones of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory?—they are the notes of *John Hook*, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'beef! beef! beef!'" The effect was electrical. The court was thrown into a paroxysm of laughter, and the poor plaintiff not only lost his case, but he became a general object of ridicule and contempt.

The character of Patrick Henry is by no means to be presented as a model. That he was an orator of wonderful powers, we cannot deny; that he benefit-

ed the cause of the revolution, we may also gratefully acknowledge. It is due to truth to say, also, that his external morals were strict, and, as a husband and father, he was exemplary. He was, however, miserly in respect to money, sometimes charged excessive fees in his practice, and was engaged in speculations which subjected him to merited censure. He was greedy of fame, and jealous of the reputation of his rivals.

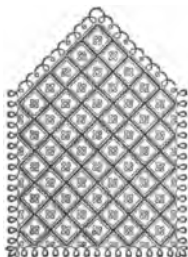
In early life, as we have already stated, he affected the dress and manners of the common people, and sought to win their favor by adopting their tastes and habits. We have shown that he even condescended to copy their corrupt speech. The want of dignity, as well as honesty, in this, merits reproach. A man of talent should be the instructor of the people; he should seek to elevate them by high example, not to confirm them in error or vice by imitation. The people have always reason to distrust the sincerity of the flatterer—and it appears in the case of Henry, as it has often appeared before, that beneath a seeming love of the people, there was a lurking desire to rule them. That his early rusticity was but a cover to ulterior views, is sufficiently evinced by the fact, that when he had acquired honors, station, and fortune, he became ostentatious of his wealth.

There was, therefore, in the midst of his intellectual greatness, a humiliating littleness of soul. As his conduct was never subjected to the discipline of fixed habits, so his heart seems not to have been regulated by an ever-present sense of justice. In the exercise

of his talents, he seems to have had but a single object in view—success. His biographer, Mr. Wirt, tells us, that even in the legislative halls he always spoke for victory. He knew all the local interests and prejudices of the members, and upon these he played with the utmost skill and effect. This was performed with so much delicacy and adroitness, and concealed under a countenance of such apostolic solemnity, that the persons on whom he was operating, were unconscious of his design. Such is the language of his eulogistic biographer. Yet the triumphs thus obtained, were rather a disgrace than an honor to the winner; they displayed a radical defect in morals, and an insensibility to the claims of holy truth and manly honor. The only excuse that can be offered, lies in the fact, that in debate, as well as in war, all the artifices which the combatants can bring to their aid, are deemed admissible. This, however, is but to offer a poor apology for a vile practice; it is but to admit that the master spirits of mankind—in the exercise of the great gift of oratory, whose guide and goal should be *truth* alone—are allowed to adopt a code of morals which would be disgraceful at the gambling table. It is probable that the loose practice of the bar, which has done so much to debauch public morals, carried by the great orator of Virginia to the legislative halls, was, in part, the source of the error to which we allude.

Let us not be thought to speak rashly of the mighty dead! Patrick Henry was one of the master spirits of the revolution—a patriot and a benefactor. But

he had great faults ; and while we admit his splendid gifts, we are bound to point out the defects of his character, lest even his vices and his foibles become respectable in our eyes, through their alliance with genius and renown.





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

WAS born at Boston, on the 17th January, 1706, and was the youngest but two of a family of seventeen children, two daughters being born after him. His ancestors lived in Northamptonshire, England, and we may conclude they had originally been of some consequence. After the Reformation, the immediate progenitors of Benjamin, continued zealously attached to the church of England, till towards the close of the reign of Charles II., when his father, Josias, along with his uncle Benjamin, became dissenters. These men

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were both bred to the trade of silk-dyeing. Josias married early in life; and, about the year 1682, he emigrated, with his wife and three children, to America, on account of the persecutions to which he was exposed for his dissenting principles. On arriving at Boston, he embraced the occupation of soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, of which businesses he previously knew nothing, and only from this being at the time the likeliest to provide maintenance for his increasing family. He appears to have been a man of great penetration and solid judgment; prudent, active, and frugal; and, although kept in comparative poverty by the expenses of his numerous family, was held in great esteem by his townsmen.

Benjamin was at first designed to be a clergyman, and at eight years of age was put to the grammar school with that view, having previously been taught to read. His uncle Benjamin, who had likewise emigrated, encouraged this project. But young Franklin had not been a year at school when his father perceived that his circumstances were quite inadequate to the expenses necessary to complete his son's education for the clerical profession. He accordingly removed him from the more learned seminary, and placed him under a humble teacher of reading and writing for another twelvemonth, preparatory to binding him to some trade.

When his term at school had expired, being then ten years of age, he was taken home to assist his father in his business; but he soon testified such repugnance to the cutting of wicks for candles, running errands, waiting in the shop, with other drudgery of

the same nature, that, after a tedious and ill-borne trial of two years, his father became afraid of his running off to sea, as an elder brother had done, and resolved to put him to some other occupation. After much deliberation, therefore, he was sent on trial for a few days to his cousin, a son of Benjamin, who was a cutler; but that relative being desirous of a larger apprentice fee than his uncle could spare, he was recalled. His brother James, a short time previous to this period, had returned from England, whither he had been sent to learn the printing business, and set up a press and types on his own account at Boston. To him, therefore, after no little persuasion, Benjamin at last agreed to become apprentice, and he was indentured accordingly for the term of nine years; that is, until he should reach the age of twenty-one.

The choice of this profession, as it turned out, was a lucky one, and it was made after much careful and correct observation on the part of the parent. He had watched his son's increasing fondness for books and thirst for information, and that, too, of a solid and instructive sort; and he therefore judiciously resolved to place him in a favorable situation for gratifying this propensity in his youthful mind; while he would at the same time be instructed in a profession by which he could always independently maintain himself, wherever fortune might lead him, within the bounds of the civilized world. Franklin, in his own Life, thus speaks of his early and insatiable craving after knowledge:

"From my earliest years I had been passionately fond of reading, and I laid out in books all the money

I could procure. I was particularly pleased with accounts of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's collection, in small separate volumes. These I afterwards sold, in order to buy an historical collection by R. Burton, which consisted of small cheap volumes, amounting in all to about forty or fifty. My father's little library was principally made up of books of practical and polemical theology. I read the greatest part of them. There was also among my father's books, Plutarch's Lives, in which I read continually, and I still regard as advantageously employed the time devoted to them. I found, besides, a work of De Foe's, entitled *An Essay on Projects*, from which, perhaps, I derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life." It seems to have been lucky for himself and mankind that the last-named author's most celebrated work, *Robinson Crusoe*, did not fall into his hands at this period.

By his assiduity Franklin soon attained great proficiency in his business, and became very serviceable to his brother. At the same time, he formed acquaintance with various booksellers' apprentices, by whose furtive assistance he was enabled to extend the sphere of his reading. This gratification, however, was for the most part enjoyed at the expense of his natural rest. "How often," says he, "has it happened to me to pass the greater part of the night in reading by my bedside, when the book had been lent me in the evening, and was to be returned the next morning, lest it might be missed or wanted!" His studious habits and intelligent conversation also attracted the notice of a wealthy merchant, who was in the habit of

coming about the office, and who invited him to his house, and gave him the use of an excellent library.

It is a singular peculiarity of all minds of an active and aspiring character, that they uniformly endeavor to do whatever others have done, and from which they themselves have derived enjoyment or benefit. Franklin, from the delight he took in the perusal of books, at last bethought himself of trying his own hand at composition; and, as has happened, we believe, with a great proportion of literary men of all ages, his first efforts were of a poetical nature. His brother, having come to the knowledge of his attempts, encouraged him to proceed, thinking such a talent might prove useful in the establishment. At the suggestion of the latter, therefore, he finished two ballads, which, after being printed, he was sent round the town to sell; and one of them, the subject of which was a recent affecting shipwreck, had, he says, a prodigious run. But his father, having heard of the circumstance, soon let down the pegs of the young poet's vanity, by analyzing his verses before him in a most unmerciful style, and demonstrating, as Franklin says, what "wretched stuff they really were." This sharp lesson, which concluded with a warning that versifiers were almost uniformly beggars, effectually weaned him from his rhyming propensities.

Franklin immediately afterwards betook himself to the composition of prose, and the first opportunity of exercising his pen and his faculties in this way occurred in the following manner:—He had a young acquaintance of the name of Collins, who was, like himself, passionately fond of books, and with whom

he had frequent and long arguments on various subjects. In narrating this circumstance, he comments, in passing, on the dangerous consequences of acquiring a disputatious habit, as tending to generate acrimony and discord in society, and often hatred betwixt the best of friends. Franklin and his companion having, as usual, got into an argument one day, which was maintained on both sides with equal pertinacity, they parted without bringing it to a termination; and as they were to be separated for some time, an agreement was made that they should carry on their dispute by letter. This was accordingly done; when, after the interchange of several epistles, the whole correspondence happened to fall into the hands of Franklin's father. After perusing it with much interest, his natural acuteness and good sense enabled him to point out to his son how far inferior he was to his adversary in elegance of expression, arrangement, and perspicuity. Feeling the justice of his parent's remarks, he forthwith studied most anxiously to improve his style; and the plan he adopted for this purpose is equally interesting and instructive.

"Amidst these resolves," he says, "an odd volume of the Spectator fell into my hands. This was a publication I had never seen. I bought the volume, and read it again and again. I was enchanted with it, thought the style excellent, and wished it were in my power to imitate it. With this view, I selected some of the papers, made short summaries of the sense of each period, and put them for a few days aside. I then, without looking at the book, endeavored to restore the essays to their due form, and to express

each thought at length, as it was in the original, employing the most appropriate words that occurred to my mind. I afterwards compared *my Spectator* with the original. I perceived some faults, which I corrected; but I found that I chiefly wanted a fund of words, if I may so express myself, and a facility of recollecting and employing them, which I thought I should by that time have acquired, had I continued to make verses. The continual need of words of the same meaning, but of different lengths for the measure, and of different sounds for the rhyme, would have placed me under the necessity of seeking for a variety of synonymes, and have rendered me master of them. From this belief, I took some of the tales of the *Spectator*, and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had sufficiently forgotten them, I again converted them into prose. Sometimes, also, I mingled my summaries together; and, a few weeks afterwards, endeavored to arrange them in the best order, before I attempted to form the periods and complete the essays. This I did with a view of acquiring method in the arrangement of my thoughts. On comparing afterwards my performance with the original, many faults were apparent, which I corrected; but I had sometimes the satisfaction to think, that, in certain particulars of little importance, I had been fortunate enough to improve the order of the thought or style; and this encouraged me to hope that I should succeed in time in writing decently in the English language, which was one of the greatest objects of my ambition."

But it was not by such rigorous self-imposed tasks

alone, that this extraordinary man, even at so early an age, endeavored to chasten his mind, and make every propensity subservient to his sense of duty. He also began to exercise those acts of personal self-denial, which the heyday of youth, the season for animal enjoyment, feels as the most intolerable of all restrictions. Having met with a work recommending a vegetable diet, he determined to adopt it. Finding, after some days' trial, that he was ridiculed by his fellow-boarders for his singularity, he proposed to his brother to take the half of what was now paid by that relative for his board, and therewith to maintain himself. No objection was of course made to such an arrangement, and he soon found that of what he received he was able to save one half. "This," says he, "was a new fund for the purchase of books, and other advantages resulted to me from the plan. When my brother and his workmen left the printing-house to go to dinner, I remained behind; and dispatching my frugal meal, which frequently consisted of a biscuit only, or a slice of bread and a bunch of raisins, or a bun from the pastry cook's, with a glass of water, I had the rest of the time till their return for study; and my progress therein was proportioned to that clearness of ideas and quickness of conception which are the fruits of temperance in eating and drinking."

Another remarkable instance of the resolute way in which he set about making himself master of whatever acquirement he found more immediately necessary to him at the moment, is the following:—Having been put to the blush one day for his ignorance in the

art of calculation, which he had twice failed to learn while at school, he procured a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic, and went through it all, making himself completely master of it, before turning his mind to anything else! He soon after, also, gained some little acquaintance with geometry, by perusing a work on navigation. He mentions, likewise, his reading, about this time, Locke's Essay on the Understanding, and the Art of Thinking, by Messrs. Du Port Royal. Having found, in some essay on rhetoric and logic, a model of disputation after the manner of Socrates, which consists in drawing on your opponent, by insidious questions, into making admissions which militate against himself, he became excessively fond of it, he says, and practised it for some years with great success, but ultimately abandoned it, perceiving that it could be made as available to the cause of wrong as that of right, while the prime end of all argument was to convince or inform.

About three years after Franklin went to his apprenticeship, that is to say, in 1721, his brother began to print a newspaper, the second that was established in America, which he called the New England Courant; the one previously established was the Boston News Letter. The new publication brought the most of the literati of Boston about the printing-office, many of whom were contributors; and Franklin frequently overheard them conversing about the various articles that appeared in its columns, and the approbation with which particular ones were received. He became ambitious to participate in this sort of fame; and having written out a paper, in a disguised hand,

he slipped it under the door of the printing-office, where it was found next morning, and submitted, as usual, to the critics, when they assembled. "They read it," he says; "commented on it in my hearing; and I had the exquisite pleasure to find that it met with their approbation; and that, in the various conjectures they made respecting the author, no one was mentioned who did not enjoy a high reputation in the country for talent and genius.

"I now supposed myself fortunate in my judges, and began to suspect that they were not such excellent writers as I had hitherto supposed them. Be this as it may, encouraged by this little adventure, I wrote and sent to press, in the same way, many other pieces, which were equally approved—keeping the secret till my slender stock of information and knowledge for such performances was pretty completely exhausted." He then discovered himself, and had the satisfaction of finding he was treated with much more respect by his brother and his friends than heretofore.

The two brothers, however, lived together on very disagreeable terms, in consequence of the hasty and overbearing temper of the elder, and Benjamin longed for an opportunity of separating from him. This at last occurred. His brother was apprehended and imprisoned for some political article which offended the government, and, upon his liberation, was prohibited from ever printing his newspaper again. It was therefore determined that it should be published in Benjamin's name, who had managed it during his brother's confinement with great spirit and ability. To avoid having it said that the elder brother was

only screening himself behind one of his apprentices, Benjamin's indenture was delivered up to him discharged, and private indentures were entered into for the remainder of his time. This underhand arrangement was proceeded in for several months, the paper continuing to be printed in Benjamin's name; but his brother having one day again broke out into one of his violent fits of passion, and struck him, he availed himself of his discharged indentures, well knowing that the others would never be produced against him, and gave up his employment. Franklin afterwards regretted his having taken so unfair an advantage of his brother's situation, and regarded it as one of the serious errors of his life. His brother felt so exasperated on the occasion, that he went to all the printing-houses, and represented Benjamin in such a light that they refused his services.

Finding that he could get no employment at Boston, and that he was regarded with dislike by the government, he resolved to proceed to New York, the nearest town in which there was a printing-office. To raise sufficient funds for this purpose, he sold part of his library; and having eluded the vigilance of his parents, who were opposed to his intention, he secretly got on board of a vessel, and landed at New York on the third day after sailing.

Thus, at the age of seventeen, Franklin found himself two hundred miles from his native place, from which he was in some sort a runaway, without a friend or recommendation to any one, and with very little money in his pocket. To complete his dilemma, he found, on application, that the only printer then in

town could give him no employment. That person, however, recommended him to go to Philadelphia, where he had a son, who, he thought, would give him work; and accordingly he set off for that place. His journey was a most disastrous one both by water and land, and he frequently regretted leaving home so rashly. He reached his destination at last, however, and in a plight which certainly did not bode very auspiciously for his future fortunes. His own graphic description of his condition and appearance, on his first entrance into Philadelphia, is at once interesting and amusing:—

“I have entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall in like manner describe my first entrance into this place, that you may be able to compare beginnings so unlikely with the figure I have since made. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come by sea. I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking and rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling’s worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, because I had rowed, but I insisted on their taking it. A man is sometimes more generous when he has little than when he has much money, probably because he is, in the first place, desirous of concealing his poverty.

“I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market street,

where I met a child with a loaf of bread. I inquired where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop which he pointed out to me. I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston ; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf ; they made no loaves of that price. I then desired him to let me have threepence worth of bread, of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took them, however, and having no room in my pockets, I walked on, with a roll under each arm, eating the third.

“In this manner I went through Market street to Fourth street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought with reason that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance. I then turned the corner, and went through Chestnut street, eating my roll all the way ; and, having made this round, I found myself again on Market street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of the river water ; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down the river with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey. Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a Quakers' meeting-house, near the market place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labor and want of

rest, I fell into a sound sleep. In this state I continued till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was consequently the first house I entered, or in which I slept, in Philadelphia."

Having with some difficulty procured a lodging for the night, he next morning waited on Mr. Bradford, the printer to whom he had been directed. That individual said he had no work for him at present, but directed him to a brother in trade, of the name of Keimer, who, upon application, made him the same answer; but, after considering a little, set him to put an old press to rights, being the only one, indeed, he possessed, and in a few days gave him regular work. Upon this, Franklin took a lodging in the house of Mr. Read, his future father-in-law.

Franklin had been some months at Philadelphia, without either writing to or hearing from home, and, as he says, trying to forget Boston as much as possible, when a brother-in-law of his, a master of a vessel, having accidentally heard where he was, wrote to him, pressing his return home in the most urgent terms. Franklin's reply, declining compliance with the request, happened to reach his brother-in-law when the latter was in the company of Sir William Keith, governor of the province, and the composition and penmanship struck him as so much superior to the ordinary style of letter-writing, that he showed it to his excellency. The governor was greatly pleased with it, and expressed the utmost surprise when told the age of the writer. He observed that he must be a young man of promising talents, and said that if he

would set up business on his own account at Philadelphia, he would procure him the printing of all the public papers, and do him every other service in his power. Franklin heard nothing of this from his brother-in-law at the time; but one day, while he and Keimer were at work in the office, they observed, through the window, the governor and another gentleman—who proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle, in the province of Delaware—finely dressed, cross the street, and come directly to the office, where they knocked at the door.

Keimer ran down, in high expectation of this being a visit to himself; “but the governor,” says Franklin, “inquired for me, came up stairs, and, with a politeness to which I had not at all been accustomed, paid me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, obligingly reproached me for not having made myself known to him on my arrival in town, and wished me to accompany him to a tavern, where he and Colonel French were going to taste some excellent Madeira wine! I was, I confess, somewhat surprised, and Keimer was thunderstruck. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern at the corner of Third street, where, while we were drinking the Madeira, he proposed to me to establish a printing-house. He set forth the probabilities of success, and himself and Colonel French assured me that I should have their protection and influence in obtaining the printing of the public papers for both governments; and, as I appeared to doubt whether my father would assist me in this enterprise, Sir William said that he would give me a letter to him, in which he would

recommend the advantages of the scheme in a light which he had no doubt would determine him to agree to do so. It was thus concluded that I should return to Boston by the first vessel, with the letter of recommendation from the governor to my father. Meanwhile, the project was to be kept secret, and I continued to work for Keimer as before. The governor subsequently sent for me every now and then to dine with him. I considered this as a very great honor; and I was the more sensible of it, as he conversed with me in the most affable, friendly, and familiar manner imaginable."

In pursuance of the above arrangement, Franklin set out on his return homewards, in the end of April, 1724, having been absent seven months, during which time his parents and relations had heard nothing of him whatever, his brother-in-law never having written to inform them where he was. All the family, with the exception of his brother James, were delighted to see him; and not the less so, perhaps, that he was apparelled in a complete new suit of clothes, had an excellent silver watch, and about five pounds sterling in his pocket. His father was exceedingly surprised when informed of the object of his visit, and still more at the contents of Governor Keith's epistle. After long deliberation, he came to the resolution of refusing compliance with the request, on account of his son being too young to undertake the management of such a speculation; adding, that he thought the governor a man of little discretion in proposing it. He promised, however, when his son should attain his twenty-first year, that he would supply him with what money

he required to set him up in business, praising him highly, at the same time, for his industry and good conduct. Franklin, accordingly, was obliged to return to Philadelphia with the news of his bad success, but left Boston on this occasion accompanied by the blessings of his parents. When he arrived at Philadelphia, he immediately waited upon the governor, and communicated the result of his journey. Sir William observed that his father was "too prudent;" but added, "since he will not do it, I will do it myself." It was ultimately arranged, therefore, that Franklin should proceed personally to London to purchase everything necessary for the proposed establishment, for the expense of which the governor promised him a letter of credit to the extent of £100, with recommendations to various people of influence.

It had been arranged that Franklin was to go to England in the regular packet-ship; and as the time of her sailing drew near, he became importunate for the governor's letters of credit and recommendation, but the latter always put him off under various pretences. At last, when the vessel was on the point of departing, he was sent on board, under the assurance that Colonel French would bring the letters to him immediately. That gentleman accordingly came on board with a packet of despatches tied together, which were put into the captain's bag, and Franklin was informed that those intended for him were tied up with the rest, and would be delivered to him before landing in England. When they arrived in the Thames, accordingly, the captain allowed him to search the bag, but Franklin could find no letters

directed either to himself, or addressed as to his care; but he selected six or seven, which, from the directions on them, he conceived to be those intended for his service. One of these was to the king's printer, and Franklin accordingly waited upon that gentleman with it; but the latter had no sooner opened it, than he exclaimed, "Oh, this is from Riddlesden!—a well-known rascally attorney at Philadelphia; I have lately discovered him to be an arrant knave, and wish to have nothing to do either with him or his letters." So saying, he turned on his heel, and resumed his occupation. In short, it turned out that none of the letters were from the governor; and he soon learned from a gentleman, of the name of Denham, who had been a fellow-passenger with him, and to whom he explained his awkward situation, that the governor was a complete cheat, deceiving people from vanity and a love of self-consequence, with promises which he neither intended nor was able to fulfil—and laughed at the idea of a man giving a letter of credit for £100, who had no credit for himself.

Franklin's situation was now even more desolate than when set ashore, ragged, hungry, and almost penniless, at Philadelphia, little more than a twelve-month before. But the heart, at eighteen, is not naturally inclined to despond, and never was one less so than that of Franklin. He immediately applied for and obtained employment in the office of the celebrated Mr. Palmer. Amongst other works on which he was set to work here, was a second edition of Wollaston's Religion of Nature. Conceiving some of the positions assumed in it to be weak or erroneous,

he composed and published a small metaphysical treatise in refutation of them. This pamphlet acquired him considerable credit with his master, as a man of talent; but that gentleman reprobated, with the utmost abhorrence, the doctrines maintained in his publication, which, truth compels us to say, were completely irreligious, so far as regarded the Christian faith, or any other acknowledged system of belief. Free-thinking, however, was then in fashion among the higher and more learned classes, and his pamphlet procured him the countenance of various eminent individuals; amongst the rest, of Dr. Mandeville, author of the *Fable of the Bees*, and Dr. Pemberton, Sir Isaac Newton's friend. He was likewise waited upon by Sir Hans Sloane, who had been informed of his bringing some curiosities with him from America; amongst others, a purse of asbestos—a natural substance which resists the action of fire, and then very little known—for which he paid Franklin a high price. From Mr. Palmer's office he removed to Mr. Watts', in consideration of higher wages. Here he gave a striking proof of that resolute adherence to temperance, industry, and frugality, which were among the leading features of his character. Whilst Mr. Watts' other workmen spent generally five or six shillings a week on beer, which was brought into the office to them during the day, he drank nothing but water; and they were surprised to see that he was much stronger than any of them, while he himself had the additional comfort and satisfaction of being always clear-headed. At first, they ridiculed his abstinence, and conferred on him the soubriquet of the

American Aquatic; but as his character rose amongst them, his example, he says, "prevailed with several of them to renounce their abominable breakfast of bread and cheese, with beer; and they procured, like me, from a neighboring house, a good basin of warm gruel, in which was a small slice of butter; with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than a pint of beer, namely, three halfpence, and at the same time preserved the head clearer." His assiduous application to business, at the same time, together with remarkable quickness in *composing*, (setting up the types,) recommended him to his employer, and procured him all the most urgent and best-paid work; so that, with his frugal mode of living, he quickly laid up money.

After having been about eighteen months in London, much to his advantage in every respect, he was about to set out on a tour through Europe, with a young, intelligent fellow-workman—designing to maintain themselves during their pilgrimage by means of their calling—when he accidentally met with Mr. Denham, before noticed as being his fellow-passenger from America. That gentleman was on the eve of returning to Philadelphia, to open a merchant's store, and offered Franklin the situation of his clerk, with a salary of £50 per annum. This sum was less than he was making as a compositor; but an anxious desire to revisit his native country induced him to accept it. They set sail accordingly—Franklin now supposing he had relinquished the composing-stick forever—and arrived at Philadelphia on the 11th of October, 1726. Franklin had just entered his twenty-

first year at this time ; and he mentions having drawn up for himself in writing, during the voyage, a plan for the regulation of his future conduct. This interesting document was afterwards unfortunately lost ; but he tells us himself that he pretty faithfully adhered to the rules thus early laid down, even into old age. Upon his arrival, he found his old acquaintance, the governor, had been supplanted in his office, and was held in general contempt. They met several times, but no allusion was ever made by Franklin to the disgraceful imposture the other had practised on him.

Franklin's new employer had only been in business for a few months, when both were seized at the same time with a violent disorder, which carried off the master in a few days, and brought the clerk to the brink of the grave. On his recovery, being thus once more left destitute, he was fain to accept employment as a printer from his old master, Keimer, who was now somewhat better off in the world, but still utterly ignorant of his profession. The whole charge of the office, with that of instructing four or five ignorant apprentices, devolved on Franklin.

Keimer, having engaged him solely with the view of having his apprentices so far initiated in the art as that he could dispense with their instructor's services, took the first occasion to quarrel with him when he thought he had sufficiently attained his object. Upon their separation, one of Keimer's apprentices, named Meredith, who, like all the others, had conceived a great veneration for Franklin, proposed that they should enter into partnership together—Meredith's friends undertaking to furnish the capital necessary for pur-

chasing the materials, &c. This offer was too advantageous to be refused; and types, press, &c., were forthwith ordered from London; but while preparing to put their plan into execution, Franklin was induced, during the interval, to return again to Keimer, at the urgent solicitation of the latter. The motive for this humble entreaty was that individual's having taken a contract for the printing of some paper money for the state of New Jersey, requiring a variety of new cuts and types, which he knew well nobody in that place but Franklin could supply. This presents us with a very striking instance of Franklin's remarkable gift of invention.

"To execute the order," says he, "I constructed a copper-plate printing-press—the first that had been seen in the country. I engraved various ornaments and vignettes for the bills, and we repaired to Burlington together, where I executed the whole to the general satisfaction, and Keimer received a sum of money for this work, which enabled him to keep his head above water for a considerable time longer."

At Burlington, Franklin formed acquaintance with all the principal personages of the province, who were attracted by his superior abilities and intelligence. Scarcely had he returned to Philadelphia, when the types ordered for himself and Meredith, from London, arrived; and having settled matters with Keimer, the partners immediately took a house, and commenced business. They were in the act of opening their packages, when a countryman came in to have a job done; and as all their cash had been expended in their various purchases, "this countryman's five shil-

lings," says Franklin, "being our first fruits, and coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown I have since earned." A number of young men having, during the preceding year, formed themselves, at Franklin's suggestion, into a weekly club for the purpose of mutual improvement, they were so well pleased with the beneficial results they experienced from their meetings, that, when the originator of their society set up in business, every one exerted himself to procure him employment. One of them obtained from the Quakers the printing of forty sheets of a history of that sect, then preparing at the expense of the body. "Upon these," says Franklin, "we worked exceeding hard, for the price was very low. It was in folio, upon *pro patria* paper, and in the *pica* letter, with heavy notes in the smallest type. I composed a sheet a day, and Meredith put it to press. It was frequently eleven o'clock at night, sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's task,—for the other little jobs that came in kept us back in this work; but I was so determined to compose a sheet a day, that, one evening, when my form was imposed, and my day's work, as I thought, at an end, an accident broke the form, and deranged two complete folio pages. I immediately distributed and composed them anew before I went to bed." This unwearied industry, which soon became known, acquired Franklin great reputation and credit amongst his townsmen, and business began rapidly to flow in upon them.

The establishment and management of a newspaper seems to have always been a favorite project with

Franklin ; probably because, from his former experience in it, and the consciousness of his powers of writing, he felt himself so well adapted for the task. The partners soon found themselves in circumstances to enable them to make the trial ; but Franklin having incautiously divulged their intention to a third person, that individual informed their old master, Keimer, of the fact, who immediately took steps to anticipate them, and issued a prospectus of a paper of his own. The manner in which Franklin met and defeated this treachery is exceedingly characteristic. There was another paper published in Philadelphia by Mr. Bradford, which had been in existence for some years, but was such a miserable affair that it only preserved its vitality because no other arose to knock it on the head. In order to keep down Keimer's publication, however, Franklin saw the policy of supporting the old one, until prepared to start his own. He thereupon set about writing a series of amusing articles for it, which the publisher, Bradford, was of course very glad to insert. " By this means," says Franklin, " the attention of the public was kept fixed on that paper, and Keimer's proposals, which we burlesqued and ridiculed, were disregarded. He began his paper, however, and after continuing it for nine months, having at most not more than ninety subscribers, he offered it to me for a mere trifle. I had for some time been prepared for it. I therefore instantly took it upon myself, and in a few years it proved very profitable to me." In fact, it obtained notoriety and applause from the very first number, in consequence of some observations therein by Franklin, on an important colonial question ;

and various members of the assembly exerted themselves so well in his behalf, that the printing of the house was speedily transferred from Bradford to his two young rivals. In the management of his newspaper, Franklin pursued a system of unflinching integrity. He steadfastly refused to give admission into his columns of any article containing personal abuse. Whenever he was requested to publish anything of this sort, his answer was, that he would print the piece by itself, and give the author as many copies for his own distribution as he wished. He very wisely considered that his subscribers expected him to furnish them with useful and entertaining information, and not with personal slander or private discussions with which they had no concern.

Luckily for Franklin, almost at the commencement of the newspaper, an opportunity occurred of getting rid of his partner, Meredith, who had become an idle, drunken fellow, and had all along been of comparatively little use in the concern. Meredith's father failed to complete the bargain for advancing the necessary capital to pay the demands of the paper merchant, and other expenses necessarily attending their speculation, when they became due. A suit was accordingly instituted against the partners, and, as Meredith's father declared his inability to pay the amount of the claims upon them, the son offered to relinquish the whole concern into Franklin's hands, on condition that the latter would take upon him the debts of the company, repay his father what he had already advanced, settle his own little personal debts, and give him thirty pounds—and a *new saddle!* By the

kindness of two friends, who, unknown to each other, came forward, simultaneously and unasked, to his assistance, Franklin was enabled to accept the offer. The agreement was carried into effect; and thus do we find this extraordinary man, at the age of twenty-four, and in the place where he had arrived penniless only seven years before, settled down in business, with a thriving trade; proprietor of an extensively circulated newspaper, and a firmly established reputation of no ordinary kind. All this success, however, the result of his own good conduct, perseverance, and frugality, had no undue effect on his well-regulated mind, nor could it induce him to assume those airs of arrogant superiority and pretension, which have but too frequently blemished the character of those who have worthily achieved their own elevation in society. On the contrary, he dressed more plainly, and deported himself more humbly, than ever; and to show that he was not above his business, he sometimes wheeled home on a barrow, with his own hands, the paper which he purchased at the stores.

Although we are, in a manner, only arrived at the commencement of that long career of usefulness as a citizen, a statesman, and a philosopher, which has rendered his name so illustrious, we have undoubtedly passed through the most interesting part of his biography. We have noted by what means—by what patient exertion, self-control, industry, frugality, temperance, and integrity, he overcame all obstacles, and attained the station at which we have seen him arrive—fitted himself for the discharge of those important duties to which the voice of his country called him—

and acquired those fixed habits of study, observation, and inquisitive research, by which he afterwards penetrated so deep into the arcanum of nature's mysteries. It will be needless for us, therefore, to trace his private history so minutely as we have hitherto done, through the remainder of his eminently successful career.

Soon after getting the whole printing and newspaper concern into his hands, there was an outcry among the people for a new emission of paper money. Franklin took up the cause, and by his arguments, in a pamphlet which he published on the subject, contributed so greatly to the success of the proposal, and, obtained himself so much popularity, that, upon its being resolved to issue the notes, Franklin was selected to print them. He then opened a stationer's shop, and, from his success in business, began gradually to pay off his debts. He took care, he says, not only to be *really* industrious and frugal, but also to avoid every appearance to the contrary—was plainly dressed, and was never seen in any place of public amusement; never went a fishing or hunting. A book, indeed, enticed him sometimes from his work, but even that indulgence was seldom, and by stealth. Meanwhile, his old master, Keimer, went fast to ruin, and, with the exception of old Mr. Bradford, who was rich and did not care for business, he was the only printer in the place. He shortly afterwards married Miss Read, the lady named in a former part of this memoir. Franklin's behavior to this young lady had not been altogether blameless. Previous to his sailing for England, he had exchanged pledges of affection with her; yet, all the while he was away, he only sent her

one letter. She as well as her friends concluded that he either never meant to return, or that he wished to drop his connection with her; she was therefore induced to accept the hand of another suitor; and, on his return to America, Franklin found her married—an event that seems to have given him extremely little uneasiness. The lady's husband proved a great rogue, and deserted her, and it was subsequently ascertained that he had still a former wife living. After being established in business, and rising in the world, the intimacy between Franklin and her family was renewed, and it was not long, despite her dubious situation, that they hazarded a fulfilment of their early vows. The lady was about Franklin's own age, and proved, according to his own testimony, "an honor and a blessing" to him.

In 1731, Franklin drew up proposals for a public subscription library at Philadelphia, being the first project of the sort that had been started in America. Fifty persons at first subscribed forty shillings each, and agreed to pay ten shillings annually; and the establishment was put under such judicious rules of management, that in the course of ten years it became so valuable and important as to induce the proprietors to get themselves incorporated by royal charter. This library afforded its founder facilities of improvement of which he did not fail to avail himself, setting apart, as he tells us, an hour or two every day for study, which was the only amusement he allowed himself.

In 1732, Franklin began to publish his *Poor Richard's Almanac*, so called from his giving it forth under the name of Richard Saunders. It was chiefly

remarkable for the numerous and pithy maxims it contained, all tending to inculcate industry and frugality. It was continued annually for twenty-five years, and the proverbs and trite moral observations scattered throughout were afterwards thrown together into a connected discourse, under the title of the "Way to Wealth." So highly esteemed was this production amongst his countrymen, that copies of it were long to be found, framed and glazed, in the houses of the people in Philadelphia, and indeed in every part of the country.

As Franklin advanced in worldly prosperity, he endeavored to make his personal acquirements keep pace with his upward progress in society; and, amongst other accomplishments, he applied himself sedulously to the study of the dead and modern languages, of which, besides his native tongue, he as yet scarcely knew anything. The following is his own account of his progress:—

"I had begun, in 1733, to study languages. I soon made myself so much a master of the French, as to be able to read the books in that language with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, used often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refused to play any more, unless on this condition; that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either of parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, &c., which tasks the vanquished was to perform upon honor before our next meeting. As we played pretty equally, we thus beat

one another into that language. I afterwards, with a little pains-taking, acquired as much of the Spanish as to read their books also. I have already mentioned that I had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely; but when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surprised to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it; and I met with the more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smoothed my way."

It was not to be supposed that a man of Franklin's comprehensive mind and useful practical talents, would be allowed to remain long in the ranks of private life. Accordingly, in the year 1736, he was appointed clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. No opposition was made to his appointment the first year; but, on the next election, a new member of the house opposed his return in a long speech. Franklin was, however, again elected, much to his satisfaction; for, although the place was one of very little direct emolument, it gave him an opportunity of making friends amongst the members, and ultimately to secure to himself the printing of most of the public papers, which was previously shared with his rivals. The new member who had resisted his reelection, was a man of talents and character; and Franklin, although too independent to pay any cringing servility to him, perceived the propriety of gaining his good opinion; and the expedient he hit upon for this purpose affords

another instance of his shrewdness and knowledge of human nature. Having learned that the gentleman possessed a very rare and curious book, he wrote him a polite note, requesting that he would do him the favor of lending it for a few days. The book was immediately sent; and in about a week was returned by the borrower, with a short epistle, expressive of his gratitude for the favor. The member was so much conciliated by the circumstance, that, the next time he met him in the house, he addressed him with great civility, manifested ever afterwards a great desire to serve him, and they became, in short, intimate friends. "This is another instance," observes Franklin, "of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says, 'He that has done you a kindness, will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you yourself have obliged.' And it shows how much more profitable it is prudently to remove, than to resent, return, and continue, inimical proceedings." He was thereafter reëlected to the same post, without opposition, for several years successively. In the following year, 1737, he supplanted his rival in trade, Bradford, in the office of deputy-postmaster for the state of Pennsylvania. These honorable preferments induced him to incline his thoughts to, and take a more active part in, public affairs than he had hitherto done.

He first turned his attention to the state of the city police, which was then in a shameful condition, and he soon effected a thorough reformation in the whole system. He suggested and promoted the establishment of a fire insurance company, the first that was

projected in America. He afterwards successively exerted himself in organizing a philosophical society, an academy for the education of youth, and a militia for the defence of the province. In short, every department of the civil government, as he tells us, and almost at the same time, imposed some duty upon him. "The governor," says he, "put me into the commission of the peace; the corporations of the city chose me one of the common council; and the citizens at large elected me, 1747, a burgess to represent them in assembly. This latter station was the more agreeable to me, as I grew at length tired with sitting there to hear the debates, in which, as clerk, I could take no part, and which were often so uninteresting, that I was induced to amuse myself with making magic squares, or circles, or anything, to avoid weariness; and I conceived my becoming a member would enlarge my power of doing good. I would not, however, insinuate that my ambition was not flattered by all these promotions; it certainly was—for, considering my low beginning, they were great things to me; and they were still more pleasing, as being so many spontaneous testimonies of the public good opinion, and by me entirely unsolicited."

At this time there was no military defensive force in Pennsylvania. The inhabitants were mostly Quakers, and neglected to take any measures of precaution against the dangers to which, from the French possessions in Canada, they were continually exposed. All the exertions of the governor of the province, to induce the Quaker Assembly to pass a militia law, proved ineffectual. Franklin thought something

might be done by a subscription among the people ; and to pave the way for this, he wrote and published a pamphlet called " Plain Truth." In this he clearly exposed their helpless and perilous situation, and demonstrated the necessity of coöperating for their mutual defence. The pamphlet had a sudden and surprising effect. A meeting of the citizens was held, at which proposals of the intended union, previously drawn up and printed by Franklin, were distributed about the room, to be signed by those who approved of them ; and when the company separated, it was found that above twelve hundred signatures had been appended to the papers. Other copies were distributed through the province, and the subscribers at length amounted to upwards of ten thousand ! All these individuals furnished themselves, as soon as they could, with arms ; formed themselves into companies and regiments ; chose their officers, and had themselves regularly instructed in military exercises. The women made subscriptions amongst themselves, and provided silk colors, which they presented to the companies, embellished with devices and mottoes furnished by Franklin. Such influence has one master-mind amongst his fellows in a time of emergency !

Franklin's modesty, however, was more than commensurate with his patriotism. The officers of the companies composing the Philadelphia regiment unanimously chose him for their colonel, but he declined the office in favor of a man of greater wealth and influence, who, on his recommendation, was immediately elected.

It would, perhaps, have been desirable to have fol-

lowed Franklin through the remainder of his public and political career, without pausing to advert to other pursuits, entirely unconnected therewith, to which he devoted himself. We find, however, that the chronological violence of which we should in that case be guilty, would only serve to confuse our narrative. We will, therefore, proceed to introduce him to our readers in an entirely new character from any in which they have yet seen him.

Down to the close of the sixteenth century, all that was known of the principle of electricity was that amber and a few other substances, when rubbed, had the power of attracting to them light bodies, such as small bits of paper, straw, &c. In 1728, it was discovered that electricity might be communicated from one body to another without their being in contact. In 1746, it was accidentally discovered that large quantities of the electric fluid might be collected by means of what is called the Leyden jar, and that shocks of electricity, giving a sensation like that of a sharp blow, might be imparted from it to the human body. The first announcement of these wonders excited great sensation throughout Europe, and the accounts given of the effects of the electric shock upon those who first experienced it are exceedingly ludicrous, and show how strangely the imagination is acted upon by surprise, mingled with a certain degree of terror.

Franklin's mind was capable of being directed with good effect to philosophical speculations, as well as to practical business, and notwithstanding his devotion to the latter, he still found time for scientific studies.

The extraordinary phenomena of the Leyden jar attracted his attention, and he set himself to find out the reason of such strange effects. Out of his speculations arose the ingenious and beautiful theory of the negative and positive condition of bodies in relation to electricity, and which has ever been received as the best, because the simplest and most complete, explanation of the phenomena that has yet been proposed. We have not space to detail his curious and ingenious experiments, and can only notice those which resulted in proving the identity of lightning and electricity.

While directing his attention to this subject, he began to suspect that this identity might be demonstrated by artificial means. As he was meditating upon the subject, his attention was one day drawn by a kite which a boy was flying, when it suddenly occurred to him that here was a method of reaching the clouds preferable to any other. Accordingly, he immediately took a large silk handkerchief, and, stretching it over two cross sticks, formed in this manner his simple apparatus for drawing down the lightning from its cloud. Soon after, seeing a thunderstorm approaching, he took a walk into a field in the neighborhood of the city, in which there was a shed, communicating his intentions, however, to no one but his son, whom he took with him to assist him in raising the kite. This was in June, 1752.

The kite being raised, he fastened a key to the lower extremity of the hempen string, and then insulating it by attaching it to a post by means of silk, he placed himself under the shed, and waited the result.

For some time no signs of electricity appeared. A cloud, apparently charged with lightning, had even passed over them without producing any effect. At length, however, just as Franklin was beginning to despair, he observed some loose threads of the hempen string rise and stand erect, exactly as if they had been repelled from each other by being charged with electricity. He immediately presented his knuckle to the key, and, to his inexpressible delight, drew from it the well-known electrical spark. He said afterwards that his emotion was so great at this completion of a discovery which was to make his name immortal, that he heaved a deep sigh, and felt that he could that moment have willingly died. As the rain increased, the cord became a better conductor, and the key gave out its electricity copiously. Had the hemp been thoroughly wet, the bold experimenter might have paid for his discovery with his life. He afterwards brought down the lightning into his house, by means of an insulated iron rod, and performed with it, at his leisure, all the experiments that could be performed with electricity. But he did not stop here. His active and practical mind was not satisfied even with this splendid discovery, until he had turned it to a useful end. It suggested to him, as is well known, the idea of a method of preserving buildings from lightning by what is called the lightning-rod. There was always a strong tendency in his philosophy to these practical applications.

Franklin's discoveries did not at first attract much attention in England; and, in fact, he had the mortification to hear that his paper, on the similarity

between lightning and electricity, had been ridiculed when read in the Royal Society. Having fallen, however, into the hands of the naturalist, Buffon, that celebrated man translated and published it at Paris, when it speedily excited the astonishment of all Europe. What gave his book the more sudden and general celebrity was the success of one of its proposed experiments for drawing lightning from the clouds, made at Marly. This engaged the public attention everywhere. The "Philadelphia experiments," as they were called, were performed before the king and court, and all the curious of Paris flocked to see them. Dr. Wright, an English physician, being at Paris at the time, wrote to a member of the Royal Society of London an account of these wonders, and stating the astonishment of all the learned men abroad that Franklin's writings had been so little noticed in England. The society were thus in a manner compelled to pay more attention to what they had previously considered as chimerical speculation, "and soon," says Franklin, "made me more than amends for the slight with which they had before treated me. Without my having made any application for that honor, they chose me a member, and voted that I should be excused the usual payments, which would have amounted to twenty-five guineas, and ever since have given me their Transactions gratis. They also presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley, for the year 1753, the delivery of which was accompanied with a very handsome speech of the president, Lord Macclesfield, wherein I was highly honored."

Although the numerous important public duties which Franklin was called upon latterly to discharge, chiefly engrossed his time, he still returned to his philosophical studies on every occasion that offered, and made several curious and interesting discoveries. Amongst others, was that of producing so intense a degree of cold, by the evaporation of ether in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, as to convert water into ice. This discovery he applied to the solution of a number of phenomena, particularly a singular fact, which philosophers had previously labored in vain to account for, namely, that the temperature of the human body, when in health, never exceeds ninety-six degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, though the atmosphere which surrounds it may be heated to a much greater degree. This he attributed to the increased perspiration, and consequent evaporation, produced by the heat.

The tone produced by rubbing the brim of a drinking glass with a wet finger, had been generally known. This subsequently gave rise to the art of playing tunes on a variety of glasses of different sizes, now called "musical glasses." The sweetness of the tones induced Franklin to make a variety of experiments; and he at length formed that elegant instrument which he called the Armonica.

Perhaps no philosopher ever stood upon a prouder eminence in the world's eye, than did Franklin during the latter half of his life. The obscurity of his origin served but to make his elevation the more conspicuous, and honors were showered upon him from all parts of the civilized world. When he afterwards

visited Europe, he was received with the strongest testimonies of respect from men of science and distinction. At Paris, Louis XV. honored him with especial marks of favor. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh and Oxford, and he was elected a member of almost every learned society throughout Europe. Such was the homage rendered for his philosophical discoveries, yet we suspect that the simple maxims of Poor Richard have done infinitely more to benefit mankind than have these brilliant exploits in science.

We must now return to Franklin's political career. We have before mentioned that he was elected a member of the general assembly of Pennsylvania, in 1747. Warm disputes at this time subsisted between the assembly and the proprietaries, each contending for what they esteemed their just rights. Franklin, a friend to the interests of the many from his infancy, speedily distinguished himself as a steady opponent of the claims of the proprietaries, and he was soon looked up to as the head of the opposition. His influence with the assembly was said to be very great. This arose not from any superior powers of elocution; he spoke but seldom, and he never was known to make anything like an elaborate harangue. "His speeches," says his intimate friend, the late Dr. Stuber, of Philadelphia, "frequently consisted of but a single sentence, or of a well-told story, the moral of which was always obviously to the point. He never attempted the flowery fields of oratory. His manner was plain and mild; his style of speak-

ing was like that of his writings, simple, unadorned, and remarkably concise. With this plain manner, and his penetrating, solid judgment, he was able to confound the most eloquent and subtle of his adversaries, to confirm the opinion of his friends, and to make converts of the unprejudiced who had opposed him. With a single observation, he often rendered of no avail an elegant and lengthy discourse, and determined the fate of a question of importance."

In 1751, Franklin was appointed deputy postmaster-general. In 1757, he went to England as agent of the proprietaries of Pennsylvania. He soon after received the additional appointment of agent of the provinces of Massachusetts, Maryland and Georgia. He returned to America in 1762, and would have gladly rested in the bosom of domestic life, but, in 1764, he was again sent to England, not as a colonial agent, but as the representative of America. Thirty-nine years had now elapsed since his first landing on the British shore as a destitute and forlorn mechanic.

Great Britain had already announced the project of taxing her colonies here, and Dr. Franklin was the bearer of a remonstrance from the province of Pennsylvania against it. This he presented before the passage of the odious stamp act. During the continuance of that measure, he opposed it with consummate ability and great success. When the repeal was about to be attempted in the house of commons, he was summoned to appear before that body. On the 3d February, 1776, he was accordingly examined. The readiness with which he replied to the inquiries,

the vast information he displayed, together with the firmness, point and simplicity of his manner, extorted admiration even from his enemies. The effect of his evidence was irresistible, and the repeal soon followed.

Dr. Franklin continued to resist the various acts of Great Britain, which were calculated to excite the indignation and resistance of the colonies. This, however, was unavailing, and he clearly foresaw the tempest that was speedily to follow. In 1772, by some means which he would never explain, he obtained possession of certain letters written by the royal governor, Hutchinson, and other public functionaries, to the home government, recommending the adoption of the most rigorous measures, and inveighing in the severest terms against the leading characters of the colony. He instantly transmitted them back to the assembly at Massachusetts, who, enraged at the conduct of the governor, sent a petition to the king, praying for his dismissal, and Franklin was appointed to present it. As might have been expected, the petition was dismissed as "frivolous and vexatious," and Franklin incurred so much obloquy for his interception of the governor's despatches, that he was dismissed from his office of deputy postmaster-general.

Franklin still continued in England, devoting himself with the greatest vigor and perseverance to the reconciliation of the mother country and the colonies. Though he was denounced by the enemies of America, in no measured terms, yet he was treated with great respect and consideration by men of science

and some of the leading statesmen of the day. On one occasion, when he was standing behind the bar in the house of lords, Lord Chatham spoke of him as "one whom Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; who was an honor, not to the English nation alone, but to human nature."

Finding his efforts, in behalf of his country, unavailing, and being informed that it was the intention of the ministers to arrest him, he took his departure, and reached America in 1775.

He was enthusiastically received, and the day after his arrival was elected a member of congress by the legislature of Pennsylvania. He served on many of the most arduous of the committees of that body, particularly as a member of the committee of safety and that of foreign correspondence, where he exerted all his influence in favor of the Declaration of Independence, of which instrument he was one of the signers.

It being of the utmost importance to obtain assistance from abroad in behalf of the infant republic, Franklin was sent to France in 1776, as commissioner plenipotentiary to that court. He soon obtained the confidence of the minister, Count de Vergennes, but the government, seeming to have little confidence in the success of the colonies, hesitated to espouse their cause. The news of the capture of Burgoyne, in 1777, brightened the prospects of our country, and France decided to give us her coöperation. Franklin had the happiness to sign the first treaty between the United States and a foreign power, on the 6th February, 1778.

Franklin was now in high favor at court, and his society was sought not only by statesmen and men of science, but in the fashionable circles. Under the influence of the queen, Maria Antoinette, the tone of society, in Paris, had become frivolous in the extreme. To dress, to act, to sing, to dance, seemed the sole business of life among the higher classes. To make complimentary speeches and extemporary verses was the highest and most desired stretch of intellect among the wits of the day.

The appearance of Franklin among these gay circles—the observed of all observers, smiled upon by the king and queen, favored by the minister, honored by the learned, courted by the flush and the fair—produced the most extraordinary revolution. He appeared in society in a plain dress, resembling that of the Quakers. The contrast between this and the gorgeous attire of all around him, struck the imagination of the giddy Parisians. The change which followed in costume was hardly less remarkable than the political convulsions which took place some twenty years after. The enormous head-dresses and cumbrous hoops of the ladies gave way at once, and they appeared in the most simple attire. The gold lace, embroidery, and powdered curls, which had been the pride of the Parisian beaux, were discarded, and the fine gentlemen appeared with their hair cut straight, and in plain brown coats, like that of the sober American.

There are numerous anecdotes which illustrate the high consideration in which Franklin was held at Paris. At an evening party, a fashionable lady exclaimed to a gentleman near, "Pray, who is that extra-

ordinary brown-coated man?" "Softly, madam," was the reply; "that's the famous American, who bottles up thunder and lightning!" At a splendid entertainment given to the American deputies, the Countess de Polignac, one of the most distinguished of the court belles, advanced to Dr. Franklin, and placed a crown of laurel on his head. In compliment to his maxims, published under the title of "Poor Richard," a vessel fitted out in France—that in which Paul Jones achieved his most wonderful exploits—was named *Bon Homme Richard*.

When the British ministry, at length, saw the necessity of recognising the independence of the states, the definitive treaty to that effect was signed at Paris, on the 3d September, 1783, by Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jay, for the states, on the one hand; and by Mr. David Hartley, for Great Britain, on the other. Franklin continued at Paris for the two following years; but, at last, by his own urgent request, he was recalled. Shortly after his return, he was elected president of the supreme executive council in Pennsylvania, and lent all his energies to the consolidation of the infant government. Age and infirmities, however, claimed their usual ascendancy, and, in 1788, he retired wholly from public life.

Franklin's last public act—and it was one in beautiful accordance with the whole tenor of his life—was putting his signature, as president of the Anti-Slavery Society, to a memorial presented to the House of Representatives, praying them to exert the full powers entrusted to them to discourage the revolting traffic in the human species. This was on the 12th of Febru-

ary, 1789. From this day forward, he was confined almost constantly to his bed with the stone, from which he suffered the most excruciating agony. Yet when his paroxysms of pain drew forth, as they did occasionally, an irrepressible groan, he would observe, that he was afraid he did not bear his sufferings as he ought—acknowledged his grateful sense of the many blessings he had received from the Supreme Being, who had raised him from small and low beginnings to such high rank and consideration among men; and made no doubt but his present afflictions were kindly intended to wean him from a world in which he was no longer fit to act the part assigned him. He afterwards sank into a calm lethargic state; and, on the 17th of April, 1790, about eleven o'clock at night, he expired, in his eighty-fifth year. He left two children—a son and daughter.

In looking back on Franklin's career, of which we have given a very imperfect sketch, it is evident that the principal feature in his character was *worldly prudence*—not in a narrow and selfish acceptance of the term, but that prudence, founded on true wisdom, which dictates the practice of honesty, industry, frugality, temperance—in short, all those qualities which may be classed under the name of “moral virtues,” as being the only certain means of obtaining distinction, respect, independence, and mental cheerfulness. There is no other writer who inculcates lessons of practical wisdom in a more agreeable and popular manner, and we much regret that our limits will not permit us to give extracts illustrative of this quality. His whole conduct and writings, indeed, present the

somewhat singular union of considerable genius with practical good sense, and of great shrewdness with the strictest integrity of principle. The greatest worldly honors—and few have attained higher—could not for a moment make him forget or deviate from the principles with which he started in life.

We must not deny that a careful examination of Franklin's history will display some unworthy acts, and certain defects of character; yet his life, on the whole, has proved to be one of the most useful and effective among the annals of our race. His scientific discoveries, his useful inventions, his political services—valuable as they were—we do not reckon as his highest benefactions to his country or mankind. He has contributed more than any other individual in modern times, to teach the working classes to feel their power, and to assert their rights. He has taught them, as well by precept as example, the certain steps by which they can ascend in the scale of society; and hundreds of thousands have been thus led from stations of poverty and ignorance, to the most elevated positions in society. He has done much to level down the distinctions in society; to remove the artificial barriers which pride and vanity set up to provoke envy and strife. He has made the humble to feel their strength, and taught the mighty to respect the rights which that strength can vindicate. His spirit has breathed over the civilized world, everywhere tending to inculcate the principle of equal rights. Nor is this all. He has put in circulation a thousand homespun truths—stamped and ready for change at the turnpike gates of life's every-

day journey—all teaching economy, and industry, and thrift. If the wealth, comfort, happiness, and prosperity, created by Franklin's maxims and Franklin's example,—not in these states only, but in European countries,—could be told, it would furnish a splendid monument to attest his benefactions to his country and his kind.





LA FAYETTE.*

GILBERT MOTTIER DE LA FAYETTE was born at the castle of Chavaniac, in Auvergne, on the 6th of September, 1757. His family was one of the most ancient in the country, and of the highest rank in the French nobility. As far back as the fifteenth century, one of his ancestors, a marshal of France, was

*We have taken the greater part of this article from the splendid Eulogy of La Fayette, delivered by Edward Everett, at Faneuil Hall, at the request of the young men of Boston, September 6, 1834. To the original we refer the reader for the best sketch of the life and character of La Fayette that has ever appeared.

distinguished for his military achievements; his uncle fell in the wars of Italy, in the middle of the last century; and his father lost his life in the seven years' war at the battle of Minden.

His mother died soon after, and he was thus left an orphan at an early age, the heir of an immense estate, and exposed to all the dangers incident to youth, rank, and fortune, in the gayest and most luxurious city in the world, at the period of its greatest corruption. Yet he escaped unhurt. Having completed the usual academical course at the college of Du Plessis, in Paris, he married, at the age of sixteen, the daughter of the Duke D'Argen, of the family of Noailles, somewhat younger than himself, and at all times the noble encourager of his virtues, the heroic partner of his sufferings, the worthy sharer of his great name and of his honorable grave.

The family to which he thus became allied was then, and for fifty years had been, in the highest favor at the French court. Himself the youthful heir of one of the oldest and richest houses in France, the path of advancement was open before him. He was offered a brilliant place in the royal household. At an age and in a situation most likely to be caught by the attraction, he declined the proffered distinction, impatient of the attendance at court which it required. He felt, from his earliest years, that he was not born to loiter in an ante-chamber. The sentiment of liberty was already awakened in his bosom. Having, while yet at college, been required, as an exercise in composition, to describe the well-trained charger, obedient even to the shadow of the whip—he repre-

sented the noble animal, on the contrary, as rearing at the sight of it, and throwing his rider. With this feeling, the profession of arms was, of course, the most congenial to him; and was, in fact, with the exception of that of courtier, the only one open to a young French nobleman before the revolution.

In the summer of 1776, and just after the American declaration of independence, La Fayette, not then nineteen years old, was stationed at Metz, a garrisoned town on the road from Paris to the German frontier, with the regiment to which he was attached, as a captain of dragoons. The Duke of Gloucester, the brother of the king of England, happened to be on a visit to Metz, and a dinner was given to him by the commandant of the garrison. La Fayette was invited, with other officers, to the entertainment. Despatches had just been received by the duke, from England, relating to American affairs—the resistance of the colonists, and the strong measures adopted by the ministers to crush the rebellion. Among the details stated by the Duke of Gloucester, was the extraordinary fact, that these remote, scattered, and unprotected settlers of the wilderness *had solemnly declared themselves an Independent People*. These words decided the fortunes of the enthusiastic listener; and not more distinctly was the great declaration a charter of political liberty to the rising states, than it was a commission to their youthful champion to devote his life to the sacred cause.

The details which he heard were new to him. The American contest was known to him before, but only as a rebellion in a remote transatlantic colony.

He now, with a promptness of perception, which, even at this distance of time, strikes us as very remarkable, addressed a multitude of inquiries to the Duke of Gloucester, on the subject of the contest. His imagination was kindled at the idea of an oppressed people struggling for political liberty. His heart was warmed with the possibility of drawing his sword in a good cause. Before he left the table, his course was mentally resolved upon; and the brother of the king of England, unconsciously no doubt, had the singular fortune to enlist, from the French court and the French army, this gallant and fortunate champion in the then unpromising cause of the colonial congress.

He immediately repaired to Paris to make further inquiries and arrangements, towards the execution of his great plan. He confided it to two young friends—officers like himself—the Count Segur and Viscount Noailles, and proposed to them to join him. They shared his enthusiasm, and determined to accompany him, but, on consulting their families, they were refused permission. But they faithfully kept La Fayette's secret. Happily for his purpose, he was an orphan, independent of control, and was master of his own fortune, amounting to nearly forty thousand dollars per annum.

He next opened his heart to the Count de Broglie, a marshal in the French army. To the experienced warrior, accustomed to the regular campaigns of European service, the project seemed rash and quixotic, and one that he could not countenance. La Fayette begged the count at least not to betray him, as he was resolved, notwithstanding his disapproval, to go to

America. This the count promised, adding, "I saw your uncle fall in Italy; witnessed your father's death at the battle of Minden; and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family." He then used all the powers of argument which his age and experience suggested to dissuade La Fayette from the enterprise; but in vain. Finding his determination unalterable, he made him acquainted with the Baron de Kalb, who, the count knew, was about to embark for America,—an officer of experience and merit, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Camden.

The Baron de Kalb introduced La Fayette to Silas Deane, then agent of the United States in France, who explained to him the state of affairs in America, and encouraged him in his project. Deane was but imperfectly acquainted with the French language, and was of manners rather repulsive. A less enthusiastic temper than that of La Fayette might have been somewhat chilled by the style of his intercourse. Deane had not, as yet, been acknowledged in any public capacity, and was beset by the spies of the British ambassador. For these reasons, it was judged expedient that the visits of La Fayette should not be repeated, and their further negotiations were conducted through the intervention of Mr. Carmichael, an American gentleman, at that time in Paris. The arrangement was at length concluded, in virtue of which Deane took upon himself, without authority, but by a happy exercise of discretion, to engage La Fayette to enter the American service, with the rank of major-general. A vessel was about to be de-

spatched with arms and other supplies for the American army, and in this vessel it was settled that he should take passage.

At this juncture, the news reached France of the evacuation of New York, the loss of Fort Washington, the calamitous retreat through New Jersey, and the other disasters of the campaign of 1776. The friends of America, in France, were in despair. The tidings, bad in themselves, were greatly exaggerated in the British gazettes. The plan of sending an armed vessel with munitions was abandoned. The cause, always doubtful, was now pronounced desperate; and La Fayette was urged by all who were privy to his project, to give up an enterprise so wild and hopeless. Even our commissioners,—Deane, Franklin, and Arthur Lee,—told him they could not in conscience urge him to proceed. His answer was, “My zeal and love of liberty have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing motive with me, but I now see a chance of usefulness which I had not anticipated. These supplies, I know, are greatly wanted by congress. I have money; I will purchase a vessel to convey them to America, and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage.”

In pursuance of the generous purpose thus conceived, the secretary of the Count de Broglie was employed by La Fayette to purchase and fit out a vessel at Bordeaux; and while these preparations were in train, with a view of diverting suspicion from his movements, and passing the tedious interval of delay, he made a visit, with a relative, to his kinsman, the Marquis of Noailles, then the French ambassador

in London. During their stay in Great Britain, they were treated with kindness by the king and persons of rank ; but having, after a lapse of three weeks, learned that his vessel was ready at Bordeaux, La Fayette suddenly returned to France. His visit was of service to the youthful adventurer, in furnishing him an opportunity to improve himself in the English language ; but, beyond this, a nice sense of honor forbade him from making use of the opportunity which it afforded, for obtaining military information that could be of utility to the American army. So far did he carry this scruple, that he declined visiting the naval establishments at Portsmouth.

On his return to France, he did not even visit Paris ; but after three days spent at Passy, the residence of Dr. Franklin, he hastened to Bordeaux. Arriving at this place, he found that his vessel was not yet ready ; and had the still greater mortification to learn that the spies of the British ambassador had penetrated his designs, and made them known to the family of La Fayette, and to the king, from whom an order for his arrest was daily expected. Unprepared as his ship was, he instantly sailed in her to Passage, the nearest port in Spain, where he proposed to wait for the vessel's papers. Scarcely had he arrived in that harbor, when he was encountered by two officers, with letters from his family, and from the ministry, and a royal order, directing him to join his father-in-law at Marseilles. The letter from the ministers reprimanded him for violating his oath of allegiance, and failing in his duty to his king. La Fayette, in some of his letters to his friends about court, replied

to this remark that the ministry might chide him with failing in his duty to the king when they learned to discharge theirs to the people. His family censured him for his desertion of his domestic duties ; but his heroic wife, instead of joining in the reproach, shared his enthusiasm and encouraged his enterprise.

He was obliged to return with the officers to Bordeaux, and report himself to the commandant. While there, and engaged in communication with his family and the court, in explanation and defence of his conduct, he learned from a friend at Paris that a positive prohibition of his departure might be expected from the king. No farther time was to be lost, and no middle course pursued. He feigned a willingness to yield to the wishes of his family, and started as for Marseilles, with one of the officers who was to accompany him to America. Scarcely had they left the city of Bordeaux, when he assumed the dress of a courier, mounted a horse and rode forward to procure relays. They soon quitted the road to Marseilles, and struck into that which leads to Spain. On reaching Bayonne, they were detained two or three hours. While the companion of La Fayette was employed in some important commission in the city, he himself lay on the straw in the stable. At St. Jean de Luz, he was recognised by the daughter of the person who kept the post house ; she had observed him a few days before, as he passed from Spain to Bordeaux. Perceiving that he was discovered, and not daring to speak to her, he made her a signal to keep silence. She complied with the intimation ; and when, shortly after he had passed on, his pursuers came up, she

gave them an answer which baffled their penetration, and enabled La Fayette to escape into Spain. He was instantly on board his ship and at sea, with eleven officers in his train, and accompanied also by the Baron De Kalb.

We cannot here detail the various casualties and exposures of his passage, which lasted sixty days. His vessel had cleared out for the West Indies, but La Fayette directed the captain to steer for the United States. As the latter had a large pecuniary adventure of his own on board, he declined complying with this direction. By threats to remove him from his command, and promises to indemnify him for the loss of his property, should they be captured, La Fayette prevailed upon the captain to steer his course for the American coast, where at last they happily arrived, having narrowly escaped two vessels of war, which were cruising in that quarter. They made the coast near Georgetown, South Carolina. It was late in the day before they could approach so near land as to leave the vessel.

Anxious to tread the American soil, La Fayette, with some of his fellow-officers, entered the ship's boat and was rowed at night-fall to shore. A distant light guided them in their landing and advance into the country. Arriving near the house from which the light proceeded, an alarm was given by the watch-dogs, and they were mistaken by those within for a marauding party from the enemy's vessels, hovering on the coast. The Baron De Kalb, however, had a good knowledge of the English language, acquired on a previous visit to America, and was soon able to

make known who they were, and what was their errand. They were of course readily admitted, and cordially welcomed. The house in which they found themselves, was that of Major Huger, a citizen of worth, hospitality and patriotism, by whom every good office was performed to the adventurous strangers. He provided the next day the means of conveying La Fayette and his companions to Charleston, where they were received with enthusiasm by the magistrates and people.

As soon as possible, they proceeded by land to Philadelphia. On his arrival there, with the eagerness of a youth anxious to be employed upon his errand, he sent his letters to Mr. Lowell, who was then chairman of the committee of foreign relations. He called the next day at the hall of congress; the letters made known his high connections and his large means of usefulness, and, without an hour's delay, he received from them a commission of major-general in the American army, a month before he was twenty years of age. Thus, at this early and inexperienced age, he was thought worthy, by that august body, the revolutionary congress, to be placed in the highest rank of those to whom the conduct of their army was entrusted in this hour of extremest peril!

Washington was at head quarters when La Fayette reached Philadelphia, but he was daily expected in the city. The introduction of the youthful stranger to the man on whom his career depended, was therefore delayed a few days. It took place, in a manner peculiarly marked with the circumspection of Wash-

ington, at a dinner party, where La Fayette was among several guests of consideration. Washington was not uninformed of the circumstances connected with his arrival in the country. He knew what benefits it promised the cause, if his character and talents were adapted to the course he had so boldly struck out; and he knew also how much it was to be feared that the very qualities which had prompted him to embark in it, would make him a useless and even a dangerous auxiliary. We may well suppose that the piercing eye of the father of his country was not idle during the repast. But that searching glance, before which pretence or fraud never stood undetected, was completely satisfied. When they were about to separate, Washington took La Fayette aside—spoke to him with kindness—paid a just tribute to the noble spirit which he had shown, and the sacrifices he had made in the American cause; invited him to make the head quarters of the army his home, and to regard himself, at all times, as one of the family of the commander-in-chief.

It was on the 31st July, 1777, that La Fayette received, by a resolution of congress, his commission as a major-general in the American army. Not having at first a separate command, he attached himself to the army of the commander-in-chief, as a volunteer. On the 11th of the following September, he was present at the unfortunate battle of the Brandywine. He there plunged, with a rashness pardonable in a very youthful commander, into the hottest of the battle, exposed himself to all its dangers, and exhibited a conspicuous example of coolness and courage. When

the troops began to retreat in disorder, he threw himself from his horse, entered the ranks, and endeavored to rally them. While thus employed, he was shot by a musket ball through the leg. The wound was not perceived by himself till he was told by his aid that the blood was running from his boot. He fell in with a surgeon, who placed a slight bandage on his limb, with which he rode to Chester. Regardless of his situation, he thought only of rallying the troops, who were retreating in disorder through the village; and it was not till this duty was performed, that the wound was dressed. It was two months before it was sufficiently healed to enable him to rejoin the army. This was the first battle in which he was ever engaged, and such was his entrance into the active service of America.

It is impossible in this sketch to do more than glance at the military services of La Fayette, in our revolution. He was in the battle of Monmouth, where he displayed the utmost courage and skill. On the arrival of the French, under D'Estaing, at Rhode Island, he was detached to join them with the army under General Sullivan. He was here exceedingly useful in securing harmony between the French and American forces. In 1779, he embarked for France, that country being now in a state of declared war with England. He was received in his own country with enthusiasm by the people, and with favor by the court. He turned to the advantage of America the influence he had acquired. It is not easy to over-estimate the service he thus performed in our behalf;

for it was chiefly through his influence that the effective aid of France was secured.

He returned to America in 1780, and was at West Point when the treachery of Arnold was discovered. The following winter he was at the head of his division in Virginia. During the summer of 1781, he conducted the campaign in that state with a vigor and success which showed that he possessed the highest qualities of a general. In the confidence inspired by his powerful army, his great experience, and superior abilities, Lord Cornwallis declared that "the boy should not escape." He did escape, however; and it was in a great degree owing to the admirable conduct of the youthful general, that the British commander was soon after obliged to lay down his arms, and surrender his whole force of seven thousand men to the combined armies. In the memorable siege of Yorktown, which resulted so gloriously, La Fayette took an active and efficient part, and obtained a due share of renown.

Spain had now shaken off her indifference, and concluded to join with France in the attempt to humble Great Britain. A powerful fleet was assembled at Cadiz, which, with twenty-four thousand troops, was to proceed to make a descent on the island of Jamaica, and then strike upon the British army at New York. La Fayette proceeded to Europe to aid the expedition, and, at the head of eight thousand men, went from Brest to Cadiz. But these mighty preparations were seen by Great Britain, and, guided by a wise prudence, she consented to peace.

The following year, 1784, La Fayette made a visit

to America, where he was received with every demonstration of joy. After his return to France, he visited Germany, whither his fame had preceded him. He was entertained with distinction by the emperor of Austria, and Frederick the Great of Prussia. On his return to Paris, he united with M. de Malsherbes, in endeavoring to ameliorate the political condition of the protestants. In concert with the minister of the marine, the Marshal de Castries, he expended a large sum, from his private fortune, in an experiment towards the education and eventual emancipation of slaves. To this end, he purchased a plantation in Cayenne, intending to give freedom to the laborers as soon as they should be in a condition to enjoy it without abuse. In the progress of the revolution, this plantation, with the other estates of La Fayette, was confiscated, and the slaves sold back to perpetual bondage, by the faction which was drenching France in blood, under the motto of liberty and equality.

At length, a mighty crisis was at hand ; the French revolution began. The first step in this fearful drama was the assembly of notables, February 22, 1787. Its last convocation had been in 1626, under the cardinal, Richelieu. It was now convoked by the minister, Colonne, the comptroller-general of the finances, on account of the utter impossibility, without some unusual resources, of providing for the deficit in the finances, which had for the preceding year amounted to thirty-six millions of dollars, and was estimated at the annual average of twenty-eight millions of dollars. This assembly consisted of one hundred and thirty-seven persons, of whom scarcely

ten were in any sense the representatives of the people. La Fayette was of course a distinguished member, then just completing his thirtieth year. In an assembly, called by direction of the king, and consisting almost exclusively of the high aristocracy, he stepped forth at once, the champion of the people. It was the intention of the government to confine the action of the assembly to the discussion of the state of the finances, and the contrivance of means to repair their disorder. It was not so that La Fayette understood his commission. He rose to denounce the abuses of the government. The Count d'Artois, since Charles X., the brother of the king, attempted to call him to order, as acting on a subject not before the assembly. "We are summoned," said La Fayette, "to make the truth known to his majesty; I must discharge my duty."

Accordingly, after an animated harangue on the abuses of the government, he proposed the abolition of private arrests, and of the state prisons, in which any one might be confined on the warrant of the minister; the restoration of protestants to the equal privileges of citizenship, and the convocation of the States General, or representatives of the people. "What," said the Count d'Artois, "do you demand the States General?" "Yes," replied La Fayette, "and something better than that!"

The assembly of notables was convoked a second time, in 1788, and La Fayette was again found in his place pleading for the representation of the people. As a member of the provincial assemblies of Auvergne and Brittany, he also took the lead in all the measures

of reform that were proposed by those patriotic bodies.

But palliatives were vain ; it became impossible to resist the impulse of public opinion, and the States General were convened. This body assembled at Versailles on the third of May, 1789. Its initiatory movements were concerted by La Fayette and a small circle of friends, at the hotel of Mr. Jefferson, who calls La Fayette, at this momentous period of its progress, the Atlas of the revolution. He proposed, and carried through the assembly, of which he was vice-president, a declaration of rights, analogous to those contained in the American constitutions. He repeated the demand which he had made in the assembly of notables, for the suppression of *lettres de cachet*, and the admission of protestants to all the privileges of citizens. For the three years that he sustained the command of the National Guard, he kept the peace of the capital, rent as it was by the intrigues of parties, the fury of a debased populace, and the agitations set on foot by foreign powers ; and so long as he remained at the head of the revolution, with much to condemn, and more to lament, and which no one resisted more strenuously than La Fayette, it was a work of just reform, after ages of frightful corruption and abuse.

When matters had arrived at a critical point, La Fayette proposed the organization of the National Guard of France. The ancient colors of the city of Paris were blue and red : to indicate the union which he wished to promote between a king governing by a constitution, and a people protected by the laws, he proposed to add the white, the royal color of France ;

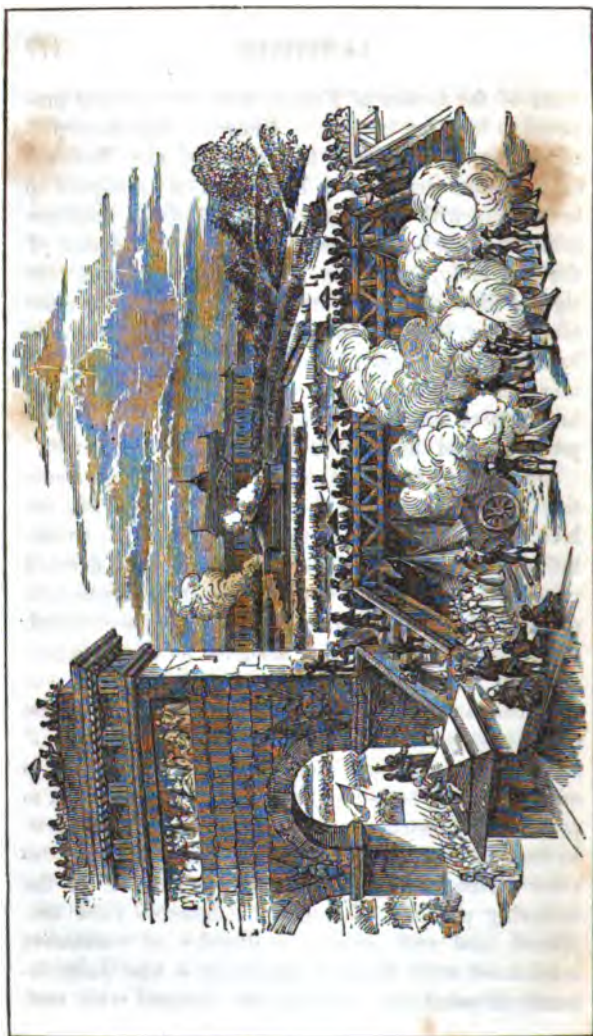
and to form of the three, the new ensign of the nation. "I bring you, gentlemen," said he, "a badge, which will go round the world, an institution at once civil and military, which will change the system of European tactics, and reduce the absolute governments to the alternative of being conquered if they do not imitate them, and overturned if they do!" The example of Paris was followed in the provinces, and the National Guard, three millions seven hundred thousand strong, was organized throughout France, with La Fayette at its head.

On the 5th of November, 1789, occurred a scene of the most fearful character. It was rumored at Paris that the king and his family, at Versailles, had denounced the revolution. At this moment, the populace were suffering from famine, and being told that the scarcity was caused by the monarch, the cry arose, "To Versailles for bread!" Like a flood of boiling lava, the tide of people rolled toward Versailles. The king and the royal family had been sacrificed to the fury of the mob, but for the aid of La Fayette. Placing himself at the head of a detachment of troops, he rushed to the scene of action, and conducted them in safety to Paris.

From the commencement of the revolution, La Fayette refused all pecuniary compensation and every unusual appointment or trust. Not a dignity known to the ancient monarchy, or suggested by the disorder of the times, but was tendered to him and refused. More than once it was proposed to create him Field Marshal, Grand Constable, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The titles of dictator and commander-in-

chief of the armies of France were successively proposed to him, but in vain. Knowing that the representatives of the great federation of the National Guards, who repaired to Paris in 1790, designed to invest him with the formal command of this immense military force, he hastened a passage of the decree of the Assembly, forbidding any person to exercise the right of more than one district; and having, at the close of a review, been conducted to the national assembly by an immense and enthusiastic throng, he took that occasion to mount the tribune and announce the intention of returning to private life as soon as the preparation of the constitution should be completed.

On the recurrence of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, on the 14th of July, 1790, the labors of the assembly, in the formation of the constitution, were so far advanced, that it was deemed expedient, by a grand act of popular ratification, to give the sanction of France to the principles on which it was founded. The place assigned for the ceremony was the Champs de Mars, and the act itself was regarded as a grand act of federation, by which the entire population of France, through the medium of an immense representation, engaged themselves to each other, by solemn oaths and imposing rites, to preserve the constitution, the monarchy, and the law. In front of the military school at Paris, and near the river Seine, a vast plain was marked out for the imposing pageant. Innumerable laborers were employed, and still greater multitudes of volunteers coöperated with them, in preparing a vast embankment, disposed on terraces, and covered with turf.



The Confederation.

The entire population of the capital and its environs, from the highest to the lowest condition of life, of both sexes, and of every profession, was engaged, from day to day, and from week to week, in carrying on the excavation. The academies and schools, the official bodies of every description, the trades and the professions, and every class and division of the people, repaired, from morning to night, to take part in the work, cheered by the instruments of a hundred full orchestras, and animated with every sport and game in which an excited and cheerful populace gives vent to its delight.

It was the perfect saturnalia of liberty; the meridian of the revolution, when its great and unquestioned benefits seemed established on a secure basis, with as little violence and bloodshed as could be reasonably expected in the tumultuous action of a needy, exasperated and triumphant populace. The work was at length completed, the terraces were raised, and 300,000 spectators were seated in the vast amphitheatre. A gallery was elevated in front of the military school, and in its centre was a pavilion above the throne. In the rear of the pavilion was prepared a stage, on which the queen, the dauphin, and the royal family were seated. The deputed members of the federation, eleven thousand for the army and navy, and eighteen thousand for the national guard of France, were arranged in front, within a circle formed by eighty-three lances planted in the earth, adorned with the standards of the eighty-three departments. In the midst of the Champs de Mars, the centre of all eyes, with nothing above it but the canopy of heaven, arose

a magnificent altar—the loftiest ever raised on earth. Two hundred priests, in white surplices, with the tri-color as a girdle, were disposed on the steps of the altar, on whose spacious summit, mass was performed by the bishop of Autun. On the conclusion of the religious ceremony, the members of the federation and the deputies of the assembly advanced to the altar, and took the oath of fidelity to the nation, the constitution, and the king. The king himself assumed the name and rank of chief of the federation, and bestowed the title of its major-general on La Fayette. The king took the oath on his throne, but La Fayette, as the first citizen of France, advancing to the altar, at the head of 30,000 deputies, and in the name of the mighty mass of the national guard, amidst the plaudits of nearly half a million of his fellow-citizens, in the presence of all that was most illustrious and excellent in the kingdom, whose organized military power he represented as their chief, took the oath of fidelity to the nation, the constitution, and the king. Of all the oaths that day taken by the master-spirits of the time, his was, perhaps, the only one kept inviolate.

The powers of Europe at length roused themselves to action, and began to draw their threatening armies around France. Armies were raised by the latter country to meet them. La Fayette was charged with the command of one of them. At his head quarters at Sedan, he heard of the bloody tragedy of the 10th August, and the imprisonment of the royal family. Agents were sent to the departments; the bloody scenes of Paris were enacted there. The reign of terror was now established, and commissioners were

sent to the army to arrest the generals, and La Fayette among the rest. He had no choice but to deluge the country with blood by resistance, or to save himself by flight. He adopted the latter course, but was taken by a military force at Liege, and being dragged from fortress to fortress, was at last lodged in the dungeons of Magdeburg. From this place, he was transferred to the emperor of Germany, and immured in the gloomy castle of Olmutz, in Moravia.

Cut off from all the world, and closely confined, the health of the noble captain gave way, and it was not till several unsuccessful efforts had been made, that a mitigation of his sufferings was allowed. He was now permitted to take the air, and this afforded an opportunity to effect his liberation. Dr. Eric Bollman, a young German physician, and Mr. Huger, of South Carolina, engaged in this chivalrous enterprise; and, through their exertions, he made his escape. But a series of unfortunate accidents occurred, and he was retaken and carried back to Olmutz. Bollman and Huger were also taken, and confined in close prisons for six months, when they were set at liberty. La Fayette was now treated with double severity; he was stripped of every comfort; denied decent clothing; kept in a dark room; fed on bread and water; and told that he was soon to be executed on the scaffold.

Nor were these personal sufferings his only source of anxiety. No tidings were permitted to reach him from his wife and children; and the last intelligence he had received from her was, that she was confined in prison at Paris. There she had been thrown during the reign of terror. Her grandmother, the

Dutchess de Noailles, her mother, the Dutchess de Argen, and her sister, the Countess de Noailles, had perished in one day on the scaffold. She was herself reserved for the like fate; but the downfall of Robespierre preserved her. During her imprisonment, her great anxiety was for her son, George Washington La Fayette, then just attaining the age at which he was liable to be forced by the conscription into the ranks of the army. The friendly assistance of two Americans saved him.

Relieved from anxiety on account of her son, the wife of La Fayette was resolved, with her daughters, if possible, to share his captivity. Just escaped from the dungeons of Robespierre, she hastened to plunge into those of the German emperor. This admirable lady, who, in the morning of life, had sent her youthful hero from her side, to fight the battles of constitutional freedom, beneath the guidance of Washington, now went to immure herself with him in the gloomy cells of Olmutz. Born, brought up, accustomed to all that was refined, luxurious and elegant, she went to shut herself up in the poisonous wards of his dungeon; to partake his wretched fare; to share his daily repeated insults; to breathe an atmosphere so noxious and intolerable, that the gaolers, who brought them their daily food, were compelled to cover their faces as they entered their cells.

Landing at Altona, on the 9th September, 1795, she proceeded, with an American passport, under the family name of her husband, (Motier,) to Vienna. Having arrived in that city, she obtained, through the compassionate offices of Count Rosernberg, an inter-

view with the emperor. Francis II. was not a cruel man. At the age of twenty-five, he had not been hardened by long training in the school of state policy. He was a husband and a father. The heroic wife of La Fayette, with her daughters, was admitted to his presence. She demanded only to share her husband's prison, but she implored the emperor to restore to liberty the father of her children. "He was, indeed, sire, a general in the armies of republican America; but it was at a time when the daughter of Maria Theresa was foremost in his praise. He was, indeed, a leader of the French revolution, but not in its excesses, not in its crimes; and it is owing to him alone that, on the dreadful 5th October, Maria Antoinette and her son had not been torn in pieces by the bloodthirsty populace of Paris. He is not the prisoner of your justice, nor your arms, but was thrown by misfortune into your power, when he fled before the same monsters of bloody crime who brought the king and queen to the scaffold. Three of my family have perished on the same scaffold, my aged grandparent, my mother, and my sister. Will the emperor of Germany close the dark catalogue, and doom ~~my~~ husband to a dungeon worse than death? Restore him, sire—not to his army, to his power, to his influence—but restore his shattered health, his ruined fortunes—to the affections of his fellow-citizens in America, where he is content to live and close his career—to his wife and children."

The emperor was a humane man. He heard, reasoned, hesitated; told her "his hands were tied" by reasons of state, and permitted her to shut herself up

with her daughters in the cells of Olmutz! There her health failed; she asked to be permitted to pass a month at Vienna, to recruit it, and was answered that she might leave the prison whenever she pleased, but that if she left it, she could never return there. On this condition, she rejects the indulgence with disdain; and prepares to sink, under the slow poison of an infected atmosphere, by her husband's side. But her brave heart—fit partner for a hero's—bore her through the trial, though the hand of death was upon her. She prolonged a feeble existence for ten years after their release from captivity, but never recovered the effects of this merciless imprisonment.

The interposition of the friends of La Fayette, in Europe and America, to obtain his release, was unsuccessful. On the floor of the house of commons, General Fitzpatrick, on the 16th December, 1796, made a motion in his behalf. It was supported by Colonel Tarleton, who had fought against La Fayette in America, by Wilberforce and Fox. The speech of the latter is one of the most admirable specimens of eloquence ever heard in a deliberative assembly. But justice remonstrated, humanity pleaded in vain. General Washington, then president of the United States, wrote a letter to the emperor of Germany. What would not the emperor afterwards have given to have had the wisdom to grant the liberty of La Fayette to the entreaty of Washington? But an advocate was at hand who would not be refused. The "Man of Destiny" was in the field. The Archduke Charles was matched against him during the campaign of 1797.

The eagles of Bonaparte flew from victory to victory. The archduke displayed against him all the resources of the old school. But the days of strategy were over. Bonaparte stormed upon his front, threw his army across deep rivers, burst upon his rear, and annihilated the astonished duke in the midst of his manœuvres. He fought ten pitched battles in twenty days, drove the Austrians across the Julian Alps, approached within eleven days' march of Vienna, and then granted the emperor, just preparing for flight into the recesses of Germany, the treaty of Campo Formio, having demanded, in the preliminary conferences of Leoben, the release of La Fayette. Napoleon was often afterwards heard to say, that, in all his negotiations with foreign powers, he had never experienced so pertinacious a resistance as that which was made to this demand. The Austrian envoys at the French head quarters, asserted that he was in confinement in the imperial territories. But Bonaparte distrusted this assertion, and sent a former aid-de-camp of La Fayette, to communicate directly with the Austrian minister on the subject. He was finally released, on the 23d September, 1797. But while his liberation was effected by the interference of the army of the republic abroad, the confiscation and sale of the residue of his property went on at home.

Included in the general decree of outlawry, as an emigrant, La Fayette did not go back to France till the directory was overturned. On the establishment of the consular government, being restored to his civil rights, though with the loss of nearly all his estates, he returned to his native country, and sought the

retirement of Lagrange. He was indebted to Napoleon for release from captivity, probably for the lives of himself and family. He could not but see that all hope of restoring the constitution of 1791, to which he had pledged his faith, was over, and he had every reason of interest and gratitude to compound with the state of things as it existed. But he never wavered for a moment. Bonaparte endeavored, in a personal interview, to persuade him to enter the senate; but in vain.

From the tranquillity of private life, nothing could now draw him. Mr. Jefferson offered him the place of governor of Louisiana, then just become a territory of the United States; but he was unwilling, by leaving France, to take a step that would look like a final abandonment of the cause of constitutional liberty on the continent of Europe. Napoleon ceased to importune him, and he lived at Lagrange, retired and unmolested, the only man who had gone through the terrible revolution with a character free from every just impeachment. He entered it with a princely fortune; in the various high offices he had filled, he had declined all compensation; and he came out poor. He entered it in the meridian of early manhood, with a frame of iron. He came out of it, fifty years of age, his strength impaired by the cruelties of his long imprisonment.

But the time at length arrived, which was to call La Fayette from his retirement, and place him again—the veteran pilot—at the helm. The colossal edifice of the empire, which had been reared by Napoleon, crumbled by its own weight. The pride, the interests,

the vanity, the patriotism of the nations were too deeply insulted and wounded by his domination.

The armies of Europe poured down like an inundation on France; twice the conqueror is conquered; the dynasty of the Bourbons is restored; and La Fayette is now found at the tribune. Tranquillity being established in France, and being invited to visit the United States by a vote of congress, he comes to our shores on the 25th August, 1824, and is received with the most enthusiastic welcome. His tour through the country will never be forgotten. Everywhere he was met by crowds of people, anxious to see the benefactor of their country, and to testify their heartfelt homage and gratitude. There is perhaps nothing in La Fayette's life more remarkable than the admirable tact, sense and propriety displayed in his answers to the various addresses made as he passed through the country.

Having spent several months in the United States, he returns to France, and we soon see him at the head of a new revolution. In July, 1830, Charles X. and his family are seen flying from Paris, and La Fayette is commander of the National Guards in the Hotel de Ville. The dynasty is changed. Louis Philippe is established upon the basis of a constitutional monarchy, and La Fayette once more resigns his commission. Insensible to the love of power, of money, and of place, he is again a private citizen, exercising only the office of a representative in the chamber of deputies. Thus he continued till May, 1834. In attending the funeral of a colleague, he contracted a cold, which settled on his lungs. After a

struggle with the remains of a once powerful constitution, the disease triumphed, and, on the 20th of the month the patriot of liberty expired at Paris, aged seventy-seven. He was buried, by his own direction, not within the walls of the Pantheon—not among the great and illustrious, that people the silent alleys of Pere la Chaise—but in a rural cemetery near Paris, by the side of her who had shared his pure love of liberty, his triumphs, his dungeon, and his undying renown. In a secluded garden, in this humble retreat, beneath the shade of a row of linden trees, by the side of his wife and his daughter, the friend of Washington and America lies in his last repose.

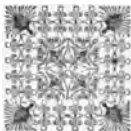
In whatever aspect we may regard the life of La Fayette, it must strike us as one of the most wonderful in history. It is crowded with events of an extraordinary character, and displays an union of qualities, rarely found in one individual. In early life he is superior to the seductions of wealth and flattery; he is not enervated by luxury, nor corrupted by vice. While all around him is bent in homage to royalty, his lofty spirit sympathizes with a remote people, struggling for liberty, and with an elevation of soul rarely paralleled, he crosses the Atlantic, expends his fortune, and risks his life in the cause of freedom.

In his own country, he becomes the leader of mighty movements in behalf of oppressed humanity. He acquires an ascendancy over millions, and is at the head of the mightiest army of citizen soldiers that was ever organized. He became the shield of royalty and the Atlas of the revolution. The scene changes; the reign of terror is established, and he is obliged to

fly before the tempest. He is first an exile—then a captive—and, finally, a prisoner, cut off from light and air, and the knowledge of mankind. He lingers in dungeons for years; he escapes, is recaptured, and immured in still deeper dungeons. Again he is at liberty—he returns to private life, and here he remains, a witness of the most stupendous events, till a new convulsion shakes the earth, and he is summoned from his retirement. The storm is tranquillized, and, after an absence of forty years, he revisits the far land whose freedom he had helped to achieve. Here he finds a nation of three millions increased to twelve, and a generation born since his departure, now ready to welcome him, and shower honors and blessings on his name. He returns to Europe, and still another revolution is at hand. In the midst of the tempest, he seizes upon the helm, and while the Bourbon monarch flies, he holds the reigns of power in the capital. A new dynasty is founded, and a new king is set upon the throne; order is restored, and the patriot, laying down his mighty power, retires again to the tranquil pursuits of country life.

What a chequered history is here! What vicissitudes of fortune, yet what consistency of action! There is an equanimity, a dignity, a steadfastness about the character of La Fayette, which elevates him as far above the common heroes of history, as the top of the mountain, catching the very hues of heaven, is above the vulgar mounds and knolls that lie scattered at its base; and the secret of this elevation lies in the motive which inspired his actions. He was a patriot—a philanthropist. He lived for his country—

for mankind. He was indeed a man of rare faculties—he possessed a skill of adaptation, and a quickness of perception, amounting to genius; yet his fame, his power, his greatness, arose less from his intellectual gifts, than his moral elevation. How great a boon has he conferred on mankind—not only by his deeds, but by his fame, and his example! He has taught the world the path to truer glory than that which is won upon the battle-field; he has shown the elevating and ennobling power of a virtuous principle, and he has set before mankind the strong argument of example in favor of a disinterested philanthropic career.



KOSCIUSKO.

THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO, the last generalissimo of the republic of Poland, and one of the noblest characters of his age, was descended from an ancient and noble, though not rich family, in Lithuania. He was born at the chateau of Sienniewicze, in 1756, and was educated in the military school at Warsaw. The prince, Adam Czartoriski, perceiving his talents and industry, made him second lieutenant in the corps of cadets, and sent him, at his own expense, to France, where he studied drawing and the military art. After his return, he was made captain. He had become attached to the daughter of Sosnowski, a marshal of Lithuania; but he saw her married to Prince Lubomirski. He now left Poland, and sought to bury the memory of his unhappy passion in solitary studies. He devoted himself particularly to history and mathematics, and, possessing great elevation of character, he was prepared to join in the contest for freedom, in which he engaged. Hearing of the struggle of the American colonies for liberty, he came hither, and gained the confidence of Washington, who made him his aid. He distinguished himself particularly at the siege of Ninety-Six, and was very highly esteemed by the army and commander-in-chief. He and La Fayette were the only foreigners admitted into the society of Cincinnati.

In our service, Kosciusko received the rank of



KOSCIUSKO.

general, and in 1786 he returned to Poland. In 1789, the Polish army was formed, and the diet appointed him major-general. In 1791, he served under Prince Joseph Poniatowski, and in the campaign of the next year, he distinguished himself against the Russians. At Dubienka, under cover of some works which he had thrown up, he, with four thousand men, repulsed three attacks of the Russians, who amounted to thirteen thousand men. Kosciusko was obliged to retire, but he retreated without severe loss, while the Russians lost four thousand men.

When King Stanislaus submitted to Catherine, Kosciusko left the army, and retired from Poland. He went to Leipsic, and the legislative assembly of France at this time gave him the rights of a French citizen. The Poles becoming impatient under the oppression of Russia, some of Kosciusko's friends in Warsaw determined to make an effort for the liberation of the country. They chose him for their general, and made him acquainted with their plans. He imparted them to the counts Ignatius Potocki and Kolontai, in Dresden, who thought the enterprise injudicious. He, however, went to the frontier, and sent General Zayonczeck and Dzialynski into the Russian provinces of Poland to prepare everything in silence.

But when the Polish army was merged, in part, in the Russian, and the remainder reduced to fifteen thousand men, the insurrection broke out before the time fixed upon. The people flew to arms, and Kosciusko was everywhere proclaimed as generalissimo. The troops took an oath of allegiance to him, and by deed appointed him dictator, in imitation of the Ro-

man custom, on occasions of emergency. His power was absolute. He had the command of all the armies, and the regulation of all affairs, political and civil. Never was confidence so fully and unscrupulously reposed by a nation in a single individual—never were expectations better grounded. On the 1st of April he left Cracow at the head of four thousand men, armed mostly with scythes, and, on the 4th of the same month, encountered a body of Russians, more than thrice his own number, near the village of Racławice. The battle lasted for five hours, and victory declared for the brave Poles; three thousand Russians being killed upon the spot. This success confirmed the wavering patriots, and accelerated the development of the insurrection throughout the kingdom. Wilna and other cities threw off the yoke. The patriots, however, suffered a defeat near Chelm, and Cracow soon after fell into the hands of the enemy. By this time the Russians and their allies began to approach Warsaw. Three leagues from that city, at Praca-Wola, Kosciusko was encamped.

It was here that one of his brothers in arms found him sleeping on straw. The picture he draws of this extraordinary individual in his camp, is an interesting view of the hero who upheld the fate of Poland. "We passed," says Count Oginski, "from Kosciusko's tent, to a table under some trees. The frugal repast made here, with a dozen guests, will never be effaced from my memory. The presence of this great man, who had excited the admiration of all Europe; who was the terror of his enemies, and the idol of the nation; who, raised to the rank of generalissimo, had

no ambition but to serve his country and to fight for it; who always observed an unassuming, affable and mild demeanor; who never wore any distinguishing mark of the supreme authority with which he was invested; who was contented with a suit of coarse, gray cloth, and whose table was as plainly furnished as that of a subaltern officer; could not fail to awaken in me every sentiment of esteem, admiration and veneration, which I have sincerely felt for him at every period of my life."

The enemy continued to advance towards Warsaw, but the city resisted all their attacks. At length Wilna yielded to the soldiers of Catherine, and the rest of the province soon shared the same fate. On the 10th of October, Kosciusko fell upon Fersen. The battle was bloody, and fatal to the patriots. Victory was wavering, and, the expected reinforcements not appearing, Kosciusko, at the head of his principal officers, made a furious charge, and plunged into the midst of the Russians. He fell, covered with wounds, and all his companions were killed or taken captive. The general lay senseless among the slain. At length he was recognised, notwithstanding the plainness of his uniform, and was found still breathing. His name now commanded respect, even from the barbarous Cossacks—some of whom were about to plunder him. They instantly formed a litter with their lances, and conveyed him to the commander-in-chief, who ordered his wounds to be dressed, and treated him with the consideration he deserved. As soon as he was able to travel, he was conducted to Petersburg, where Catherine condemned this high-

mindful patriot to end his days in prison. The news of his captivity spread like lightning to Warsaw. Every one received it as the announcement of the country's fall. "It may appear incredible," says Oginski, "but I can attest what I have beheld, and what a number of witnesses can certify with me, that many invalids were seized with burning fevers; some fell into fits of madness, which never left them; and men and women were seen in the streets, wringing their hands, beating their heads against the walls, and exclaiming in despair, 'Kosciusko is no more; the country is lost!'" In fact, the Poles seemed paralyzed by this blow. Warsaw capitulated in a short time after; and the soldiers and generals of the revolution were either killed or dispersed, immured in the prisons of Petersburg, or sent to Siberia.

The death of Catherine, on the 17th of November, 1796, delivered the Poles from a detestable tyrant. Her successor, the Emperor Paul, commenced a new era in Russian history, that of clemency. His behavior to Kosciusko was almost heroic. He visited him in prison, embraced him warmly, and told him he was free. He even presented him with his own sword, but the Polish hero declined it, saying, "I no longer need a sword, since I have no longer a country." To the day of his death, he never again wore a sword. Paul also proposed to present him with a high military post: but this was declined. He then gave him fifteen hundred serfs and twelve thousand roubles, as a testimony of regard. But Kosciusko determined to go to America, and returned these presents. He then proceeded, by way of England, to the New

World. He was received with marks of the greatest kindness in the United States ; and, as his fortune was small, he had been allowed a pension from our government. On his arrival in France, in 1798, his countrymen, in the Italian army, presented him with the sword of John Sobieski, which had been found at Loretto. He now settled near Fontainebleau, where he resided several years.

It was in 1797, that he touched at England, on his passage to America. Dr. Warner, who saw him at the house of the consul at Bristol, says : " I never contemplated a more interesting human figure than Kosciusko, stretched on his couch. His wounds were still unhealed, and he was unable to sit upright. He appeared to be a small man, spare and delicate. A black silk bandage crossed his fair and high, but somewhat wrinkled forehead. Beneath it, his dark, eagle eye sent forth a flame of light, that indicated the steady flame of patriotism which still burned within his soul, unquenched by disaster and wounds weakness, poverty and exile. Contrasted with its brightness was the paleness of his countenance, and the wan cast of every feature. He spoke tolerable English, though in a low and feeble tone ; but his conversation, replete with fine sense, lively remark, and sagacious answers, evinced a noble understanding and a cultivated mind. On rising to depart, I offered him my hand : he took it. My eyes filled with tears ; and he gave it a warm grasp. I muttered something about ' brighter prospects and happier days ! ' He faintly smiled and said, ' Ah ! sir,

he who devotes himself for his country must not look for his reward on this side of the grave.”

When, in 1806, Napoleon felt what powerful allies the Poles, fighting for liberty, would be against Russia and Prussia, he used many arts to engage them in his cause. There was one man then living, near Fontainebleau, whose name alone would have raised the whole population of Poland—Kosciusko. Bonaparte made him the most pressing invitations to share in the campaign, and urged him, again and again, to address his fellow-countrymen, and call upon the Polish nation to embrace the present opportunity of regaining their liberty. But Kosciusko was not dazzled by the splendor of Napoleon's career; and he divined that a military despot might be as treacherous as hereditary tyrants. He seemed, too, to share, in a degree, the feelings of those who, being set free and mildly treated by Paul, imagined it would be an act of ingratitude to appear in arms against him. He never ceased, however, to hold the welfare of his native land most dear to his heart. On the 9th of April, 1814, after the allies had entered Paris, he sent a letter to Alexander, in behalf of the Poles. The emperor returned an autograph answer, promising that his wishes should be accomplished. He again wrote to Alexander, on the 10th of June, 1815, at Vienna, calling upon him to fulfil the promises he had made to him. To this no answer was given, and Kosciusko, certain that his apprehensions were well founded, on the 13th of June announced his intention to retire to Switzerland. This design he soon put into execution, and went to reside at Soleure, where

he ended his illustrious life, on the 16th of October, 1817.

His body is deposited in the cathedral of Cracow, in the same chapel where Sobieski and Joseph Ponia-towski had been laid before him; and on the summit of the artificial mountain, Bronislawa, national grati-tude has erected a monument to his immortal mem-ory.

The materials for preparing the memoirs of Kosci-usko are scanty, but enough is preserved to show that his character was one of the finest in history. As a general, his rank is among the first, and his achieve-ments altogether wonderful. During the war of 1794, with a regular force of twenty thousand men and four thousand peasants, he maintained himself for a long period against four hostile armies, amounting to-gether to one hundred and fifty thousand men, and led by the greatest generals of the time. In the dis-charge of the dictatorship conferred upon him, he displayed the integrity of Washington and the activity of Cæsar. He attended to procuring supplies, super-intended the raising and payment of money, pre-vented plundering and fraud, and was equally active in the council and the field. His days and nights, and all his powers were devoted to his country. He secured the administration of justice, abolished bond-age, and finally restored to the nation, in the supreme national council which he established, the great power which had been delegated to him.

The amiableness of Kosciusko's private life has given a beautiful finish to his fame, so exalted as a general and a patriot. A single anecdote will illus-

trate his character. He once wished to send some wine to a clergyman at Solothurn; and, as he hesitated to trust it by his servant, lest he should take some of it, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to use the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, young Zeltner said that he would never ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko inquiring what he meant, he answered,—“As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to feign giving something, to satisfy the beast.”

The sympathy which was excited by the struggle of the Poles in 1794, and the heroic character of Kosciusko, are well commemorated in the following lines of Campbell, from the “Pleasures of Hope.”

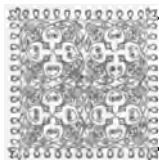
Oh! sacred truth! thy triumph ceased awhile!
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland,—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet though destruction sweeps those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!

By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live,—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death,—the watch-word and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp, the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!



WILLIAM TELL.

THOSE who have perused the charming romance of Florian, under the title of "William Tell, or Switzerland Delivered," may be reluctant to come down to the somewhat meagre details which constitute all we know of his veritable history. Yet, as, on the one hand, the "Deliverer of Switzerland" demands a place in our list of patriots—so sober truth compels us to say that in the dearth of well authenticated facts respecting his life, the real existence of such a man has been seriously denied. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell upon these doubts—William Tell unquestionably lived and performed the great actions attributed to him ; and these we shall present to the reader.

We must travel back more than five hundred years, and take our stand in the centre of Europe, at the period when the dark ages are nearly passed, and the light of civilization is beginning to dawn along the horizon.

At this epoch, Rodolph, Count of Hapsburgh, in Switzerland, appeared upon the stage of history. His possessions were small, but he had fine talents, a good address and boundless ambition ; and in the course of events, he became the emperor of Germany. This occurred in 1273. From him the present house of Austria is descended. For a series of generations the daughters of this family have been remarkable for their

beauty, and it is by marriage with the principal reigning families of Europe, that its aggrandizement has been chiefly effected. From this circumstance, it has been said that the house of Hapsburgh is more indebted to Venus than to Mars, for its exaltation.

It was the son of this Rodolph, Albert I., who succeeded his father as emperor, that gave rise to the events connected with the history of Tell. He was a grasping prince, and, wishing to increase his territorial dominions, undertook to unite the forest cantons of Switzerland, as they were called, to his personal estates of Hapsburgh, which he had inherited. These cantons belonged to the German empire, and as they had been mildly governed, they wished to continue so. They therefore rejected the overtures of Albert, at which he was greatly incensed. Accordingly, in his capacity of emperor, he sent governors to harass, oppress, and punish them. These were two detestable characters, named Gesler and Landenberg.

The people were now exposed to all the vexatious persecutions of little tyrants, who were anxious to recommend themselves, by abuse of power, to the favor of an angry master. Offences became arbitrary, and punishments capricious. The governors never appeared in public, unless they were surrounded by a numerous guard. Nor did they omit other precautions, designed alike to secure themselves against sudden ebullitions of popular fury, and to rivet more firmly the chains which it was the sole object of their mission to impose. Fortresses were erected in the disaffected places, into which persons of every description were thrown, upon the slightest

grounds of suspicion. At the same time, all commercial intercourse with their neighbors was entirely denied to the people by the exorbitant duties imposed upon merchandise of every kind, in its passage to and from the forest cantons.

We may more clearly infer the general character of the administration of the German governors, by a few instances of their conduct. Gesler, passing one day by a neat and commodious house, which had been lately built by a person of the name of Staufacher, and which was externally decorated with more than common elegance, inquired for the owner, and addressed him thus, with a contemptuous smile: "Do you think such a habitation suited to the condition of a peasant? You complain of the emperor's exactions, but while he leaves you wherewithal to erect such buildings as these, you have too much reason to be thankful." And immediately he ordered his satellites to pull it down. Staufacher, from that moment, became an ardent champion in the cause of liberty.

Landenberg was no less active in sowing the seeds of discontent. Having seized the oxen belonging to a respectable farmer for some slight offence, the proprietor implored him to inflict some other punishment, if he should in reality be found guilty of the crime of which he was accused; for that, otherwise, he must inevitably be ruined, having no other means of cultivating his farm. "Let the miscreant draw his own plough!" was the reply; and immediately another hero was enlisted under the standard of freedom.

Henry, of Melchthal, a strenuous advocate for the independence of his country, and who, by the integ-

city of his character, had become an object of general respect, was selected as another victim. Landenberg, whose punishments were in general quickened by the cupidity of his disposition, sent, upon some trifling provocation, to seize his oxen, while they were employed in the labors of husbandry. His son, a gallant youth, opposed the execution of the decree, and drove away the officers of justice with the same whip with which he had before been driving the plough. Young Melchthal fled. The governor, who was irritated beyond description at the insult which had been offered to his authority, and still more so to find that his prey had escaped, commanded the aged father to be dragged into his presence, and, after reviling him in the most opprobrious language, caused his eyes to be put out, while he himself stood by to see the savage sentence executed.

Gesler was the slave of vanity, and sought, by every means, to gratify his prevailing passion. Among other expedients he caused a pole to be erected in the market place, at Altorf, and a hat to be suspended upon it; to which he enjoined all the passengers to pay the same respect that was due to his own person. So wanton a display of tyranny could not fail to inflame the public, who wanted no accession of outrage to make them feel the misery of their dejected state. Yet so completely were they kept in awe by the numerous fortresses which the new government had erected in all parts of their territory, that they sunk into sullen despondency.

Staufacher appears to have been the first to conceive the idea of deliverance from this cruel tyranny.

In silence he contemplated the degraded state to which his country was reduced. He brooded over her wrongs in secret. He meditated upon the energies of the human mind, and felt, from inward conviction, that man was destined by nature to be something more than the passive slave of despotism. Having reduced his ideas to a regular plan, he hastened to communicate them to his friend Walter Furst. At his house, he met young Arnold of Melchthal, who had taken refuge under his hospitable roof, from the pursuit of Landenberg. Misfortune is the parent of confidence. They had suffered in the same cause, and flew to each other's arms with all the attachment of men who were connected by the strongest of ties—the love of freedom. Having deliberately weighed the dangers to which they were exposed, and imparted to each other the hopes with which they were animated, they bound themselves by the most solemn promise to break the fetters of their country, or to perish in the attempt.

Having finally engaged to observe the profoundest secrecy, and agreed that no partial attempts should be made till the mine was ready to be sprung; and, having fixed upon a place where they might meet with a few chosen friends, to consult upon the necessary preparations for a general insurrection, they took leave of each other.

To propagate the electric flame among a people, whose wishes were in perfect unison with their own, required not the arts of persuasion. The founders of Helvetic liberty met with a sure and ardent friend in every person to whom they entrusted the important

secret. But they were cautious in their measures, and discreet in the selection they made.

On the 17th of November, 1307, the day fixed for their meeting, each of them appeared at the appointed spot, attended by ten chosen companions. This nocturnal assembly was held in the field of Rutli; a retired meadow, on the shores of the lake of Lucerne, exactly on the confines between Schweitz and Uri. Its solitary situation and surrounding rocks seemed to preclude the possibility of a surprise. Conscious, however, that a secret which was known to so many persons, was at best precarious, the greater part of the conspirators were for an immediate rising, alleging that, in situations like theirs, delay was ruin. Melchthal, on the contrary, employed every argument he was master of, to combat such precipitate resolutions.

The energy with which he spoke, brought over the whole assembly to his opinion. All ideas of an immediate aggression were laid aside, and the first day of the new year was appointed for the execution of the momentous project. This weighty business being thus decided, every man returned to his accustomed occupations, with as much apparent tranquillity as if his only hope in the approaching year had been a fertile season and an abundant crop.

An event, however, took place in the interval, which, without the most unexampled prudence on the part of the conspirators, would have destroyed their hopes forever. We have already seen to what a degree of insolence Gesler had carried his capricious pride. Presumption proved his ruin. William Tell, a name

• which will be ever celebrated in the annals of Helvetia, had married the daughter of Walter Furst, and upon that account, as well as from his enthusiastic attachment to the cause of liberty, had been admitted a member of the patriotic band.

Happening one day to pass through Altorf, the sight of the hat influenced his indignation to such a pitch against the governor, that he not only refused obedience to his fantastic mandate, but treated the magisterial ensign with contempt. Gesler was no sooner informed of what had passed, than he commanded the bold plebeian to be dragged before him, and, giving way to the suggestions of unbridled fury, decreed that, as a punishment for his audacity, he should, at the approaching festival, either pierce, with an arrow, an apple placed upon the head of his son, a boy of five or six years old, or should suffer immediate death. So strange and inhuman a sentence was little calculated either to soothe the minds of the discontented populace, or to calm the resentment of the offended patriot. For some moments he hesitated; but, confident in his own unerring aim, after a little reflection, he accepted the trial. To this, too, he was doubtless, in part, prompted by the consideration that a scene of such wanton cruelty must operate upon the feelings of the spectators in a manner conformable to his secret views.

On the appointed day, Gesler appeared in the market place at Altorf, seated in his chair of state, and encircled by his body-guard. His countenance bespoke the insolence of triumph. With a savage smile, he ordered the culprit to be brought forward. Tell

came with a resolute step. The attentive crowd, who had been attracted from the remotest valleys to the spot, trembled as he passed. He took his post. The boy was stationed, by the governor's direction, at a distance which appeared to him the most unfavorable to the archer's skill. Tell grasped his bow. Mute attention prevailed. Every heart beat with interest and anxiety. He drew the string; the arrow flew; the divided apple fell. Repeated peals announced the joy of the spectators, and rebounded through the adjacent rocks. The hero ran to his child, caught him in his arms, and clasped him to his bosom. He gave way to the effusions of nature. Unable any longer to suppress the violence of his emotions, he turned to the governor, and, producing another arrow, exclaimed, "*Had my boy fallen, this was destined for thee!*"

At once a prey to disappointment, rage, and shame, Gesler commanded his soldiers again to seize the bold offender. The populace interposed in vain. In vain they resisted the guard. After a short conflict, Tell was mastered, and, in order to secure him against any attempts which might be made for his rescue, Gesler commanded him to be conveyed to Kusnach, a fortress on the opposite side of the lake. Fearing, however, that the unmerited rigor of his fate might excite a sentiment of compassion in the bosoms of those on whom he had imposed the execution of this harsh decree, the governor resolved to accompany him in person, and embarked with his attendants in the same boat. But scarcely were they out of the reach of the shore, when the clouds, which had been gathering

round the summit of St. Gothard, and to which Gesler, blinded by excessive passion, had paid little attention, burst in a furious tempest. The violence of the storm precluded all possibility of returning, and the surrounding rocks, which rise almost perpendicularly from the level of the water, rendered all attempts to land impracticable. The watermen sunk under the labor of the oar, and, unable longer to contend against the fury of the winds, gave in, and commended themselves to Providence for protection.

In this fearful crisis, some one of the passengers, recollecting that Tell had the reputation of being a skilful pilot, suggested to the governor, as the only expedient that was left, to prevail upon him to take charge of the vessel, and to exert his power for their mutual salvation. Gesler caught with eagerness at the proposal. The prisoner was unbound and placed at the helm. For some time he struggled manfully against the storm, and took advantage of his local knowledge, to weather its fury; till, by degrees, he approached the bank, at a spot where the receding mountains leave a small promontory for man to save himself from the fury of the waves. The courage of the passengers now revived. They already thought themselves secure. But, as Tell approached the shore, having conducted the bark to the spot he wished, he boldly plunged into the flood. With one hand he seized the rock; with the other he pushed back the vessel, and left the affrighted tyrant, with his dismayed companions, in a situation little short of despair. The tempest, however, at length abated—with difficulty they gained the shore. But the gov-

ernor had escaped the waves, only to meet another fate. Tell, who had escaped, met him on the road, a little beyond Brunnen, and, in an instant, an arrow laid him dead at his feet !

The news of this event ran like an electric spark among the friends of liberty, and threatened to precipitate the movement contemplated by Furst and his associates. But such was their prudence, that the ferment subsided, and stratagem was adopted rather than force. It was an important object to get possession of the strong castle of Rotzberg. Here dwelt a maiden beloved by a Swiss youth named Wolfgang. She was persuaded by her lover to admit him into her room at night, by means of a ladder let down from her window. He ascended, several of his companions followed, and the castle was taken without bloodshed.

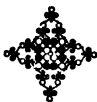
Early on the following morning, a select party of the brave inhabitants of Unterwalden met Landenberg, as he was going from the castle of Sarnen to the parish church, to be present at the celebration of mass on new-year's day. They were loaded with presents, which, according to the usages of those times, were offered at this season to men in power. A troop of thirty more lay in ambush near the walls, ready to appear upon the first alarm. Delighted with the liberality of the offering, which had been purposely made more abundant than usual, the governor invited them into the castle, and ordered them to be welcomed with a hospitable glass. But no sooner had they gained admittance into the court, than the expected signal was given by a blast upon a horn. The men

without flew to the assistance of their friends. They seized upon the bridge and the magazine of arms before the little garrison was prepared to resist. Terrified by the suddenness of the attack, and ignorant of the numbers by whom they were assailed, they threw down their swords, and surrendered, upon the promise of their lives.

The insurgents, who had now risen on all sides, were everywhere equally fortunate. In the course of one day, the castles of Sarnen and Rotzberg, in Unterwalden, those of Schwanan and Kusnach, in Schweitz, and the newly-erected fortress near Altorf, in Uri, were taken and given up to the flames; and with them was every vestige of despotism effaced. History exhibits few events more extraordinary than this. Whether we consider the advantages which were obtained, the means by which the conquest was effected, or the humanity with which it was used, we shall find equal cause for admiration and wonder; at a moment when, flushed with victory and irritated by the most wanton acts of oppression, much might have been urged in defence of the insurgents, had they overstept the bounds of moderation, and given way to those excesses which are the common attendants of recovered liberty. But all former animosities were buried in oblivion. The prisoners were treated with generosity, and, being conducted to the frontiers, were released, upon a solemn promise that they would never more pollute the land of freedom with their venal step. Indeed, except in the single instance of Gesler, who fell the victim of his own imprudence, not one drop of blood was shed!

The welcome intelligence flew with rapidity from mountain to mountain. Every goatherd immediately threw aside his pipe and crook, and armed in the common cause. Staufacher, Melchthal, Tell, and Walter Furst were received by their exulting countrymen with every demonstration of gratitude which the simplicity of rustic manners would allow. The joy was universal. The opulent farmer set wide his hospitable door to his poorer neighbor, and, amid the festivity that prevailed, the names of their deliverers resounded with blessings from every tongue. The world, perhaps, never exhibited a spectacle more congenial to humanity. It was the triumph of innocence over the unjust attempts of despotism.

Of the subsequent events of Tell's life we know but little. He is said to have taken part in the war which was afterwards waged with the Austrian government, and to have lost his life in an inundation, about the year 1350. We may lament this barrenness of detail, yet enough has been rescued from the oblivion of the past, to excite our sympathy, to furnish a lasting lesson to tyrants, and to show us that liberty may find a champion even in the unlettered peasant, in a dark age, and amid the wildest and most rugged recesses of nature.





JOHN HOWARD,

Who has justly obtained a celebrity over the whole civilized world for his extraordinary and unceasing efforts in the cause of suffering humanity, and for which he has been generally and justly entitled "the Benevolent Howard," was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, a large village immediately adjoining London. To this place his father seems to have removed from the pursuit of his business as an upholsterer, in Long Lane, Smithfield, where he had acquired a considerable fortune. The education of young Howard was extremely superficial; and when he left school, he was put as an apprentice

to a wholesale grocer in the city ; but this situation not being at all to his taste, he embraced the opportunity, on coming of age, of purchasing from his master the remainder of his time. By his father's will, he was not to be the possessor of his inheritance until he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then he became entitled to the sum of seven thousand pounds, in addition to the whole of his father's landed property, his plate, furniture, pictures, &c.

Coming thus into the possession of a respectable patrimony, he was now at liberty to follow out the bent of his inclinations, which he did by setting out on his travels through France and Italy. On his return, being of delicate health and inclined to consumption, he was put upon a rigorous regimen, which is said to have laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratification of his palate, which ever after so much distinguished him. In 1752, when twenty-five years of age, he married a lady in her fifty-second year ; a step he took in consequence of having received from her many marks of kind attention during a sickness with which he was overtaken. The death of his wife in a few years put an end to this somewhat imprudent connexion. Soon after this event, he resolved upon leaving England on another tour, with a view to divert his mind from the melancholy reflections which that dispensation of Providence had occasioned.

The country which Howard first intended to visit was Portugal, then rendered particularly interesting by the situation of its capital, still smoking in ruins from the effects of a tremendous earthquake. A

great part of its capital, Lisbon, and thousands of its inhabitants, had been embowelled in the earth. It was to this sublime spectacle that Mr. Howard's attention was principally directed; and he accordingly took his passage in a vessel, which, unfortunately, was captured by a French privateer. This event, unlucky in itself, gave a turn to the fate of the young philanthropist, and proved ultimately beneficial to mankind. His captors used him with great cruelty; for, after having been kept forty hours without food or water, he was carried into Brest, and confined, with the other prisoners, in the castle of that place. Here, after being cast, with the crew and the rest of the passengers, into a filthy dungeon, and there kept a considerable time without nourishment, a joint of mutton was at length thrown into the midst of them, and, for want of a knife, they were obliged to tear it in pieces, and gnaw it like dogs. In this dungeon he and his companions lay for six nights upon the floor, with nothing but straw. He was afterwards removed to Morlaix, and thence to Carpaix, where he was two months upon parole.

He had no sooner obtained his own freedom, than he exerted all his influence to procure the liberation of some of his fellow-countrymen. Whilst at Carpaix, he obtained abundant evidence of the English prisoners of war in France being treated with inhuman barbarity, and he did not rest till he influenced the government in their behalf. It is to this event that we may refer the first excitement of his attention to those who were sick, and in prison, which afterwards occupied the greater part of sixteen years. Soon

after his return to England, he formed a connection with an amiable young lady, whom he married, and with her assistance he carried into effect various schemes of benevolence, for meliorating the condition of his tenantry and the poor in his neighborhood. Of this valuable assistance he was, however, deprived, by the death of his wife, soon after she had given birth to a son.

In 1769-70, Mr. Howard paid a third and fourth visit to the continent, and of which he has left various memoranda, written in a strain of unaffected Christian piety. In 1773, while in his retirement in England, he was created high sheriff of the county of Bedford. In this office he had numberless opportunities of inspecting the condition of the jails and bridewells under his jurisdiction, of remedying grievances, and alleviating the distresses of poor prisoners. The more he saw of the condition of the English prisons, the more he became anxious to pursue his investigations all over the country. He proceeded upon tours into several counties, and the scenes of misery which came under his notice were truly deplorable. At Salisbury, just without the prison gate, was a chain passed through a round staple fixed in the wall, at each end of which a debtor, padlocked by the leg, stood offering to those who passed by, nets, laces, purses, &c., made in the prison. At Winchester, Mr. Howard saw a destructive dungeon for felons, eleven steps under ground, dark, damp, and close. The surgeon of the jail informed him that in this, twenty prisoners had died of the jail fever in one year. One of the places which Mr. Howard inspected in the

course of his journey, was the bridewell of Surry, at Guilford, in which he found neither bedding, straw, nor work. Soon after his return from making investigations into the condition of these abodes of vice and misery, he was examined before a committee of the house of commons, touching the knowledge he had thus acquired; and, being called to the bar, the speaker acquainted him that the house was very sensible of the humanity and zeal which had led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and conveyed to him the grateful thanks of the house and the country for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the most destitute and outcast members of this community.

Mr. Howard continued, throughout the year 1773-74, to inspect the prisons and bridewells of England, and, on one occasion, extended his tour of philanthropy into Scotland and Ireland. In 1775, he proceeded to the continent, for the purpose of examining the jails in France, Holland, and part of Flanders, Germany, and Switzerland, most of which he found under better management than those in Great Britain. He was particularly pleased with the prisons of Holland, which presented a model, that, except in a few points, he wished to have seen adopted in England, and every nation on the globe. He found a good deal to interest him in Germany. In the towns in that country, he frequently saw the doors of sundry rooms in the prisons marked, Ethiopia, India, Italy, France, England, &c. On inquiring what such words meant, he was informed that in these rooms, parents, by the authority of the magistrates, confined their dissolute children, answering, in the mean while, to the

inquiries which might be made after them, that they were gone to whatever country might be written upon the place of their confinement.

In travelling, Howard lived in the plainest manner; generally carrying along with his luggage a tea-kettle and other utensils, as well as the materials for making tea, of which he was fond, for its simple exhilarating qualities. At the inns, however, he generally ordered the best victuals and wines, so that there might be no complaint as to his stinginess; but these luxuries he seldom tasted. When he considered himself ill-treated by postilions, he punished them by withholding extra fees; but, to show that he did not do so for the purpose of saving money, he sent his servant to gather the poor of the place, and, in the presence of the postilion, distributed among them the sum he would have paid. These traits of character becoming widely known, he was generally carefully attended to wherever he travelled.

On one occasion, he happened to visit a monastery at Prague, where he found the inmates feasting on a day which ought to have been devoted to abstinence. He was so much displeased with this breach of discipline, that he threatened to proceed to Rome to inform the Pope; and it was only after the monks had made the most humiliating apology, and expressed their contrition, that he promised to be silent on the subject to the head of their church. In 1781, he again departed from England on a tour of philanthropy, in order to proceed through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, and some other countries in the north of Europe, with the view of inspecting the prisons

and hospitals on his route. Copenhagen, Stockholm, Petersburg, and Moscow were respectively visited, and in each he collected valuable information on the state of the common jails, and modes of punishment.

Having thus visited every state of Europe, whence he could hope to derive assistance for the completion of the great design which animated him, except the two southern kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, he next directed his course thither, and on this journey visited the prisons of Madrid, Lisbon, and other populous towns. This tour being completed, he returned to England, and finished his fourth general inspection of the English jails, preparatory to the publication of a second edition of his Appendix to the State of Prisons, a work he had sometime before given to the public. When these journeys were finished, he summed up the number of miles which, in less than ten years, he had travelled in his own country and abroad, on the reform of prisons, bridewells, and hospitals, and found that they formed a total of forty-two thousand and thirty-three.

When, in the spring of 1784, Howard had laid before the public the result of his minute inspection of the prisons, and many of the hospitals of his own country, and of the principal states of Europe, he retired to his estate at Cardington, in whose calm seclusion he purposed to spend the remaining years of his existence. He had now nothing to embitter his peace but the conduct of his son, who, having been sent to the University of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable Dr. Blacklock, unhappily contracted habits of dissipation and extravagance,

which were his own ruin, and well-nigh broke his father's heart.

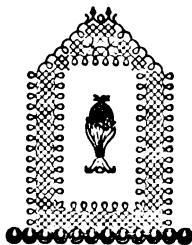
After having devoted more than eleven years of his valuable existence to the reformation of the jails, and the improvement of the hospitals of his own country, as well as those of foreign states, he determined again to quit his home on a journey of benevolence, more important to the interests of the human race, though fraught with greater danger to himself, than any he had yet undertaken. His plan was indeed the most humane and beneficent that ever entered into the mind of man, for it was to check the progress of devouring pestilence, by inspecting the condition of the principal lazarettos in Europe, and, if possible, to throw light on the origin of that dreadful scourge of mankind—the plague. On this tour of mercy, he visited the Italian states, and from thence passed by sea to Turkey, in which country he examined the hospitals and prisons of Constantinople, Smyrna, and other places. While on this expedition, being at sea, the vessel was attacked by a Moorish privateer. In the engagement which took place, he fought with great bravery, and aided in repelling the attack of the barbarians. When he arrived in Venice, he submitted, with the crew of the vessel, to the most shocking privations in a loathsome lazaretto, in order to acquire knowledge of the management of those supposed to be laboring under plague. In all these trials his cheerfulness never forsook him. Being liberated in due course of time, he returned to England, and resumed his inspection of the town and county jails and bridewells. It is mentioned that he

frequently exercised his liberality in relieving poor debtors from confinement, by paying their debts. "I have often seen him come to his lodgings," says the journal of his attendant in most of his tours, "in such spirits and joy, when he would say to me, 'I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children.'" He was exceedingly methodical in spending his time. He generally declined every invitation to dinner or to supper whilst on his tours; abstained from visiting every object of curiosity, however attractive, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted from the grand purpose in which he was engaged.

In 1789-90, Howard again proceeded on a journey—which was the seventh and last—to the continent, to reëxamine the prisons and hospitals of Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and Russia. His plan was to have spent three years abroad. One object of his pursuit, and perhaps the principal one, was to obtain further information respecting the plague, by extending his visits to those parts of the world in which it rages with the greatest virulence, and on some of whose infectious coasts it is supposed to take its rise. As soon as he had resolved to undertake this hazardous journey, he became impressed with the belief that it would be his last; and when he took leave of one and another of his friends, he did it as one whose face they would see no more on this side of the grave. These feelings were sadly verified. The benevolent Howard penetrated, in his journey, into the deserts of Tartary, to the confines of the Euxine Sea, everywhere examining the prisons and hospitals, and doing

all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates. At Cherson, in the distant region of Russian Tartary, his visits to the infectious hospitals brought upon him the attacks of a severe fever—a species of plague—under which his constitution gave way. Every attention was paid to him by the authorities, but nothing could save his life, which he gave up, with pious resignation and hope, on the morning of the 20th of January, 1790.

Thus died one of the brightest ornaments of English biography; a person whose name is associated with all that is virtuous and benevolent, and who will be remembered, with feelings of admiration and respect, for numberless ages, in every part of the civilized world.





JENNER.

EDWARD JENNER was born in 1749, at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, England, of which his father was vicar. He was educated at Cirencester, and apprenticed to Mr. Ludlow, a surgeon at Sudbury. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship, he went to London and became a pupil of John Hunter, with whom he resided for two years, while studying medicine at St. George's hospital, and with whom his philosophical habits of mind and his love of natural history procured him an intimate and lasting friendship. In 1773, he returned to his native village, and practised as a surgeon and apothecary till 1792, when he

determined to confine himself to medicine, and obtained the degree of M. D., at St. Andrew's University.

The history of Dr. Jenner's professional life is embodied in that of vaccination. While at Sudbury, he was surprised one day at hearing a country woman say she could not take the small-pox, because she had had the cow-pox; and, upon inquiry, he learned that it was a popular notion in that district, that milkers who had been infected with a peculiar eruption, which sometimes occurred on the udder of the cow, were completely secure against the small-pox. The medical men of the district told him that the security which it gave was not perfect; they had long known the opinion, and it had been communicated to Sir George Baker, but he neglected it as a popular error.

Jenner, during his pupilage, repeatedly mentioned the facts, which had from the first made a deep impression upon him, to John Hunter; but even he disregarded them, and all to whom the subject was broached, either slighted or ridiculed it. Jenner, however, still pursued it. He found, when in practice at Berkeley, that there were some persons to whom it was impossible to give small-pox by inoculation, and that all these had had cow-pox; but that there were others who had experienced it, and who yet received small-pox. This, after much labor, led him to the discovery that the cow was subject to a variety of eruptions, of which one only had the power of guarding from small-pox, and that this, which he called the true cow-pox, could be effectually communicated to the milkers at only one period of its course.

It was about the year 1780, that the idea first struck him that it might be possible to propagate the cow-pox, first from the cow to the human body, and thence from one person to another. In 1788, he carried a drawing of the casual disease, as seen on the hands of milkers, to London, and showed it to Hunter, Cline and others; but still, none would either assist or encourage him; scepticism or ridicule met him everywhere, and it was not till 1796, that he made the decisive experiment. On the 14th of May, a day still commemorated by an annual festival at Berlin, a boy, aged eight years, was vaccinated with matter taken from the hands of a milkmaid; he passed through the disorder in a satisfactory manner, and was inoculated for small-pox on the 1st July following, without the least effect.

Jenner then entered upon an extensive series of experiments of the same kind, and, in 1798, published his first memoir, "An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ." It excited the greatest interest, for the evidence in it seemed conclusive; yet the practice met with opposition as severe as it was unfair, and its success seemed uncertain till a year had passed, when upwards of seventy of the principal physicians and surgeons in London signed a declaration of their entire confidence in it. An attempt was then made to deprive Jenner of the merit of his discovery, but it signally failed, and scientific honors were bestowed upon him from all quarters. Nothing, however, could induce him to leave his native village, and all his correspondence shows that the purest benevolence, rather than ambition, had been the

motive which actuated his labors. "Shall I," said he in a letter to a friend, "who, even in the morning of my life, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life, the valley and not the mountain,—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? My fortune, with what flows in from my profession, is amply sufficient to gratify my wishes."

Till the last day of his life, which terminated suddenly in 1823, he was occupied in the most anxious labors to diffuse the advantages of his discovery both at home and abroad; and he had the satisfaction of knowing that vaccination had even then shed its blessings over every civilized nation of the world, prolonging life, and preventing the ravages of the most terrible scourge to which the human race was subject.

Jenner's other works all evince the same patient and philosophic spirit which led him to his great discovery. The chief of them was a paper, "On the Natural History of the Cuckoo," in which he first described that bird's habit of laying its eggs singly in the nests of smaller species, to whom it leaves the office of incubation and of rearing the young one, which, when a few days old, acquires the sole possession of the nest by the expulsion of its rightful occupants.

The life of Jenner is not without its moral. The history of his great discovery affords a striking instance of the difficulties which often attend the promulgation of truth, even though it may be of the greatest consequence to mankind; and it also shows

how much good one individual may accomplish. The small-pox had been for ages the great dread of mankind. It is a matter of dispute whether it was known to the ancients; the earliest writer who expressly treated of it, was Rhazes, an Arabian physician, who died A. D. 932. He, however, confounded it with measles, and the two diseases were considered as identical, till the time of Sydenham, 1660. But whatever obscurity may rest on the origin and the early history of small-pox, prior to Jenner's discovery it had become one of the most formidable diseases which had ever afflicted mankind. It spread itself to all quarters of the globe, and has often been known to depopulate whole districts. It was especially fatal to the poor. The Europeans brought it to America, and its ravages among the ignorant natives were almost as fatal as the sword.

The terrors of the disease had been in some degree mitigated, by the discovery that it could be had but once, and that it was of a milder nature if taken by artificial inoculation. This practice had prevailed in Turkey, especially among females, for the preservation of the beauty of young girls. The celebrated lady Montague, who accompanied her husband to Constantinople, where he was the ambassador of England in 1716, observed the custom, and on her return, first introduced it into the western part of Europe. The practice met with the greatest opposition, especially among the ignorant, but it finally overspread the enlightened classes of Christendom.

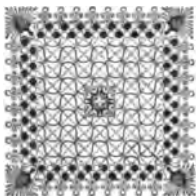
The fatality of this disease may be ascertained by

the returns of the hospitals. Here thirty per cent. of those attacked without inoculation, have been found to die, and this under every favorable circumstance, and with the best medical treatment. It was much more destructive in ordinary cases. Even with the mitigation afforded by inoculation, it continued to be one of the scourges of mankind. The importance of Dr. Jenner's discovery may be estimated, when it is stated, that very few persons, after being vaccinated, can take the small-pox, and of those who do, not more than one case in four hundred and fifty, proves mortal!

Yet, this discovery, which has done more to prolong life than all other medical improvements for a hundred years preceding, met with ridicule at the outset, and the most determined opposition in later times. As there is a class of persons—even among the intelligent—who are unduly credulous, so there is another class who are as unreasonably skeptical; and the latter are commonly those who pretend to unusual wisdom. These are found, by a sort of instinct, to resist what is new, and to condemn it without examination, only because of its novelty. Among the ignorant, there are multitudes who are ready to swallow the most egregious impositions if offered by a quack, who yet resist the greatest benefits if they come from the hands of science.

In its early stages, vaccination had to contend with these sources of opposition. For several years it was rejected by the mass, and, even in Boston, several eminent physicians lost their standing with a large

share of the community, in their attempts to introduce it. Happily, these prejudices have subsided, and the great plague of the world has quailed before the magic wand of science, wielded by the hand of benevolence.





JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN

WAS a native of Strasbourg, and, after being educated as a Lutheran clergyman, was appointed, in 1767, when twenty-seven years of age, to the cure of Waldbach, in the Ban de la Roche, a high and sterile valley in Alsace. His mind was animated with the most ardent desire of usefulness, not only in his profession, but in many other respects; and greatly did his parish need the attentions of such a philanthropist. The whole valley afforded subsistence, and that of the most wretched kind, for only about a hundred families, who were a race of rude and ignorant rustics,

cut off by their peculiar dialect, as well as by the inaccessibility of their situation, from all the rest of mankind. The husbandmen were destitute of the commonest implements, and had no means of procuring them; they had no knowledge of agriculture, beyond the routine practices of their forefathers; they were ground down and irritated by a hateful feudal service. He devoted himself to the correction of these evils, at the same time that he labored in his spiritual vocation.

The people, at first, did not comprehend his plans, or appreciate his motives. Ignorance is always suspicious. They resolved, with the dogged pertinacity with which the uneducated of all ranks cling to the rubbish of old customs, not to submit to innovation. The peasants agreed, on one occasion, to waylay and beat him, and on another, to duck him in a cistern. He boldly confronted them, and subdued their hearts by his courageous mildness. But he did more; he gave up *exhorting* the people to pursue their real interests; he practically showed them the vast benefits which competent knowledge and well-directed industry would procure for them. These mountaineers in many respects were barbarians; and he resolved to civilize them, as all savages are civilized, by bringing them into contact with more enlightened communities.

The Ban de la Roche had no roads. The few passes in the mountains were constantly broken up by the torrents, or obstructed by the loosened earth which fell from the overhanging rocks. The river Bruche, which flows through the canton, had no bridge but one of stepping-stones. Within a few miles of this

isolated district was Strasbourg, abounding in wealth and knowledge, and all the refinements of civilization. He determined to open a regular communication between the Ban de la Roche and that city; to find there a market for the produce of his own district, and to bring thence in exchange new comforts and new means of improvement. He assembled the people, explained his objects, and proposed that they should blast the rocks to make a wall, a mile and a half in length, to support a road by the side of the river, over which a bridge must also be made. The peasants, one and all, declared the thing was impossible; and every one excused himself from engaging in such an unreasonable scheme. Oberlin exhorted them, reasoned with them, appealed to them as husbands and fathers—but in vain.

He at last threw a pickaxe upon his shoulder, and went to work himself, assisted by a trusty servant. He had soon the support of fellow-laborers. He regarded not the thorns by which his hands were torn, nor the loose stones which fell from the rocks and bruised them. His heart was in the work, and no difficulty could stop him. He devoted his own little property to the undertaking; he raised subscriptions amongst his old friends; tools were bought for all who were willing to use them. On the Sunday the good pastor labored in his calling as a teacher of sacred truths; but on the Monday, he rose with the sun to his work of practical benevolence, and, marching at the head of two hundred of his flock, went with renewed vigor to his conquest over the natural obstacles to the civilization of the district. In three years

the road was finished, the bridge was built, and the communication with Strasbourg was established. The ordinary results of intercourse between a poor and a wealthy, a rude and an intelligent community, were soon felt. The people of the Ban de la Roche obtained tools, and Oberlin taught their young men the necessity of learning other trades besides that of cultivating the earth. He apprenticed the boys to carpenters, masons, glaziers, blacksmiths, and cartwrights, at Strasbourg. In a few years, these arts, which were wholly unknown to the district, began to flourish. The tools were kept in good order, wheel-carriages became common, the wretched cabins were converted into snug cottages ; the people felt the value of these great changes, and they began to regard their pastor with unbounded reverence.

Oberlin, however, had still some prejudices to encounter in carrying forward the education of this rude population. He desired to teach them better modes of cultivating their sterile soil ; but they would not listen to him. "What," said they, with the common prejudice of all agricultural people in secluded districts,—“what could he know of crops, who had been bred in a town?” It was useless to reason with them ; he instructed them by example. He had two large gardens near his parsonage, crossed by footpaths. The soil was exceedingly poor ; but he trenched and manured the ground, with a thorough knowledge of what he was about, and planted it with fruit trees. The trees flourished, to the great astonishment of the peasants ; and they at length entreated their pastor to tell them his secret. He explained his system, and

gave them slips out of his nursery. Planting and grafting soon became the taste of the district, and in a few years the bare and desolate cottages were surrounded by smiling orchards. The potatoes of the canton, the chief food of the people, had so degenerated, that the fields yielded the most scanty produce. The peasants maintained that the ground was in fault; Oberlin, on the contrary, procured new seed. The soil of the mountains was really peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of this root, and the good minister's crop of course succeeded. The force of example was again felt, and abundance of potatoes soon returned to the canton.

In like manner, Oberlin introduced the culture of Dutch clover and flax, and at length overcame the most obstinate prejudice, in converting unprofitable pastures into arable land. Like all agricultural improvers, he taught the people the value of manure, and the best modes of reducing every substance into useful compost. The maxim which he incessantly repeated was, "let nothing be lost." He established an agricultural society, and founded prizes for the most skillful farmers. In ten years from his acceptance of the pastoral office in the Ban de la Roche, he had opened communications between each of the five parishes of the canton, and with Strasbourg, introduced some of the most useful arts into a district where they had been utterly neglected, and raised the agriculture of these poor mountaineers from a barbarous tradition into a practical science. Such were some of the effects of education in the most comprehensive sense of the word.

The instruction which Oberlin afforded to the adults of his canton was only just as much as was necessary to remove the most pressing evils of their outward condition, and to impress them with a deep sense of religious obligation. But his education of the young had a wider range. When he entered on his ministry, the hut which his predecessor had built, was the only schoolhouse of the five villages composing the canton. It had been constructed of unseasoned logs, and was soon in a ruinous condition. The people, however, would not hear of a new building; the log-house had answered very well, and was good enough for their time. Oberlin was not to be so deterred from the pursuit of his benevolent wishes. He applied to his friends at Strasbourg, and took upon himself a heavy pecuniary responsibility. A new building was soon completed at Waldbach, and in a few years the inhabitants in the other four parishes came voluntarily forward, to build a schoolhouse in each of the villages. Oberlin engaged zealously in the preparation of masters for these establishments, which were to receive all the children of the district when of a proper age.

But he also carried the principle of education farther than it had ever before gone in any country. He was the founder of infant schools. He saw that, almost from the cradle, children were capable of instruction; that evil habits began much earlier than the world had been accustomed to believe; and that the facility with which mature education might be conducted, greatly depended upon the impressions which the reason and the imagination of infants might receive. He appointed *conductrices* in each commune,

paid at his own expense; and established rooms, where children from two to six years old might be instructed and amused; and he thus gave the model of those beautiful institutions which have first shown us how the happiness of a child may be associated with its improvement, and how knowledge, and the discipline which leads to knowledge, are not necessarily

“Harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.”

The children in these little establishments were not kept “from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,” over the horn-book and primer. They learnt to knit, and sew, and spin; and when they were weary, they had pictures to look at, and maps, engraved on wood, for their special use, of their own canton, of Alsace, of France, and of Europe. They sang songs and hymns; and they were never suffered to speak a word of *patois*.

When the children of the Ban de la Roche—the children of peasants, be it remembered, who, a few years before the blessing of such a pastor as Oberlin was bestowed upon them, were not only steeped to the lips in poverty, but were groping in that darkness of the understanding which too often accompanies extreme indigence—when these children were removed to the higher schools, which possessed the most limited funds, they were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, astronomy, sacred and profane history, agriculture, natural history, especially botany, natural philosophy, music, and drawing. Oberlin reserved for himself, almost exclusively, the religious

instruction of this large family ; and he established a weekly meeting of all the scholars at Waldbach. The inhabitants of Strasbourg and of the neighboring towns from which the Ban de la Roche had been recently cut off, came to look upon the wonders which one man had effected. Subscriptions poured in upon the disinterested pastor ; endowments were added. Well did he use this assistance. He founded a valuable library for the use of the children ; he printed a number of the best school-books for their particular instruction ; he made a collection of philosophical and mathematical instruments ; and established prizes for masters and scholars.

Thus did this extraordinary man strive to raise the intellectual standard of his parishioners, whilst he labored to preserve the purity of their morals and the strength of their piety. Never did religion present more attractive features than in the secluded districts of the Ban de la Roche. The love of God was constantly inculcated as a rule of life ; but the principle was enforced with no ascetic desire to separate it from the usefulness and the enjoyment of existence. The studies in which these poor children were trained, contributed as much to their happiness as to their knowledge. They were not confined for years to copying large text and small hand, to learning by rote the spelling-book, to hammering at the four rules of arithmetic without understanding their principles or their more practical applications. While they paid due attention to these, they were taught whatever could be useful to them in their pastoral and agricultural life, and whatever could enable them to extract hap-

piness out of their ordinary pursuits. They were incited to compose short essays on the management of the farm and the orchard; they were led into the woods to search for indigenous plants, to acquire their names, and to cultivate them in their own little gardens; they were instructed in the delightful art of copying these flowers from nature; it was impressed upon their minds, that, as they lived in a district separated by mountains from the rest of mankind, and moreover a district naturally sterile, it was their peculiar duty to contribute something towards the general prosperity; and thus, previously to receiving religious confirmation, Oberlin required a certificate that the young person had planted two trees. Trees were to be planted, roads were to be put into good condition, and ornamented, to please Him "who rejoices when we labor for the public good."

Surely, a community thus trained to acquire substantial knowledge, equally conducive to individual happiness and general utility, were likely to become virtuous and orderly members of society, contented in their stations, respectful to their superiors, kind to each other, hospitable to the stranger, tolerant to those who differed from them in opinion. Oberlin lived long enough to see that such conduct was the real result of his wise and benevolent system.

In 1784, Oberlin lost his excellent wife. There was a servant in his family, an orphan, named Louisa Schepler, who had been brought up in his schools, and was afterwards one of the *conductrices* of the infant establishments. After being the nurse of Oberlin's children for nine years following the death of

their mother, this poor girl wrote to her master, to beg that she might be allowed to serve him without wages.

"Do not, I entreat you," she says, "give me any more wages; for, as you treat me like your child in every other respect, I earnestly wish you to do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my body. My shoes and stockings, and *sabots*, will cost something; but when I want them, I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father."

In the course of twenty years, the population of the Ban de la Roche had increased to six times the number that Oberlin found there when he entered upon his charge. The knowledge which their pastor imparted to the people, gave them also the means of living, and the increase of their means increased their numbers. The good minister found employment for all. In addition to their agricultural pursuits, he taught the people straw-plaiting, and dyeing with the plants of the country. In the course of years, Mr. Legrand, of Basle, a wealthy and philanthropic manufacturer, who had been a director of the Helvetic republic, introduced the weaving of silk ribands into the district.

The people of the Ban de la Roche for eighty years had been in dispute with the *seigneurs* about the rights of the forest, to which each party laid claim. This dispute was carried on sometimes with furious violence, but habitually with expensive litigation. In 1813, Oberlin persuaded his flock to come to an accommodation, which should at the same time have respect to the claims of the owners, and secure a due

portion of their own proper privileges. He convinced them that this ruinous contest was the scourge of the country, and that it was the duty of all men to live in peace. The parties agreed to an accommodation advantageous to both sides ; and the pen with which the deed of pacification was signed, was solemnly presented to him by the mayors of the canton. It was for that pen to record, as clearly as facts can speak, that an educated people are the truest respecters of the rights of property !

Oberlin died in the year 1827, when he had attained a very great age. The difficulties which he surmounted, and the actual good which he did, should be a lesson of encouragement to all. He doubtless made great personal sacrifices ; but he had a reward amply compensating his self-denial. In the fulness of his heart, the venerable man, looking round upon the valleys which he had filled with the peacefulness of contented industry, and upon the people whom he had trained to knowledge, and to virtue—the best fruit of knowledge—exclaimed, “ Yes ! I am happy ! ” And when he died, he was followed to the grave by an entire population, upon whom he, a poor but industrious and benevolent clergyman, had showered innumerable blessings.



JOHN GUTTENBERG.

JOHN GUTTENBERG, to whom the honor is due of having invented the art of printing, was born at **Mayence**, or **Mentz**, in Germany, in the year 1400. Of the early part of his life nothing is now known. There is reason to suppose, however, that he possessed a genius for mechanical pursuits, and was not deficient in the elements of literature, as his professional avocations sufficiently testify. Up till the period in which he appeared, printing was unknown. All books were written and circulated on a limited scale in manuscript, and were sold at immensely high

prices. The Chinese, from early times, had used carved stamps to impress upon paper instead of writing; the Romans likewise used stamps and seals in order to produce impressions; but the idea of forming individual letters or characters, capable of being arranged in every kind of combination, does not appear to have occurred to any of the ancient nations, and was left to be first thought of by the ingenious Guttenberg, in the early part of the fifteenth century.

Having struck out the grand idea of forming letters or types, wherewith to produce any given number of impressions, and upon any subject, he kept the discovery a profound secret, and removed to Strasburg about the year 1424. Unfortunately for Guttenberg, he was poor, and unable, by his own efforts, to render his discovery practically beneficial. By this means he was led into many difficulties, and in some measure robbed of the merit of his invention. In 1435, he entered into partnership with Andrew Drozhennis, or Dritzehen, John Riff, and Andrew Heelman, citizens of Strasburg, binding himself thereby to disclose certain important secrets connected with the art of printing, by which they should attain opulence.

The workshop was in the house of Dritzehen, who dying shortly after the work was commenced, Guttenberg immediately sent his servant, Lawrence Beildich, to Nicholas, the brother of the deceased, and requested that no person might be admitted into the workshop, lest the secret should be discovered, and the *forms*, or fastened-together types, stolen. But they had already disappeared; and this fraud, as well as the claims of Nicholas Dritzehen to succeed to his brother's share,

produced a lawsuit among the surviving partners. Five witnesses were examined ; and from the evidence of Beildich, Guttenberg's servant, it was incontrovertibly proved that Guttenberg was the first who practised the art of printing with movable types, and that, on the death of Andrew Dritzehen, he had expressly ordered the forms to be broken up, and the characters dispersed, lest any one should discover his secret. The result of this lawsuit, which occurred in 1439, was a dissolution of partnership ; and Guttenberg, after having exhausted his means in the effort, proceeded, in 1445-6, to his native city of Mentz, where he resumed his typographic labors.

Being ambitious of making his extraordinary invention known, and of value to himself, but being at the same time deficient in the means, he opened his mind to a wealthy goldsmith and worker in precious metals, named John Fust, or Faust, and prevailed on him to advance large sums of money, in order to make further and more complete trials of the art. Guttenberg being thus associated with Fust, the first regular printing establishment was begun, and the business of printing carried on in a style corresponding to the infancy of the art. After many smaller essays in trying the capabilities of his press and movable types, Guttenberg had the hardihood to attempt an edition of the Bible, which he succeeded in printing complete, between the years 1450 and 1455. This celebrated Bible, which was the first important specimen of the art of printing, and which, judging from what it has led to, we should certainly esteem as the most extraordinary and praiseworthy of human pro-

ductions, was executed with cut metal types, on six hundred and thirty-seven leaves; and, from a copy still in existence in the Royal Library of Berlin, some of these appear to have been on vellum. The work was printed in the Latin language.

The execution of this, the first printed Bible, which has justly conferred undying honors on the illustrious Guttenberg, was, most unfortunately, the immediate cause of his ruin. The expenses incident to carrying on a fatiguing and elaborate process of workmanship, for a period of five years, being much more considerable than what were originally contemplated by Fust, he instituted a suit against poor Guttenberg, who, in consequence of the decision against him, was obliged to pay interest, and also a part of the capital that had been advanced. This suit was followed by a dissolution of partnership; and the whole of Guttenberg's apparatus fell into the hands of John Fust, who, from being the ostensible agent in the business of printing, and from the wonder expressed by the vulgar in seeing printed sheets, soon acquired the name of a magician, or one in compact with the devil; and under this character, with the appellation of Dr. Faustus, he has for ages enjoyed an evil notoriety.

Besides the above-mentioned Bible, some other specimens of the work of Guttenberg have been discovered to be in existence. One in particular which is worthy of notice, was found some years ago among a bundle of old papers in the archives of Mayence. It is an almanac for the year 1457, which served as wrapper for a register of accounts that year. This, says Hansard, would most likely be printed towards

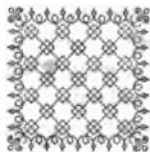
the close of 1456, and may consequently be deemed the most ancient specimen of typographic printing extant, with a *certain* date. That Guttenberg was a person of refined taste in the execution of his works, is sufficiently obvious. Adopting a very ancient custom, common in the written copies of the Scriptures and the missals of the church, he used a large ornamental letter at the commencement of books and chapters, finely embellished, and surrounded with a variety of figures as in a frame. The initial letter of the first psalm thus forms a beautiful specimen of the art of printing in its early progress. It is richly ornamented with foliage, flowers, a bird, and a greyhound, and is still more beautiful from being printed in a pale blue color, while the embellishments are red, and of a transparent appearance. What became of Guttenberg immediately after the unsuccessful termination of his lawsuit with Fust, is not well known. Like the discoverer of the great Western Continent, he seems to have retired almost broken-hearted from the world, and to have spent most of the remainder of his days in obscurity. It is ascertained, however, that in the year 1465, he received an annual pension from the Elector Adolphus, but that he only enjoyed this small compensation for his extraordinary invention during three years, and died in the month of February, 1468.

It long formed a subject of contention amongst antiquaries and bibliotmaniacs, by what means Guttenberg formed his types, but it is now pretty clearly ascertained that they were at first all individually cut by the hand. The mode of *casting* types in moulds

has been very generally, and with apparent truth, assigned to Guttenberg's successor, Schœffer. This individual was an industrious young man of inventive genius, an apprentice with Fust, who took him into partnership immediately after his rupture with Guttenberg, and who is supposed to have been initiated into the mysteries of the art by the latter. The first joint publication of Fust and Schœffer was a beautiful edition of the Psalms, which came out only about eighteen months after their going into partnership. Along with it appeared a declaration by them, claiming the merit of inventing the cut-metal types with which it was printed; but this pretension was evidently false; and, in fact, it afterwards appeared that the book had been four years in the press, and must consequently have been chiefly executed by Guttenberg. It is worthy of notice, that the above publication was the very first to which the date, printer's name, and place of publication, were affixed.

To Schœffer, however, as said before, must be awarded the honor of completing Guttenberg's invention, by discovering the method of casting the characters in a *matrix*. In an account of Schœffer, given by Jo. Frid. Faustus, of Aschaffenburg, from papers preserved in his family, we are informed that the artist privately prepared matrices for the whole alphabet; and when he showed his master, Fust, the letters cast from them, he was so well pleased that he gave his daughter Christina to him in marriage. Fust and Schœffer concealed the new improvement, by administering an oath of secrecy to all whom they entrusted,

till the year 1462, when, by the dispersion of their servants into different countries at the sacking of Mentz, by the Archbishop Adolphus, the invention was publicly divulged, and the art was spread throughout Europe.



JAMES HARGRAVES.

THE period at which the cotton manufacture was first introduced into Great Britain is conjectured to have been in the early part of the seventeenth century, and there is reason to believe that Manchester was the first seat of the art. As a source of commercial profit, however, this species of trade remained long very insignificant—the only mechanical power employed in the fabrication of the yarn being the common one-thread spinning wheel. Moreover, for the period of a century at least, the west or transverse threads of the web, only, were cotton, it having been found difficult, if not reckoned impossible, owing to the want of proper machinery, to manufacture cotton warp—that is, the longitudinal threads of the web—of sufficient strength; and in place of which, linen yarn, principally from Germany and Ireland, was substituted. The cotton manufacture was then wholly conducted on the system of cottage industry. Every weaver was a master manufacturer; his cottage was his factory, and himself the sole artisan. He provided himself with the west and warp as he best could, wove them into a web, and disposed of it at market to the highest bidder.

About 1760, merchants in England began to employ weavers to work up the prepared material, and the business of exporting cottons, both to the continent of Europe and to America, began to be carried on on a

larger scale than formerly. As the demand for the manufactured article continued to increase, a greater and greater scarcity of weft was experienced, till, at last, although there were fifty thousand spindles constantly at work in Lancashire alone, each occupying an individual spinner, they were found quite inadequate to supply the quantity of thread required. It may here be mentioned, that already the art of weaving had been considerably improved. The old plan, of throwing the shuttle containing the weft, from side to side of the web, by the hand, was superseded, in 1738, by a person of the name of John Kay, a native of Bury in Lancashire, who invented a new method of casting the shuttle, by an extremely simple and effectual mechanical contrivance, wherein one hand of the weaver did the work of both. In 1760, Robert Kay of Bury, a son of John, invented the drop-box, a contrivance by means of which a weaver can at pleasure use any one of the three shuttles without stopping, and can thereby produce a fabric of various colors, almost with the same facility that he can weave a common calico.

While the art of weaving was thus considerably improved, the process of carding the cotton wool was yet clumsy and expensive. At length, this also was remedied. The first improvement on carding was made, as almost every improvement in the cotton manufacture has been, by a person in humble life—James Hargraves, a carpenter at Blackburn in Lancashire. This illiterate, but most ingenious and inventive person, adapted the stock-cards used in the woollen manufacture to the carding of cotton, and

greatly improved them. In consequence, a workman was enabled to execute about double the work, and with greater ease, than by means of hand cards—the only instrument previously in use. Hargraves' inventions were soon succeeded by the cylindrical cards, or carding machine.

But the tedious and expensive method of spinning by the hand, was the grand obstacle in the way of the extension and improvement of the manufacture. Insurmountable, however, as this obstacle must, at first sight, have appeared, it was completely overcome by the unparalleled ingenuity, talent, and perseverance of a few self-taught individuals. Hargraves seems to have led the way in this career of discovery. In 1767, he had constructed a machine called a *spinning-jenny*, which enabled a spinner to spin *eight* threads with the same facility that one had been previously spun; and the machine was subsequently brought to such perfection as to enable a little girl to work no fewer than from *eighty* to *one hundred and twenty* spindles! There are few individuals to whom the manufacture of cotton is so largely indebted as Hargraves. It is true that his machine was of very inferior powers to those by which it was immediately followed. But it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that it was one great cause of their being introduced. No sooner had it been seen what a simple mechanical contrivance could effect, than the attention of the most ingenious individuals was immediately drawn to the subject; and the path was opened, by following which so many splendid inventions and discoveries have been made.

However much Hargraves' inventions may have tended to enrich others, to himself they were productive only of bankruptcy and ruin. The moment the intelligence transpired that he had invented a machine by which the spinning of cotton was greatly facilitated, an ignorant and infuriated mob, composed chiefly of persons engaged in that employment, broke into his house, and destroyed his machine; and some time after, when experience had completely demonstrated the superiority of the jenny, the mob again resorted to violence, and not only broke into Hargraves' house, but into the houses of most of those who had adopted his machines, which were everywhere proscribed.

In consequence of this persecution, Hargraves removed to Nottingham, where he took out a patent for his invention. But he was not, even there, allowed to continue in the peaceable enjoyment of his rights. His patent was invaded, and he found it necessary to apply to the courts for redress. A numerous association was in consequence formed to defeat his efforts; and being, owing to a want of success in an attempt to establish himself in business, unable to contend against the wealth and influence of the powerful combination arrayed against him, he was obliged to give up the unequal contest, and to submit to see himself robbed of the fruits of his ingenuity. He soon after fell into a state of extreme poverty, and, to the indelible disgrace of his age and country, was permitted to end his days in the work-house at Nottingham, even after the merit of his invention had been universally acknowledged.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

THE spinning-jenny of the unfortunate Hargraves was applicable only to the spinning of cotton for weft, being unable to give to yarn that degree of firmness and hardness which is required in the longitudinal threads or warp. But this deficiency was soon after supplied by the invention of the spinning-frame, by Richard Arkwright, an individual whose biography is full of interest.

Richard Arkwright was born on the 23d of December, 1732, at Preston, in Lancashire. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of a family of thirteen children; so that we may suppose the school education he received, if he ever was at school at all, was extremely limited. Indeed, but little learning would probably be deemed necessary for the profession to which he was bred—that of a barber. This business he continued to follow till he was nearly thirty years of age; and this first period of his history is of course obscure enough. About the year 1760, however, or soon after, he gave up shaving, and commenced business as an itinerant dealer in hair, collecting the commodity by travelling up and down the country, and then, after he had dressed it, selling it again to the wig-makers, with whom he very soon acquired the character of keeping a better article than any of his rivals in the same trade. He had obtained possession, too, we are told, of the secret method of

dyeing hair, by which he doubtless contrived to augment his profits. It is unfortunate that very little is known of the steps by which he was led to those inventions that raised him to affluence, and have immortalized his name.

Residing in a district where a considerable manufacture of linen goods, and of linen and cotton mixed, was carried on, he had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the various processes that were then in use; and being endowed with a most original and inventive genius, and having sagacity to perceive what was likely to prove the most advantageous pursuit in which he could embark, his attention was naturally drawn to the improvement of the method of spinning practised in his neighborhood. He stated that he accidentally derived the first hint of his great invention from seeing a red-hot iron bar elongated, by being made to pass between rollers; and though there is no mechanical analogy between that operation and his process of spinning, it is not difficult to imagine, that, by reflecting upon it, and placing the subject in different points of view, it might lead him to his invention. The precise era of the discovery is not known; but it is most probable that the felicitous idea of spinning by rollers had occurred to his mind as early as the period when Hargraves was engaged in the invention of the jenny, or almost immediately after. Not being himself a practical mechanic, Arkwright employed a person by the name of John Kay, a watchmaker at Warrington, to assist him in the preparation of the parts of his machine. Having made some progress towards the completion of his inven-

tions, he applied, in 1767, to Mr. Atherton, of Liverpool, for pecuniary assistance, to enable him to carry them into effect; but this gentleman declined embarking his property in what appeared so hazardous a speculation, though he is said to have sent him some workmen to assist in the construction of his machine; the first model of which was set up in the parlor of the house belonging to the Free Grammar School, at Preston. His inventions being at length brought into a pretty advanced state, Arkwright, accompanied by Kay, and a Mr. Smalley, of Preston, removed to Nottingham, in 1768, in order to avoid the attacks of the same lawless rabble that had driven Hargraves out of Lancashire. Here his operations were at first greatly fettered by a want of capital. But Mr. Strutt, of Derby, a gentleman of great mechanical skill, and largely engaged in the stocking manufacture, having seen Arkwright's inventions, and satisfied himself of their extraordinary value, immediately entered, conjointly with his partner, Mr. Need, into partnership with him.

Before going farther, let us say a word regarding the Mr. Strutt here alluded to. Jedediah Strutt was the son of a farmer, and was born in 1726. His father paid little attention to his education; but, under every disadvantage, he acquired an extensive knowledge of science and literature. He was the first individual who succeeded in adapting the stocking-frame to the manufacture of *ribbed* stockings. The manufacture of these stockings, which he established at Derby, was conducted on a very large scale—first, by himself and his partner, Mr. Need, and subsequently

by his sons, until about 1805, when they withdrew from this branch of business.

The command of the necessary funds being obtained by means of a connection with Strutt and Need, Arkwright erected his first mill, which was driven by horses, at Nottingham, and took out a patent for spinning by rollers, in 1769. But, as the mode of working the machinery by horse-power was found too expensive, Sir Richard built a second factory, on a much larger scale, at Cromford, in Derbyshire, in 1771, the machinery of which was turned by a water-wheel. Having made several additional discoveries and improvements in the processes of carding, roving, and spinning, he took out a fresh patent for the whole in 1775; and thus completed a series of machinery so various and complicated, yet so admirably combined, and well adapted to produce the intended effect, in its most perfect form, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of every one capable of appreciating the ingenuity displayed and the difficulties overcome.

The machinery for which Arkwright took out his patents consisted of various parts, his second specification enumerating no fewer than ten different contrivances; but, of these, the one that was of by far the greatest importance was a device for drawing out the cotton from a coarse to a finer and harder twisted thread, and so rendering it fit to be used for warp as well as weft. This was most ingeniously managed by the application of a principle which had not yet been introduced in any other mechanical operation. The cotton was in the first place drawn off from the

skewers on which it was fixed, by one pair of rollers, which were made to move at a comparatively slow rate, and which formed it into threads of the first and coarser quality; but, at a little distance from the first, was placed a second pair of rollers, revolving three, four, or five times as fast, which took it up when it had passed through the others, the effect of which would be to reduce the thread to a degree of fineness so many times greater than that which it originally had. The first pair of rollers might be regarded as the feeders of the second, which could receive no more than the others sent to them; and that, again, could be no more than these others themselves took up from the skewers. As the second pair of rollers, therefore, revolved, we will say, five times for every revolution of the first pair, or, which is the same thing, required for their consumption in a given time five times the length of thread that the first did, they could obviously only obtain so much length by drawing out the common portion of cotton into thread of five times the original fineness. Nothing could be more beautiful or more effective than this contrivance, which, with an additional provision for giving the proper twist to the thread, constitutes what is called the water-frame, or throstle.

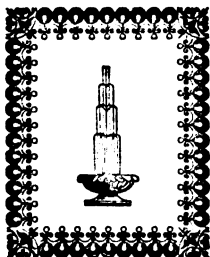
It would be needless to enter here into the history of Arkwright's legal contests, which, after various success, he finally lost, and that only because the specifications of his patents were obscure, or mysteriously expressed. The world at large, however, readily acknowledged the originality of his invention, the public doing him that justice which the law de-

nied. Whether he was the actual discoverer of the process, is, we think, of little moment. He made the invention known under all kinds of embarrassments, and at the risk of great loss ; and thus, though he were proved to be merely the publisher of the invention, he would, as such, deserve more praise than the pusillanimous beings, who laid no claim to the discovery till it was established as successful.

The most marked traits in the character of Arkwright were his wonderful ardor, energy, and perseverance. He commonly labored in his multifarious concerns from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night ; and, when considerably more than fifty years of age, feeling that the defects of his education placed him under great difficulty and inconvenience in conducting his correspondence, and in the general management of his business, he encroached upon his sleep, in order to gain an hour each day to learn English grammar, and another hour to improve his writing and orthography ! He was impatient of whatever interfered with his favorite pursuits ; and the fact is too strikingly characteristic not to be mentioned, that he separated from his wife, not many years after their marriage, because she, being convinced that he would starve his family by scheming when he should have been shaving, broke some of his experimental models of machinery !

Arkwright was a severe economist of time ; and, that he might not waste a moment, he generally travelled with four horses, and at a very rapid speed. He had extensive concerns in Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Scotland ; and his speculative schemes, which

were vast and daring, generally proved advantageous. The exertions which he put forth in establishing his machinery were the more remarkable, from being made while in bad health. During the whole of his career, he was laboring under a very severe asthmatic affection. A complication of disorders at length terminated his truly useful life, in 1792, at his works at Cromford, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was high sheriff of Derbyshire in 1786; and, having presented a congratulatory address to his majesty on his escape from the attempt upon his life by Margaret Nicholson, received the honor of knighthood, and hence had the title of Sir Richard Arkwright.



ELI WHITNEY.

WHILE Arkwright and others were engaged in improving the manufacture of cotton in Great Britain, another genius was at work in America, having the great object in view of preparing the cotton from its raw state, for the processes to be employed in its subsequent manufacture. Of this genius we have now to speak. Eli Whitney, one of the most intrepid and persevering improvers that ever lived, was the son of a respectable farmer at Westborough, Worcester county, Massachusetts, where he was born in the year 1765. Very early, young Eli gave striking indications of the mechanical genius for which he was afterwards so distinguished. His education was of a limited character until he had reached the age of nineteen, when he conceived the idea of entering a college. Accordingly, notwithstanding the opposition of his parents, he prepared himself—partly by means of the profits of his manual labor, partly by teaching a village school—for the College of New Haven, which he entered May, 1789. Soon after he took his degree, in the autumn of 1792, he entered into an engagement with a gentleman of Georgia, to reside in his family as a private teacher; but, on his arrival in that state, he found that another teacher had been employed, and he was left entirely without resources. Fortunately, however, among the passengers in the vessel in which he sailed, was Mrs.

Greene, the widow of the celebrated general, who had given him an invitation to spend some time at her residence at Mulberry Grove, near Savannah; and, on learning his disappointment, she benevolently insisted upon his making her house his home until he had prepared himself for the bar, as was his intention.

Whitney had not been long in her family before a complete turn was given to his views. A party of gentlemen, on a visit to Mrs. Greene, having fallen into a conversation upon the state of agriculture among them, expressed great regret that there was no means of cleansing the green seed cotton, or separating it from its seed, remarking, that, until ingenuity could devise some machine which would greatly facilitate the process of cleansing, it was in vain to think of raising cotton for market. "Gentlemen," said Mrs. Greene, "apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything." She then conducted them into a neighboring room, where she showed them a number of specimens of his genius. The gentlemen were next introduced to Whitney himself; and, when they named their object, he replied that he had never seen either cotton or cotton seed during his life. But the idea was engendered; and, it being out of season for cotton in the seed, he went to Savannah, and searched among the warehouses and boats until he found a small portion of it. This he carried home, and set himself to work with such rude materials and instruments as a Georgia plantation afforded.

With these resources, however, he made tools

better suited to his purpose, and drew his own wire, of which the teeth of the earliest gins were made, which was an article not at that time to be found in the market of Savannah. Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller—a gentleman, who, having first come into the family of General Greene as a private tutor, afterwards married his widow—were the only persons admitted into his workshop, who knew in what way he was employing himself. The many hours he spent in his mysterious pursuits afforded matter of great curiosity, and often of raillery, to the younger members of the family. Toward the close of the winter, the machine was so nearly completed as to leave no doubt of its success. Mrs. Greene then invited to her house gentlemen from different parts of the state; and on the first day after they had assembled, she conducted them to a temporary building which had been erected for the machine, and they saw with astonishment and delight that more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day, by the labor of a single hand, than could be done in the usual manner in the space of many months.

The machine which Mr. Whitney thus constructed, consisted chiefly of a process of circular saws, which, by a rotatory motion, dragged the cotton betwixt wires, leaving the seeds to fall to the bottom, while the cotton so cleaned was carried off by a rotatory brush playing upon the saws. An invention so important to the agricultural interest, and, as it has proved, to every department of human industry, could not long remain a secret. The knowledge of it soon spread through the state; and so great was the excitement

on the subject, that multitudes of persons came from all quarters of it to see the machine ; but it was not deemed prudent to gratify their curiosity until the patent right had been secured.

So determined, however, were some of the populace to possess this treasure, that neither law nor justice could restrain them ; they broke open the building by night, and carried off the machine. In this way the public became possessed of the invention ; and before Mr. Whitney could complete his model and secure his patent, a number of machines were in successful operation, constructed with some slight deviation from the original, with the hope of evading the penalty for violating the patent right. A short time after this, he entered into partnership with Mr. Miller, who, having considerable funds at command, proposed to him to become his joint adventurer, and to be at the whole expense of maturing the invention until it should be patented. If the machine succeeded in its intended operation, the parties agreed to share equally all the profits and advantages accruing from it. The instrument of their partnership bears date May 27th, 1793.

Immediately afterwards, Mr. Whitney repaired to Connecticut, where, as far as possible, he was to perfect the machine, obtain a patent, and manufacture and ship for Georgia such a number of machines as would supply the demand. On the 20th of June, 1793, he presented his petition for a patent to Mr. Jefferson, then secretary of state ; but the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, at that period the seat of government, prevented his concluding the business

until several months afterwards. We have not space sufficient to give a satisfactory detail of the obstacles and misfortunes which for a long time hindered the partners from reaping those advantages from the invention which it should have procured for them, and which they had an ample right to expect. These difficulties arose principally from the innumerable violations of their patent right, by which they were involved in various, almost interminable, lawsuits. The legislature of South Carolina purchased, in 1801, their right for that state, for the sum of fifty thousand dollars—a mere “song,” to use Whitney’s own phrase, “in comparison with the worth of the thing; but it was securing something.” It enabled them to pay the debts which they had contracted, and divide something between them.

In the following year, Mr. Whitney negotiated a sale of his patent right with the state of North Carolina, the legislature of which laid a tax of two shillings and sixpence upon every saw—and some of the gins had forty saws—employed in ginning cotton, to be continued for five years, which sum was to be collected by the sheriffs in the same manner as the public taxes; and, after deducting the expenses of collection, the proceeds were faithfully paid over to the patentees. No small portion, however, of the funds thus obtained in the two Carolinas, was expended in carrying on the fruitless lawsuits which it was deemed necessary to prosecute in Georgia. A gentleman, who was well acquainted with Mr. Whitney’s affairs in the south, and sometimes acted as his legal adviser, observed, that in all his experience in

the thorny profession of the law, he had never seen a case of such perseverance under such persecution; "nor," he adds, "do I believe that I ever knew any other man who would have met them with equal coolness and firmness, or who would have obtained even the partial success which he had."

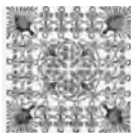
There have indeed been but few instances in which the author of such inestimable advantages to a whole country as those which accrued from the invention of the cotton gin to the Southern States, was so harshly treated, and so inadequately compensated, as the subject of this sketch. He did not exaggerate when he said that it raised the value of those states from fifty to one hundred per cent. "If we should assert," said Judge Johnson, "that the benefits of this invention exceed *one hundred millions of dollars*, we can prove the assertion by correct calculation." Besides the violations of his right, he had to struggle against the efforts of malevolence and self-interest to deprive him of the honor of the invention, which he did triumphantly. In 1803, the entire responsibility of the whole concern devolved upon him, in consequence of the death of Mr. Miller. In 1812, he made application to congress for the renewal of his patent, but unfortunately without success—though he set forth that his invention had been a source of opulence to thousands of the citizens of the United States; that, as a labor-saving machine, it would enable one man to perform the work of a thousand.

Some years before, in 1798, Mr. Whitney, impressed with the uncertainty of all his hopes founded on the cotton gin, had engaged in another enterprise,

which conducted him, by slow but sure steps, to a competent fortune. This was the manufacture of arms for the United States, which he contracted for and furnished to a large amount.

In January, 1817, he married the youngest daughter of the celebrated Pierpont Edwards, judge of the District Court for the state of Connecticut. For the five subsequent years he continued to enjoy domestic happiness, a competent fortune, and an honorable reputation, when he was attacked by a fatal malady—an enlargement of the prostate gland—which, after causing great and protracted suffering, terminated his life on the 8th of January, 1825.

In person, Mr. Whitney was considerably above the ordinary size, of a dignified carriage, and of an open, manly, and agreeable countenance. His manners were conciliatory, and his whole appearance such as to inspire respect. He possessed great serenity of temper, though he had strong feelings, and a high sense of honor. Perseverance was a striking trait in his character. Everything that he attempted, he effected as far as possible. In the relations of private life, he enjoyed the affection and esteem of all with whom he was connected.





ROBERT FULTON.

THIS individual, who was the first to establish steam navigation, was born of Irish parents, in Little Britain, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765, being the third child and only son. His father died when he was young, and he had no other means of education than that afforded by the village school.

Following the bent of his genius, he devoted himself to drawing and painting, and at the age of seventeen he was pursuing this avocation for a livelihood. Such was his success, that at the age of twenty-one, he had acquired sufficient means for the purchase of a small farm in Washington county, which he settled on his mother, and which yet remains in the possession of the family.

In 1786, he embarked for England, and became an inmate in the family of his countryman, Benjamin West. An intimacy thus grew up between the young adventurer and the great artist, which was only dissolved by death. He continued to pursue his vocation, and, during a residence of two years in Devonshire, he became acquainted with the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater and the Earl of Stanhope. About this time he conceived a plan for the improvement of canal navigation, and he received the thanks of two societies for various projects suggested by him. In 1796, he published, in London, a treatise on canal improvements.

From England he now proceeded to France, and took up his lodgings at the same hotel with our countryman, Joel Barlow. When the latter moved to his own house, Fulton accepted an invitation to accompany him, and he continued to reside with him for seven years. During this period he studied several modern languages, and perfected himself in the higher branches of the mathematics and natural philosophy. He had now abandoned painting, but his skill in drawing aided him in his mechanical pursuits. It was about this period that he projected the first panorama exhibited in Paris.

The attention of Fulton was early drawn to the subject of steam navigation, as appears by his correspondence with the Earl of Stanhope. But his mind was devoted for a time to the destruction of ships of war by submarine explosion. Hence his invention of the torpedo, and the plunging-boat. With the latter he succeeded in remaining under water several

hours, while he could navigate it with facility in any direction. He partially succeeded in his views, but not to the satisfaction of the governments under whose auspices he prosecuted his scheme.

While Fulton was in France, and still engaged with his experiments in submarine explosions, Robert R. Livingston, of New York, arrived in that country as minister to the court of France. He had been engaged in some attempts to establish steam navigation in the United States, and an intimacy between him and Fulton immediately commenced. They soon agreed to pursue the subject which interested them both, and an experimental boat was soon built on the Seine. It was completed in the spring of 1803, but she was imperfectly constructed, and one night she severed in twain, and went to the bottom with all her machinery. After great labor, she was raised and repaired, and an experiment was made with her in July, which was so far satisfactory as to determine the projectors to continue their efforts.

In 1806, Mr. Fulton returned to America, having procured a steam engine, which was constructed according to his directions, by Messrs. Watt and Bolton, of England. He immediately commenced the building of his first steamboat at New York. In the spring of 1807, she was launched from the ship-yard of Mr. Charles Brown; the engine from England was put on board, and, in August, she moved, by the aid of her machinery, from her birth-place to the Jersey shore.

Great interest had been excited in the public mind in relation to the new experiment, and the wharves

were crowded with spectators, assembled to witness the first trial. Ridicule and jeers were freely poured forth upon the boat and its projectors, until, at length, as she moved from the wharf, and increased her speed, the silence of astonishment which, at first enthralled the immense assemblage, was broken by one universal shout of acclamation and applause. The triumph of genius was complete, and the name of Fulton was thenceforward destined to stand enrolled among the benefactors of mankind.

The new boat was called the Clermont, in compliment to the place of residence of Mr. Livingston, and shortly after made her first trip to Albany and back, at an average speed of five miles an hour. The successful application of Mr. Fulton's invention had now been fairly tried, and the efficacy of navigation by steam fully determined. The Clermont was advertised as a packet-boat between New York and Albany, and continued, with some intermissions, running the remainder of the season. Two other boats, the Raritan and Car of Neptune, were launched the same year, and a regular passenger line of steamboats was established from that period between New York and Albany. In each of these boats, great improvements were made, although the machinery was yet imperfect.

We have not space to follow Mr. Fulton through the details of his subsequent career. Altogether thirteen boats were built in the city of New York under his superintendence, the last being the steam frigate, which, in compliment to its projector, was called Fulton the I. The keel of this immense vessel was laid

in June, 1814, and in about four months, she was launched amid the roar of cannon and the plaudits of thousands of spectators. Before the conclusion of this vast undertaking, Fulton was summoned from the scene of his labors, after a short illness, occasioned by severe exposure. He died in the city of New York, February 4th, 1814.

Mr. Fulton left a family of four children—one son and three daughters; and, as is too frequently the case with the benefactors of mankind, he died encumbered with a load of debt which had been contracted in those pursuits which have produced such beneficent results to his country and the world at large.

The personal character of Fulton was in the highest degree attractive. His manners were cordial, cheerful and unembarrassed. He was a kind husband, an affectionate parent, and a zealous friend. Independent of his public fame, he has left, as a private individual, an unsullied reputation, and a memory void of reproach.

The attempt has been frequently made, by those who were governed by narrow and unworthy motives, to deprive Fulton of the credit due for the greatest achievement of modern times—the actual establishment of steam navigation. The futility of such attempts is sufficiently evinced by the notorious fact, that, in 1807, he had put in practical operation the first steamboat that ever was built, and that no boat was launched in Europe which proved successful till five years after. This was constructed by Mr. Bell, of Glasgow, in 1812. At this time, four of Fulton's boats were running from New York.

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It is not contended that Fulton is the first individual who conceived the idea of steam navigation, or sought by experiments to accomplish it. Rumsey is known to have attempted it in Virginia as early as 1787; Fitch made experiments in 1783; Oliver Evans in 1785; and Jouffray, in France, in 1792. Indeed, the idea had been suggested by Jonathan Hulls, in England, even so far back as the year 1736. But it was reserved for Fulton to perfect and bring into operation what had been conceived by others, but which had baffled all human attempts to reduce it to practice.

The life of this remarkable man suggests various interesting reflections. While he was pursuing his labors, which were to result in one of the most stupendous blessings ever conferred on mankind, he was the incessant theme of ridicule and contempt. Many a pert editor of a paper, many an habitual satirist, many a man wise in his own conceit, amused himself in dilating upon the folly of attempting so impossible a thing as steam navigation. He was as truly an object of persecution by the bigotry of ignorance, as was Faust, whose improvements in printing subjected him, in a darkened age, to the charge of sorcery; or Galileo, who was imprisoned for discovering the revolutions of the earth. Yet Fulton, with a calmness which beautifully displays the dignity of genius, unmoved by scoffs and sneers, pursued the even tenor of his way, and, unabashed by ridicule, undismayed by difficulties, persevered till his triumph was acknowledged by the world.

Another reflection suggested by the life of Fulton is, as to the mighty influence which one individual may

exert on the destinies of his fellow-men. It is impossible to estimate, in their full extent, the beneficial results of his labors. There are, at least, eight hundred steamboats in the United States, and probably as many in England. A large part of the navigation of our rivers is performed by steamboats, as well, as a considerable portion of the travel from one section of the country to another. It is the cheapest, and probably the safest mode of travel yet devised. The following statistics of steam navigation will not only show that the risk of travel on steamboats is almost nothing, but it will suggest the amazing extent of steamboat travel.

During the five years ending on the 31st December, 1838, the estimated number of miles run by steamboats connected with the single port of New York, was 5,467,450; the number of accidents, two; lives lost, eight; the number of passengers, 15,886,300; and the proportion of lives lost, to the passengers, about one in two millions! If we compare this state of things with what existed prior to Fulton's operations in 1807; if we extend our views over the whole country; if we cross the Atlantic, and see the mighty movement in respect to this subject, there; if we take into account the recent navigation of the Atlantic by steam, and its incalculable consequences; if we look to the navies of the great powers of the world, and remark that Fulton's discoveries are being applied to the art of maritime warfare—then we may begin to feel, in some faint yet inadequate degree, the effects which one man of genius, by one great invention, may produce on the interests of mankind.

COPERNICUS.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS was born at Thorn, on the Vistula, on the 19th of February, 1473, where his father, who was a Westphalian, had become a citizen ten years before. In his youth, Copernicus was a studious scholar, and at the age of twenty-three went to Italy, where the arts and sciences were beginning to flourish. At Bologna, he was instructed in astronomy; and he afterwards visited Rome, where he taught mathematics with great success. From Rome he returned to his own country, where his uncle made him a canon in the cathedral of Frauenburg. It does not appear that he made any figure as a churchman; instead of attempting to rise in the clerical profession, he began to apply his whole mental energies to the contemplation of the sublime objects of nature.

Among the many theories with regard to our planetary system, which had been advanced during the previous two thousand years, one had at last prevailed, the most ingenious and artificial, and the most wonderful mixture of wisdom and error, which the human mind had ever conceived. The ancient philosophers, Aristotle, Plato, Archimedes, and others, had all adopted it; and from being powerfully supported by the reasoning of Aristotle, it came to be called the Aristotelian system. The leading principle in this ancient theory of the universe, and which

had been originally propounded by Ptolemy, was, that the earth we inhabit was stationary or immovable, and that the sun and planets revolved round it. One reason for the popularity of Aristotle's theory among the learned, was, its apparent harmony with what was recognised by the senses. The earth was not *felt* to move; it *seemed* to stand still—therefore it stood still; the sun was *seen* to revolve from east to west—therefore it revolved. Such was the kind of reasoning in these ignorant times. Another cause for the acceptability of the theory was, that it appeared to be countenanced by the Scriptures, although it is very certain that the inspired writers are silent with regard to these scientific matters, the Bible being bestowed on man for very different purposes. Nevertheless, such was not the opinion of the church previous to the Reformation; and the immovability of the earth, strange to say, was reckoned a point of Bible faith.

The Aristotelian planetary system thus continued unopposed by any other till the sixteenth century, when it was doomed to be completely overturned by the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo. Studying diligently this difficult subject, Copernicus made the signal discovery that the sun was the centre of our planetary system; that the earth was a planet like Mars and Venus; and that all the planets revolve round the sun in the following order:—Mercury, in 87 days; Venus, in 224; the Earth, in 365; Mars, in 1 year and 321 days; Jupiter, in 11 years; and Saturn, in 29 years. Thus was discovered the true system of the universe, and thus Copernicus stands, as it

were, upon the boundary line of a new era. All that he accomplished was done, moreover, a hundred years before the invention of telescopes, with miserable wooden instruments, on which the lines were often only marked with ink.

As the system of Copernicus was calculated to be of immense benefit to mankind, one would naturally suppose that such a great man would have been duly rewarded for his beneficent labors. But the very reverse was the case. Though very modest in his assumptions, he drew upon himself the vengeance of the church, which looked with horror on the idea of the earth being a moving body. The Vatican, or court of the Pope at Rome, issued a sentence of excommunication against him; and he died in the seventy-first year of his age, worn out with the labors of constantly examining the heavenly bodies, and depressed by the persecution which had visited his innocent and useful pursuits. In the year 1821, the church of Rome had the good sense to obliterate from its records the sentence against Copernicus, after a lapse of two hundred and seventy-eight years from the period of its being issued.



GALILEO.

COPERNICUS being removed from the field, and his theory denounced as heretical, it was fondly imagined that no new person would arise to disturb the ancient system of the universe, taught at the various colleges. But it will be comprehended by our young readers that TRUTH cannot easily be suppressed for a long time. It always comes out at last, let people do what they will to prevent it. Copernicus had not been dead many years, when a similar disturber of popular error arose in the person of Galileo Galilei, or more commonly called by the single name, Galileo. This Italian was born at Pisa, in 1564. His father, a nobleman of Florence, caused him to be instructed in the ancient languages, drawing, and music, and he very early showed a strong inclination to mechanical labors. In 1581, he entered the university of Pisa, to attend lectures on medicine, and to be grounded in the Aristotelian philosophy.

This philosophy, now loaded with scholastic rubbish, very speedily disgusted Galileo, and he afterwards became its declared adversary. In 1589, he was made Professor of Mathematics in the university of Pisa, and now began to assert the laws of nature against a perverted philosophy. In the presence of numerous spectators, he performed a series of experiments on the tower of the cathedral, to show that weight has no influence on falling bodies. By this

means he excited the opposition of the adherents of Aristotle to such a degree, that, after two years, he was forced to resign his professorship. Driven from Pisa, he retired into private life; but his genius being appreciated in another part of Italy, he was, in 1592, appointed Professor of Mathematics at Padua. He lectured here with unparalleled success. Scholars from the most distant regions of Europe crowded round him. He delivered his lectures in the Italian language instead of Latin, which was considered a daring improvement. From 1597 till 1610, he made a number of discoveries in mathematical science, as well as with respect to the character and phases of the planets. His name growing celebrated, he was, in 1610, appointed grand-ducal mathematician and philosopher by Cosmo II., and he removed from Padua to Florence. Here he gained a decisive victory for the Copernican system, by the discovery of the varying phases of Mercury, Venus, and Mars; and the motion of these planets about the sun, and their dependence on it for light, were thus established beyond the possibility of doubt.

While Galileo was thus employed in supporting and enlarging the field of natural philosophy, a tremendous storm was gathering about his head. He had openly declared himself in favor of the Copernican system in a work which he wrote on the sun's spots, and was therefore denounced as a heretic. The monks preached against him, and he went to Rome, where he succeeded in appeasing his enemies, by declaring that he would maintain his system no further, either by words or writings. He would hardly,

however, have escaped the cruelties of the inquisition, unless the grand duke of Florence, suspecting his danger, had recalled him. The promise which Galileo had given not to promulgate his opinions, he found great difficulty in keeping. Panting to make known to the world a complete account of the system of Copernicus, yet dreading the prejudices of his enemies, he fell upon the expedient of writing a work, in which, without giving his own opinion, he introduces three persons in a dialogue, of whom the first defends the Copernican system, the second the Ptolemaean, or that of Aristotle, and the third weighs the reasons of both in such a way, that the subject seems problematical, though it is impossible to mistake the preponderance of arguments in favor of Copernicus.

With this great work, which is still held in reverence, Galileo went to Rome, in 1630, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and, by an extraordinary stretch of favor, received permission to print it. Scarcely had it appeared at Rome and Florence, when it was attacked by the disciples of Aristotle, and most violently of all by the teacher of philosophy at Pisa. The Pope also, instigated by some interested parties, now became the persecutor of Galileo. A congregation of cardinals, monks, and mathematicians, was appointed to examine his work, which they unhesitatingly condemned as highly dangerous, and summoned him before the tribunal of the inquisition.

This blow fell heavily on the head of Galileo, now an old man, and left defenceless by the death of his friend and patron, Cosmo II. He was compelled to go to Rome in the winter of 1633, and was immedi-

ately immured in a cell in one of the prisons of the Inquisition. It is not consistent with our plan to say anything in derogation of any religious or civil institution; yet we may be pardoned in dropping a tear of sympathy over the hard fate of this unfortunate veteran of science. Here was a poor old man, who had devoted a whole lifetime to simple scientific study, harming no one, but rather toiling for the benefit of his race, confined by a set of inexorable persecutors, ignorant judges, in a miserable dungeon in one of the most frightful of all prisons, and denied all chance of release except by a recantation of what is now acknowledged to be undoubted truth. Can we picture to ourselves this venerable philosopher contemplating the starry heavens through the gratings of his narrow window? Can we imagine his feelings in tracing the moon in its path across the hemisphere of night, and reasoning on the accuracy of the system he had developed? Or can we think of him turning, almost broken-hearted, from this vision of his favorite pursuit, and sitting down in darkness and solitude, inwardly lamenting his cruel fate, and the ignorance which thus rewarded his exertions?

Galileo remained a prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition several months, when, being brought before an assembly of his judges, he was condemned to renounce, kneeling before them, with his hand upon the gospels, what were called the "sinful and detestable errors and heresies" which he had maintained. The firmness of Galileo gave way at this critical moment of his life; he pronounced the recantation. But at the moment he rose, indignant at having sworn in

violation of his solid conviction, he exclaimed, stamping his foot, *E pur si muove*—it still moves! Upon this dreadful relapse into heresy, he was sentenced to imprisonment in the Inquisition for life, and every week, for three years, was to repeat the seven penitential psalms; his Dialogues were also prohibited, and his system utterly condemned. Although Galileo was in this manner sentenced to confinement, it appeared to those who judged him that he would not be able, from his age, to endure such a severe punishment, and they mercifully banished him to a particular spot near Florence.

Here Galileo lived for several years, employing his time in the study of mechanics and other branches of natural philosophy. He was at this time afflicted with a disease in his eyes, one of which was wholly blind, and the other almost useless, when, in 1637, he discovered the libration of the moon. Blindness, deafness, want of sleep, and pain in his limbs, united to embitter his declining years; still his mind was active. "In my darkness," he writes in the year 1638, "I muse now upon this object of nature, and now upon that, and find it impossible to soothe my restless head, however much I wish it. This perpetual action of mind deprives me almost wholly of sleep." In this condition, and affected by a slowly consuming fever, he expired in January, 1642, in the 78th year of his age. His relics were deposited in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where posterity did justice to his memory, by erecting a splendid monument, in 1737. The year in which Galileo died, was that in which Sir Isaac Newton, destined to establish his theories, was born.

LINNÆUS.

CHARLES LINNE, better known by his Latinized name, Linnæus, was the son of a poor village pastor, and was born at Rashult, in the province of Smeland, in Sweden, in the year 1707. To great originality of genius, were joined an enthusiastic disposition, and a steadiness of perseverance, which enabled him to make his way through poverty and obscurity, to a distinguished preëminence as a man of science and learning. An ardent love for the study of nature, especially for botanical knowledge, early took possession of him. While yet a boy, he seems to have been more fond of rambling about the fields, and perusing the great book of nature, than the folios of the schools; for so little satisfaction does he seem to have given his first teachers, that his father, dissatisfied with the reports of his progress, contemplated binding him to the trade of a shoemaker. The intervention of friends, and his own earnest entreaties, however, at last persuaded his parent to permit him to study the profession of medicine. At the university, we find him rising into distinction, in the very midst of extreme poverty—in want of books, in want of clothes, in want of bread to eat, and even patching up old shoes with the bark of trees, to enable him to wander into the fields in prosecution of his favorite study of botany.

While yet a mere youth, he was pitched upon, by

the Academy of Sciences of Upsal, to explore the dreary regions of Lapland, and to ascertain what natural productions they contained; and we find him embracing with ardor this laborious and solitary undertaking, with a pittance barely sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey. After his return from this scientific expedition, he commenced a course of public lectures on botany and mineralogy in the University of Upsal; he was full of the subject, and the novelty and originality of his discourses immediately drew around him a crowded audience. But envy, which too often is the malignant concomitant of rising talent, soon blasted his fair prospects.

It was discovered, that, by a law of the university, no person was entitled to give public lectures, unless he had previously taken a degree. Linnæus unfortunately had obtained no academical honors, a circumstance which involved him in a violent quarrel with Dr. Rosen, the professor of medicine. Fortunately, his friends interposed to soothe his resentment; and he forthwith departed from Upsal, attended by some of his pupils, and made a mineralogical and botanical excursion into the province of Dalecarlia.

At Fahlun, the capital of this province, he became acquainted with Dr. Moræus, the chief physician. The doctor was a kind and learned man, and had plants and flowers which excited the admiration of the young botanist; but he had a fairer flower than any which Linnæus had ever yet beheld in garden or meadow. In short, for the eldest daughter of Dr. Moræus, our botanist conceived an ardent affection;

his admiration was met by the young lady with a grateful attachment; and, in accordance with the ardor and enthusiasm of his disposition, Linnæus solicited of the father the young lady's hand in marriage. The good doctor had conceived a liking for the young, learned, and eloquent stranger; he loved him and his pursuits, and his ingenuous bearing; but he tenderly loved his daughter also, and, more cool and considerate than the youthful lovers, foresaw that a poor, friendless young man, without any fixed profession or employment, was not likely to improve his own or his daughter's happiness by such a rash step. He therefore persuaded him to delay the match for three years, promising that his daughter should remain unmarried in the mean time; and if, at the end of that period, he was in a condition to marry, his sanction to the nuptials would be readily given.

Nothing could be more reasonable than this proposal. Linnæus summoned his philosophy to his aid. It was resolved that he should forthwith depart for Leyden, in order to obtain a degree. Before his departure, Miss Moræus brought forth her accumulated saving of pocket-money, amounting to a purse of one hundred dollars, and laid it at his feet as a love-offering and an unequivocal proof of her attachment. He pressed her fair hand, kissed her fervently, and, with a heart glowing with the most unbounded attachment and admiration of her generosity, he bade her farewell.

Many a poetical lover would have gone forth dreaming in reverie, writing sonnets alternately to his mistress and the moon, and ever and anon bewailing

his hard fate at the awful and interminable separation. Not so our philosopher; he went forth cheered and stimulated with the thoughts that there was one who loved him and his pursuits, and to merit whose attachment he was resolved to strain every nerve in the path of learning and distinction. At Leyden he prosecuted his studies with his wonted assiduity; attracted the notice of Dr. Boerhave, and other celebrated men of science; was appointed family physician to the burgomaster of Amsterdam; produced, during the two years he held this situation, many of his most elaborate works; and visited England and other countries in quest of knowledge. Indeed, the extent of his labors, and his indefatigable industry during this period, is almost incredible. There was almost no department of natural science which he did not investigate, and bring within the compass of his methodical arrangements; but botany was his chief and favorite study, and in this department he raised himself a reputation which can only perish with the science itself.

In 1738, he made an excursion to Paris, and towards the end of that year returned to his native country, and settled himself as a physician at Stockholm. At first he experienced neglect; but at length, being fortunate enough to prescribe successfully for a cough which troubled Queen Eleonora, he henceforth became the fashionable doctor of Stockholm, and was appointed physician to the admiralty, and botanist to the king. Having now a settled income, he married the lady of his affections, five years subsequent to his first courtship. Not long afterwards, he was appointed

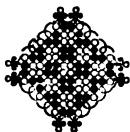
medical professor in the University of Upsal; and his former enemy, Rosen, having obtained the botanical chair of that university, an amicable adjustment was made, by which they exchanged their professorships. Linnæus now saw himself seated in the botanical chair of the university, which, from the first, had been the chief object of his ambition, and which he continued to fill with distinguished honor for a period of thirty-seven years.

Through his influence, many young naturalists were sent to explore various countries; and to his zeal in the cause of science we owe the discoveries in natural history made by Kalm, Osbeck, Hasselquist, and Loesling. He was employed by the queen of Sweden to describe her museum at Dronthingholm, when he made a new scientific arrangement of the shells contained in it. About 1751, he published his *Philosophia Botanica*, and, in 1753, his *Species Plantarum*, containing a description of every known plant, arranged according to the sexual system. This work of Linnæus, which may be termed his greatest and most imperishable production, appeared originally in two volumes octavo; but the edition published at Berlin, 1799-1810, is extended to ten volumes.

In 1753, this great naturalist was created a knight of the polar star, an honor never before bestowed on a literary man. In 1761, he was elevated to the rank of nobility. Literary honors were also conferred on him by scientific societies in foreign countries. In 1768, he completed the plan of his *Systema Naturæ*, which, through successive editions, had been enlarged to three octavo volumes. Linnæus acquired

a moderate degree of opulence, sufficient to enable him to purchase an estate and mansion at Hammarby, near Upsal, where he chiefly resided during the last fifteen years of his life. There he had a museum of natural history, upon which he gave lectures, and to which he was constantly making additions from the contributions of travellers and men of science in various parts of the world.

His health, during a great part of his life, enabled him to pursue his researches with vigor and activity; but in May, 1774, he had an apoplectic attack, which obliged him to relinquish the most laborious part of his professorial duties, and close his literary labors. A second attack occurred in 1776, and he afterwards experienced a third; but his death did not take place till January 11, 1778. Besides his works on natural history, he published a classified *Materia Medica*, and a systematic treatise on nosology, entitled *Genera Morborum*. Few men in the history of science have shown such boldness, zeal, activity, and sagacity, as Linnæus; natural science is under unspeakable obligations to him, though the different systems established by him may be superseded by more perfect ones. Charles XIV., king of Sweden, in 1819, ordered a monument to be erected to him, in his native place.



NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

THIS benefactor of those "who go down to the deep in ships," was born at Salem, Mass., March 26, 1773, his father being Habakkuk Bowditch, first a ship-master, and then a cooper of that town. Most great men are said to be blessed with superior mothers, and Nathaniel Bowditch appears not to furnish a refutation of the rule. His mother was indeed an excellent woman, discharging her duties with exemplary fidelity. By her death, Nathaniel was deprived of his best friend, at the age of ten years; but she had lived long enough to imbue his mind and heart with those principles of integrity, which are the best guide of life. From her, he is said to have learned his first instruction as to the nature and value of truth, in the following manner:

While a child, playing behind his mother, he had, unobserved by her, unrolled a ball of yarn, from which she was knitting, and involved it in inextricable confusion. When she discovered the mischief, and addressed him with some severity of manner, he denied having done it. She at once entered into a serious conversation with him, and while she told him that the original matter of offence was but trifling, she explained to him so fully the meanness and criminality of falsehood, and urged him with so much earnestness never again to be guilty of it, that this lesson of his infancy became indelibly impressed upon his heart.

It appears that Nathaniel was a favorite in the family, where there were seven children. His superiority was manifest in childhood, and the mother appreciated his character. The house where he spent a part of his early days is still standing in Danvers, to which place the family removed for a time—and is thus described by Mr. Young :

“My walk brought me among the pleasant farm-houses of a retired hamlet, in Essex county ; and I found the plain two-story house, with but two rooms in it, where he dwelt with his mother ; and I saw the chamber-window where he said she used to sit and show him ‘the new moon, with the old moon in her arm,’ and, with the poetical superstition of a sailor’s wife, jingle the silver in her pocket, that her husband might have good luck, and she good tidings from him, far off upon the sea. I entered that house and two others in the vicinity, and found three ancient women who knew her well, and remembered her wonderful boy. I sat down by their firesides, and listened with greedy ear to the story, which they gladly told me, of that remarkable child, remarkable for his early goodness, as well as his early greatness.

“The first of these women whom I saw and interrogated, said that Nat was a ‘beautiful, nice, likely, clever, thoughtful boy. Learning came natural to him, and his mother used to say he would make something or nothing.’ I asked her whether she had ever heard what became of him. ‘Oh, yes,’ she replied, ‘he became a great man, and went to Boston, and had a mighty deal of learning.’ ‘What kind of learning?’ I asked. ‘Why,’ she answered, ‘I believe

he was a pilot, and knew how to steer all vessels.' This evidently was her simple and confused idea of 'The Practical Navigator.'

"The second old lady stated, that 'Nat went to school to her aunt, in the 'revolutionary war, in the house where we were sitting, when he was about three years old, and that she took mightily to him, and that he was the best scholar she ever had. He learnt amazing fast, for his mind was fully given to it. He did not seem like other children. He seemed better. His mother was a beautiful nice woman.'

"The third old lady said, that 'Nat was a little, still creature; and his mother a mighty free, good-natured woman. She used to say, "who should be cheerly if a Christian should n't?" Her children took after her, and she had a particular way of guarding them from evil.'"

The family returned from Danvers to Salem, when Nathaniel was about seven years old, and he was now sent to the best school in that town. The privileges that it afforded, however, were exceedingly scanty, and far beneath those of the poorest district school in Massachusetts at the present day. The subject of our memoir, however, took full advantage of these opportunities. It is even said, that such was his proficiency in arithmetic, that he readily solved questions which the teacher supposed to be beyond his ability, and suspecting that he had obtained assistance, and attempted to impose upon him, he was in one instance on the point of chastising him.

Even these poor advantages were relinquished at the age of ten years, when he was taken by his father

into the cooper's shop, that he might assist in the support of the family. Not long after, he was entered as a clerk in a ship-chandlery, in which employment he continued till 1795. His leisure time was chiefly devoted at first to arithmetic, and afterwards, as he advanced, to mathematics. His slate and pencil were so constantly in hand as to attract attention, and one person remarked to him satirically, that if he kept on ciphering, he had no doubt that in time he might become an almanac-maker. He also tried his dexterity in philosophical experiments. He constructed a curious barometer with his own hand, and there is still in existence a wooden sun-dial which he made in 1792.

These were the pursuits of his leisure moments, and deeply as they interested him, they rarely interfered with the active discharge of his duties. At one time, however, a customer called, and purchased a pair of hinges. When the man came in, the young clerk was deeply engaged in a mathematical problem. When the customer had departed, he returned to his problem, thinking he would finish it before he charged the hinges. He became involved in his mathematics, and forgot to make the entry. Shortly after, the purchaser came to pay for his purchase. It happened that the master of the establishment was there; the youth's neglect was exposed, and the lesson it afforded did not pass unheeded. He has often said that he never forgot the hinges.

His interest in mathematics increased. He became acquainted with algebra, and learned the elements of navigation from a British sailor, then residing at

Salem. He rose early in the morning, and devoted his stolen hours to study. In the long winter evenings, he sat by the kitchen fireside of his employer, engaged in his favorite pursuit, though occasionally lending a hand, at the request of the nurse, to rock the cradle. Being fond of books, and having no guide in their selection, he perused whatever came in his way. He read the whole of Chambers' Encyclopedia in four volumes, folio, without omitting an article. He perused Shakspeare, and treasured up its finest passages in his memory. He studied the Bible, and his familiarity with the Old and New Testament surpassed that of many professed theologians.

He finally obtained free access to the Athenæum Library of Salem, which was then rich in works of science; among its treasures were the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. All the mathematical papers in these and other similar works were wholly or partially transcribed by him at this period, and are still preserved in his library. These manuscript copies consist of more than twenty volumes. The contents of one of them is as follows: "A Complete Collection of all the Mathematical Papers in the Philosophical Transactions; Extracts from various Encyclopedias; from the Memoirs of the Paris Academy; a complete copy of Emerson's Mechanics; a copy of Hamilton's Conics; Extracts from Gravesande's and Martyn's Philosophical Treatise, from Benoulli, &c. &c." All this was done by a ship-chandler's clerk! Such vast labor thus bestowed, partly with a view of impressing the subjects upon his mind, and partly to possess what he could not otherwise obtain, evinces a

degree of zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, which no obstacles could withstand.

In his progress, our young student came at last to Newton's *Principia*, a work of the most abstruse mathematics, and written in Latin. He yearned to penetrate its mysteries, and sought to do so by his knowledge of mathematical subjects, and the various equations and diagrams which it contained. But the effort was not satisfactory. Should he then turn back? No; genius is not baffled, but benefited, by obstacles. The mountain that crosses the path is not only surmounted, but is made the footstool upon which new and wider views are taken. He set to work, and made himself master of the Latin language, and thus obtained the key to the particular knowledge he sought, while he also opened the way to the acquisition of other languages, and other stores of science. While still a clerk, it is said that he wrote out a translation of the *Principia* into English.

He was now desirous of learning French, and it chanced that he met with a foreigner in Salem, who wished to learn English. Bowditch proposed "a swap," and accordingly he instructed the stranger in his native tongue, and in turn was himself instructed in the language he wished to acquire.

The ancestors of Dr. Bowditch had followed the sea, and, in the year 1795, he adopted the same pursuit. His first voyage was performed in the capacity of clerk. In this he was bound to the Isle of Bourbon, and was absent one year. He took out a small venture in shoes, which resulted in considerable profit. He now went several voyages as supercargo, and at

last, in 1802, he sailed from Beverly, for Sumatra, in the ship Putnam, being both master and supercargo.

During one of his voyages, it chanced that the vessel was chased by a French privateer, but being well armed and manned, the captain determined upon resistance. The duty assigned to Bowditch was that of handing up the powder upon deck. In the midst of the preparations, the captain looked into the cabin, when he was no less surprised than amused at finding his supercargo quietly seated by his keg of powder, and busily occupied, as usual, with his slate and pencil.

During these several voyages, Bowditch spent his leisure hours in study. With the sea around, and the sky above, apart from the tempting pleasures and intruding cares of busy life, he gave himself up to communion with those sublime sciences, which would solve the mysteries of the visible universe, and disclose the laws by which the great energies of nature are guided and controlled. Nor was he selfish in his pursuits. He was fond of imparting knowledge to those who were willing to learn. On board the ship, he frequently instructed the sailors, and it is related that, in one of his voyages, he taught a whole crew of twelve men to work lunar observations; and it is farther stated, that every one of these twelve sailors subsequently attained the station of at least second officer on board a ship!

Young Bowditch did not confine his studies to mathematics. He loved the acquisition of languages, and, during his sea life, mastered the Italian, Portuguese and Spanish. It may be mentioned here that

afterwards, at the age of forty-five, he acquired the German, and obtained a slight knowledge of Dutch. He took pleasure in tracing words from one language to another, and was doubtless much amused to find, on one occasion, that a Spanish boy on board his vessel, whose Christian name was *Benito*, was entered upon the books of his ship as *Ben Eaton*. He acquired some knowledge of the Greek, but at what period is not known. He always began to learn a language by taking his New Testament and dictionary, and attempting immediately to translate. Thus he left in his library the New Testament in more than twenty-five different dialects or languages.

In March, 1798, Bowditch married Elizabeth Boardman, and, soon after, went upon his third voyage. On his return, his home was desolate. She had died, at the early age of eighteen. Feeling that an alliance so brief did not justly entitle him to the property which he had thereby acquired, he surrendered the whole of it to the relatives of his late wife. In 1800, he married his cousin, Mary Ingersol, a lady of uncommon personal attractions, and who, during a union of thirty-three years, threw around his fireside all the charms of cheerfulness and comfort.

It was about this period of his life that Bowditch published his *Practical Navigator*. He had issued two editions of the treatise of John Hamilton Moore, with notes and corrections; but, in 1802, he had corrected so many errors, that he was induced to publish it under his own name. From that time, the work has been exclusively used by our shipmasters, and its tables and rules have been adopted in foreign works.

In successive editions, he introduced various improvements, and at last brought it to a great degree of perfection. He sought with the most untiring patience to make the work absolutely correct; for he well knew that many lives and property to a great amount might be sacrificed by a single inaccuracy. In the original work by Moore, the year 1800 was set down as a leap year in the tables of the sun's declination, thereby making a mistake in some of the numbers of twenty-three miles, and causing the actual destruction of several ships.

The labors of Mr. Bowditch in this useful work have been justly appreciated. It goes, says the London Athenæum, "both in American and British craft, over every sea of the globe, and is probably the best work of the sort ever published." It has been pronounced, says Judge White, "to be, in point of practical utility, second to no work of man ever published. This apparently extravagant estimate of its importance appears but just, when we consider the countless millions of treasures and of human lives which it has conducted, and will conduct, in safety, through the perils of the ocean. But it is not only the best guide of the mariner in traversing the ocean; it is also his best instructor and companion everywhere, containing within itself a complete scientific library, for his study and improvement in his profession. Such a work is as worthy of the author's mind as it is illustrative of his character; unostentatious, yet profoundly scientific, and thoroughly practical, with an effective power and influence of incalculable value."

Upon the close of his sea-faring life, Mr. Bowditch

was elected president of an Insurance Company in Salem. In this, he acquired such a reputation for superior judgment and discretion, that, in 1823, large inducements were offered him to remove to Boston, and take charge of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company. This proposal he accepted, and continued in this station till his death. Upon this institution, which was the child of his affections, he bestowed the most unwearied care, patience and industry. His conduct, indeed, furnished the model which may be well followed by those who are charged with similar trusts. Courteous in his manners, he was at the same time vigilant, fearless, and decided. He was well rewarded by the success of the institution, and the implicit confidence of the public.

In 1807, Mr. Bowditch had completed a survey of the harbors of Salem, Marblehead, Beverly and Manchester, the result of which was a chart, alike remarkable for its beauty and exactness. At intervals of leisure, he wrote various essays, chiefly upon mathematical topics, and which were communicated to the public through the scientific periodicals of the day. These all display talent, and some of them evince powers of the highest order. In 1815, he commenced the translation of the *Mechanique Celeste* of La Place, four volumes of which were completed in three years. The fifth volume, published by La Place, twenty years after the others, he did not live to complete.

The translation he had thus made was published by Dr. Bowditch in four volumes, quarto—and in a style of great beauty—during the latter period of his

life. The first appeared in 1829, the second in 1832, the third in 1834. The fourth and last was not quite finished at his death. It is not easy to overrate this prodigious effort. The work of La Place, discoursing of the sublimest science, was the production of the greatest mathematical mind of modern times; and such was its reach of science, that probably very few men in the world were fully competent to master it. Dr. Bowditch's work was not a mere translation. "I regard it," says M. Legendre, "a new edition, augmented and improved, and such a one as might have come from the hand of the author himself, if he had consulted his true interest." "It is a proud circumstance for America," says Mr. Babbage, in a letter to the translator, "that she has preceded her parent country in such an undertaking, and we in England must be content that our language is made the vehicle of the sublimest portion of human knowledge, and be grateful to you for rendering it more accessible." It was to a great extent an original work, and showed that the author was not behind his great original. It was a task which few other living individuals could have performed. It excited the amazement of the learned of Europe. It did not abate their wonder, that such a work should appear in America, and that it should be the production of a shipmaster.

The ability of such a man as Dr. Bowditch could not be concealed or unacknowledged. So early as July, 1802, and while his ship was lying wind-bound in Boston, he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Cambridge College, and from the same institution he subsequently received the degree of

Doctor of Laws. In all this, the institution rather received, than bestowed honor.

We cannot enumerate the various honors bestowed upon the subject of our memoir. It must be sufficient to state, that he became president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in the year 1829, being the successor of John Quincy Adams. He became one of the corporation of Harvard College, and president of the Boston Mechanics' Institution. He was admitted a member of the Royal Society of London, the Royal Academy of Berlin, and of various other scientific institutions, in this country and in Europe. He was the active friend of literary, scientific and charitable institutions, and especially of the Athenæum and Museum of his native town.

It is impossible, without a detail quite beyond the compass of this volume, to give an adequate idea of the amount of useful labor performed by Dr. Bowditch. His methodical habits, his activity, his untiring industry, enabled him to accomplish almost incredible results. It must be remembered that the great productions which have given him fame throughout Christendom were the works of his leisure hours. In the mere fragments of his time, he has done more than most other men of genius accomplish in their lifetime.

In 1834, Dr. Bowditch was called to endure a heavy calamity. His amiable wife, the mother of several children, had long been suffering from that disease which seems to delight in blasting the fairest flowers. She gradually wasted away, and finally died peacefully in the midst of her family. It was a

scene "too serene for sorrow, too beautiful for fear." Seldom has the sad thought of the poet, that "death loves a shining mark," been more touchingly realized. She was a tender mother, a devoted wife, a pious Christian, a graceful woman. Every duty which was laid upon her was discharged, and with a serenity and cheerfulness that shed a constant light around her path. She appreciated the exalted character of her husband, and found gratification in his extending fame. It was with her consent, and partly through her urgent counsel, that the *Mechanique Celeste* was published, involving a heavy expense, and many privations to the family.

Dr. Bowditch did not long survive his amiable partner. In January, 1838, his health began to decline. By slow degrees, he tranquilly descended to the tomb. He suffered occasional pain, but his mind was clear, and his bosom peaceful. With his children around him, he seemed happy still. On the 26th of March, he took an affectionate leave of his children, all of whom were gathered around his bedside. Soon after, he said, "Oh, sweet and pretty are the visions that rise up before me. Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." A few hours passed, a few trembling sentences were uttered, and the spirit departed.

The withdrawal of such a luminary of science could not pass unmarked. Various public notices of the death of Dr. Bowditch took place. Dr. Young delivered a sermon upon the occasion, in which he has drawn a lively and pleasing picture of the great man's life. Other eulogies were pronounced. We have

chiefly derived the materials of this sketch from an affectionate memoir drawn up by one of his sons, and prefixed to the fourth volume of the *Mechanique Celeste*.

The character of Dr. Bowditch has been set before the reader by his acts. In person, he was under the common size. His hair, originally of a light color, was gray at twenty-one, and became silvery white in after years. His forehead was remarkably high and capacious; his eye was deep-set and penetrating. The upper portion of his countenance was stern; but the expression was qualified by an ineffable sweetness about the mouth. The play of his somewhat pallid features, wrought by the vivid intellect within, was rapid as the sunlight upon the wave. He possessed great bodily activity, as well as the highest mental vigor. Late in life, he might be seen gliding with rapidity along the streets, with a short, rapid step, imitating the quickness of youth. He expressed his emotions of delight by rubbing his hands together, and springing to his feet. His manner of speech was impressive, and his censure was appalling. Though he so deeply loved mathematics, he seldom made them a topic of conversation.

He seems to have taken no delight either in logic or natural philosophy. The pure abstractions of his favorite science, its stern, inflexible truths, he pursued with delight, but his mind was embarrassed with metaphysical subtleties. The great truth of human accountability he settled upon the instinct found within every human bosom. Though he preferred works which treated of matters of fact, he had still a

sensibility to the beauties of poetry. It is a pleasing fact, that, upon the leathern covers in which he kept the proof-sheets of his *Mechanique Celeste*, he had written extracts from the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and the following stanza from the Persian poet, Hafiz :

"On parent's knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled—
So live, that, sinking in thy last, long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep."

Among the poets of America, Bryant was his favorite. The *Old Man's Funeral*, he esteemed one of the most beautiful productions of the English language, and he often quoted, with delight, Sprague's fine stanzas to the swallows that flew into church, beginning,

"Gay, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven."

He was fond of music, and, in youth, played the flute. But he abandoned it as leading to an unprofitable use of time. He was rigid in abstinence from what he deemed bad habits. For this reason, he abstained from tobacco, and rejected cards, chess, and the theatre. He avoided general society, but was happy in familiar intercourse with his friends. With his family, he was free and unreserved. No painful restraint was imposed by his presence. With his children, he was playful and childlike. Taking a middle course between indulgence and severity, he taught by precept and example the most valuable lessons of life, and winged their way to the heart by conveying them in the sweetest tones of affection.

Such was Nathaniel Bowditch—certainly one of the most remarkable men of his time. We, who have seen him among us, can hardly appreciate the full scope and meaning of his life. He has acquired, among men of science, a brilliant reputation by his mathematical papers, and especially by his translation of the *Mechanique Celeste*. In every respect, this is a stupendous work; it not only displays the highest mathematical talents, but when we look at the amazing extent of the calculations, the beauty and perfectness of his processes, and finally consider that this herculean performance was but the plaything of a busy man's life—we shall regard it as indeed one of the most remarkable productions of human intellect.

Yet it is not for this performance that we give him a place in these pages. If we were making an array of men of genius, he would claim a conspicuous station, as being the author of the great work we have noticed. But it is rather as the author of the *Practical Navigator*—as the benefactor of the mariner, and of the human race, that we wish to present him to our readers. He has made the path of the treacherous sea more safe; he has gone with the lonely sailor, to guide his course, and teach him how to shun the sunken rock and reef, the insidious shoal, the iron shore. He has thus preserved thousands of lives; saved millions of property; reduced the rate of insurance; cheapened every foreign commodity. Not only has the family whose father is upon the wave, and the mother whose son is ploughing the deep, and the maiden whose lover has trusted himself to the billow, occasion to bless the name of him who has thus abated

the perils of the sea—but every member of the community shares in the beneficent fruits of his labor. We have no precise means to estimate the amount of good which he has thus done; indeed, operating on so vast a scale, it surpasses any definite conception we can form.

Nor is this all. Dr. Bowditch has left us the precious legacy of a good name. He was not only great, but good. The example of one who has dazzled the world by his achievements, is contagious; even when dead, he multiplies his image, good or evil, by the force of that sympathy, which genius seldom fails to excite. It has thus often happened, that great gifts, lending a charm to vice, have been a curse rather than a benefit to mankind. But when a great man practises justice, charity, peace, and kindness, he becomes an effective preacher of virtue; his light is set on a hill, and the world will delight to walk thereby.

It is, therefore, as a great man, being good, that he challenges admiration. It is not because he was a great astronomer, that he claims our homage—but, being such, that he was still a kind father, a good neighbor, a sincere friend, a patriot, a gentleman, a Christian. "I can hardly bear," says Dr. Frothingham, "to hear him described as an astronomer, or mathematician—though among the most illustrious that have lived—he was so honestly, heartily, bravely, and entirely a man. There was something in him brighter than talent, and deeper than even that profound knowledge which led the way, with a modest silence, where there were few intellects that could so much as attend him."

HUBER.

FRANCIS HUBER was born at Geneva, in Switzerland, on the 2d of July, 1750, of a highly respectable family, remarkable for intelligence. His father was distinguished for wit and originality in conversation, and for a cultivated taste in the fine arts. Voltaire particularly delighted in his company, on account of the freshness and brilliancy of his mind, and his skill in music. He excelled in painting pictures of game, and wrote an interesting work on the flight of birds of prey. His son inherited his taste and talent.

Study by day, and romance reading during the night, impaired the health of young Huber, and weakened his sight. When he was fifteen years old, the physicians advised entire freedom from all literary occupation. For this purpose, he went to reside in a village near Paris, where he followed the plough, and was for the time a real farmer. Here he acquired a great fondness for rural life, and became strongly attached to the kind and worthy peasants among whom he resided. His health was restored, but with the prospect of approaching blindness. He had, however, sufficiently good eyes to see and become attached to Maria Aimée Lullin, a young lady who had been his companion at a dancing-school. They loved, as warm young hearts will love, and dreamed of no possibility of separation. M. Lullin regarded the increasing probability of Huber's blindness as a

sufficient reason for breaking up the connection ; but the more this misfortune became certain, the more Maria determined not to abandon her lover. She made no present resistance to the will of her father, but quietly waited until she had attained a lawful age to act for herself.

Poor Huber, fearful of losing his precious prize, tried to conceal from the world, and even from himself, that an entire deprivation of sight was his inevitable lot ; but total darkness came upon him, and he could no longer deny that the case was hopeless. The affliction was made doubly keen by fears that Maria would desert him. But he might have trusted the strength of a woman's heart ; as soon as Miss Lullin was twenty-five years old, *she* led to the altar the blind object of her youthful affections. The generous girl had loved him in his brilliant days of youth and gaiety, and she would not forsake him when a thick veil fell forever between him and the glories of the external world. There is something exceedingly beautiful and affecting in this union. Those who witnessed it, at once felt a strong internal conviction that the blessing of God would rest on that gentle and heroic wife.

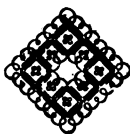
Voltaire often alluded to the circumstance in his correspondence, and it forms an episode in *Madame de Staël's Delphine*. Mrs. Huber had no reason to regret the disinterested step she had taken. Huber's active and brilliant mind overcame the impediments occasioned by loss of vision. His attention was drawn to the history of bees ; and by the assistance of his wife and son, he observed their habits so

closely, that he soon became one of the most distinguished naturalists in Europe. His very blindness added to his celebrity; for men naturally admire intellectual strength overcoming physical obstructions. The musical talents which in youth had made Huber a favorite guest, now enlivened his domestic fireside. He enjoyed exercise in the open air; and when his beloved wife was unable to accompany him, he took a solitary ramble, guided by threads, which he had caused to be stretched in the neighboring walks. He was amiable and benevolent, and all who approached him were inspired with love and respect. Even great success came to him unattended by its usual evils; for the most envious did not venture to detract from the merits of a kind-hearted man, suffering under one of the greatest of human deprivations.

Notwithstanding the loss of his eyes, Huber's countenance was the very sun-dial of his soul—expressing every ray of thought and every shade of feeling. During forty years of happy union, Mrs. Huber proved herself worthy of such a husband's attachment. He was the object of her kindest and most unremitting attention. She read to him, she wrote for him, she walked with him, she watched his bees for him; in a word, her eyes and her heart were wholly devoted to his service. Huber's affection for her was only equalled by his respect. He used to say,—“While she lived, I was not sensible of the misfortune of being blind.” His children, inspired by their mother's example, attended upon him with the most devoted affection. His son, Pierre Huber, who himself became famous for the history of the

economy of ants, was a valuable assistant and beloved companion. He made a set of types, with which his father could amuse himself, by printing letters to his friends.

After the death of his wife, Huber lived with a married daughter at Lausanne. Loving and beloved, he closed his calm and useful life, at the age of eighty-one.



SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

THE science of astronomy, which, from the time of Copernicus and Galileo, had been gradually improving through the laborious exertions of Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Huygens, Newton, Halley, De'Isle, Lalande, and other eminent observers of the starry firmament, was considerably advanced by the discoveries of Herschel, whose biography now comes under our notice.

William Herschel was born at Hanover, in Germany, on the 15th of November, 1738. He was the second of four sons, all of whom were brought up to their father's profession, which was that of a musician. Having at an early age shown a peculiar taste for intellectual pursuits, his father provided him with a tutor, who instructed him in the rudiments of logic, ethics, and metaphysics, in which abstract studies he made considerable progress. Owing, however, to the circumscribed means of his parents, and certain untoward circumstances, these intellectual pursuits were soon interrupted, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards, a detachment of which he accompanied to England about the year 1757 or 1759. His father came with him to England, but, after the lapse of a few months, he returned home, leaving his son, in conformity with his own wish, to try his fortune in Great Britain. How or when he left the regimental

band in which he had been engaged, we are not informed.

After struggling with innumerable difficulties, and no doubt embarrassed by his comparative ignorance of the English tongue, he had the good fortune to attract the notice of the Earl of Darlington, who engaged him to superintend and instruct a military band at the time forming for the Durham militia. After fulfilling this engagement, he passed several years in Yorkshire, in the capacity of teacher of music. He gave lessons to pupils in the principal towns, and officiated as leader in oratorios or concerts of sacred music—a kind of employment in which the Germans are eminently skilled, from their love of musical performances.

Herschel, however, while thus engaged in earning a livelihood, did not allow his professional pursuits to engross all his thoughts. He sedulously devoted his leisure hours in improving his knowledge of the English and Italian languages, and in instructing himself in Latin, as well as a little Greek. At this period he probably looked to these attainments principally with a view to the advantage he might derive from them in the prosecution of his professional studies; and it was no doubt with this view also that he afterwards applied himself to the perusal of Dr. Robert Smith's "Treatise on Harmonics"—one of the most profound works on the science of music which then existed in the English language. But the acquaintance he formed with this work was destined ere long to change altogether the character of his pursuits. He soon found that it was necessary to

make himself a mathematician before he could make much progress in following Dr. Smith's demonstrations. He now, therefore, turned, with his characteristic alacrity and resolution, to the new study to which his attention was thus directed; and it was not long before he became so attached to it, that almost all the other pursuits of his leisure hours were laid aside for its sake.

Through the interest and good offices of a Mr. Bates, to whom the merits of Herschel had become known, he was, about the close of 1765, appointed to the situation of church organist at Halifax. Next year, having gone, with his elder brother, to fulfil a short engagement at Bath, he gave so much satisfaction by his performances, that he was appointed organist in the Octagon Chapel of that city, upon which he went to reside there. The place which he now held was one of some value; and from the opportunities which he enjoyed, besides, of adding to its emoluments by engagements at the rooms, the theatre, and private concerts, as well as by taking pupils, he had the certain prospect of deriving a good income from his profession, if he had made that his only or his chief object.

This accession of employment did not by any means abate his propensity to study for mental improvement. Frequently, after the fatigue of twelve or fourteen hours occupied in musical performances, he sought relaxation, as he considered it, in extending his knowledge of the pure and mixed mathematics. In this manner he attained a competent knowledge of geometry, and found himself in a condition

to proceed to the study of the different branches of physical science which depend upon the mathematics. Among the first of these latter that attracted his attention, were the kindred departments of astronomy and optics. Some discoveries, about this time made in astronomy, awakened his curiosity, and to this science he now directed his investigations, at his intervals of leisure.

Being anxious to observe some of those wonders in the planetary system of which he had read, he borrowed from a neighbor a two-foot Gregorian telescope, which delighted him so much that he forthwith ordered one of larger dimensions from London. But finding that the cost was beyond his means, he gave it up, and immediately resolved to attempt with his own hands the construction of a telescope, equally powerful with that which he was unable to purchase; and in this, after repeated disappointments, which served only to stimulate his exertions, he finally succeeded.

Herschel was now in the path in which his genius was calculated to shine. In the year 1774, he had the inexpressible pleasure of beholding the planet Saturn through a five-foot Newtonian reflector, made by his own hands. This was the beginning of a long and brilliant course of triumphs in the same line of art, and also in that of astronomical discovery.

Herschel now became so much more ardently attached to his philosophical pursuits, that, regardless of the sacrifice of emolument he was making, he began gradually to limit his professional engagements and the number of his pupils. Meanwhile, he

continued to employ his leisure in the fabrication of still more powerful instruments than the one he had first constructed; and in a short time he produced telescopes of seven, ten, and even twenty feet focal distance. In fashioning the mirrors for these instruments, his perseverance was indefatigable. For his seven-feet reflector, it is asserted that he actually finished and made trial of no fewer than two hundred mirrors before he found one that satisfied him. When he sat down to prepare a mirror, his practice was to work at it for twelve or fourteen hours, without quitting his occupation for a moment. He would not even take his hand from what he was about, to help himself to food; and the little that he ate on such occasions was put into his mouth by his sister. He gave the mirror its proper shape, more by a certain natural tact than by rule; and when his hand was once in, as the phrase is, he was afraid that the perfection of the finish might be impaired by the least intermission of his labors.

It was on the 13th of March, 1781, that Herschel made the discovery to which he owes, perhaps, most of his popular reputation. He had been engaged for nearly a year and a half in making a regular survey of the heavens, when, on the evening of the day that has been mentioned, having turned his telescope—an excellent seven-feet reflector, of his own constructing—to a particular part of the sky, he observed, among the other stars, one which seemed to shine with a more steady radiance than those around it; and, on account of that, and some other peculiarities in its appearance, which excited his suspicions, he deter-

mined to observe it more narrowly. On reverting to it, after some hours, he was a good deal surprised to find that it had perceptibly changed its place,—a fact which, the next day, became still more indisputable. At first he was somewhat in doubt whether or not it was the same star which he had seen on these different occasions; but, after continuing his observations for a few days longer, all uncertainty upon that head vanished. He now communicated what he had observed to the astronomer royal, Dr. Maskelyne, who concluded that the luminary could be nothing else than a new comet. Continued observation of it, however, for a few months, dissipated this error; and it became evident that it was, in reality, a hitherto undiscovered planet. This new world, so unexpectedly found to form a part of the system to which our own belongs, received from Herschel the name of *Georgium Sidus*, or *Georgian Star*, in honor of the king of England; but by astronomers it has been more generally called either *Herschel*, after its discoverer, or *Uranus*. He afterwards discovered, successively, no fewer than six satellites or moons, belonging to his new planet.

The announcement of the discovery of the *Georgium Sidus* at once made Herschel's name universally known. In the course of a few months the king bestowed upon him a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might be enabled entirely to relinquish his engagements at Bath; and upon this he came to reside at Slough, near Windsor. He now devoted himself entirely to science; and the constructing of telescopes, and observations of the

heavens, continued to form the occupations of the remainder of his life. Astronomy is indebted to him for many other most interesting discoveries besides the celebrated one of which we have given an account, as well as for a variety of speculations of the most ingenious, original, and profound character. But of these we cannot here attempt any detail. He also introduced some important improvements into the construction of the reflecting telescope, besides continuing to fabricate that instrument of dimensions greatly exceeding any that had been formerly attempted, with powers surpassing, in nearly a corresponding degree, what had ever been before obtained.

The largest telescope which he ever made, was his famous one of forty feet long, which he erected at Slough, for the king. It was begun about the end of the year 1785, and, on the 28th of August, 1789, the enormous tube was poised on the complicated but ingeniously contrived mechanism, by which its movements were to be regulated, and ready for use. On the same day, a new satellite of Saturn was detected by it, being the sixth which had been observed attendant upon that planet. A seventh was afterwards discovered by means of the same instrument. This telescope has since been taken down, and replaced by another, of only one-half the length, constructed by the distinguished son of the subject of our present sketch.

So extraordinary was the ardor of this great astronomer in the study of his favorite science, that, for many years, it has been asserted, he never was in

bed at any hour during which the stars were visible ; and he made almost all his observations, whatever was the season of the year, not under cover, but in his garden, and in the open air, and generally without an attendant. By these investigations, Herschel became acquainted with the character of the more distant stars, upon which he wrote a variety of papers. In 1802, he presented to the Royal Society a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, and clusters of stars ; thus unfolding a boundless field of research, and making the world aware of the sublime fact that there is an infinitude of heavenly bodies far beyond the reach of ordinary vision, and performing, in their appointed places, the offices of suns to unseen systems of planets.

These discoveries established Herschel's claims to rank among the most eminent astronomers of the age, and amply merited the distinctions conferred upon him by learned bodies and the reigning prince. In 1816, George IV., then Prince Regent, invested him with the Hanoverian and Guelphic order of knighthood. He was now, from being originally a poor lad in a regimental band, rewarded for his long course of honorable exertion in the cause of science. Herschel did not relinquish his astronomical observations until within a few years of his death, which took place on the 23d of August, 1822, at the advanced age of eighty-three. He died full of years and honors, bequeathing a large fortune, and leaving a family which has inherited his genius.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

HUMPHRY DAVY, one of the most laborious and successful explorers of the science of chemistry in modern times, was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, England, on the 17th of December, 1778. His parents belonged to the humbler order of society, but were nevertheless respectable. After receiving the elements of education at Penzance, and being for some time at the grammar school of Truro, he was bound apprentice, in 1795, to a surgeon-apothecary in his native town. When thus entering upon a profession, he no doubt foresaw that his success in life would depend on his own exertions. At this time, his father having died, his mother found herself under the necessity of becoming a milliner in Penzance, by which she contrived to glean an honorable subsistence for her family.

Little is known of Davy's early character, beyond the circumstance of his facility in gathering and treasuring up the information which books afforded him, and his predilection for poetry. While acting in the capacity of apothecary's apprentice, he devoted his leisure hours to examinations into the productions of nature, as well as into chemical science. His instruments were supplied by his own ingenuity. In the contrivance of apparatus and invention of expedients, he evinced great proficiency; and in after

years, it is allowed by scientific men, that in this respect, as well as in others, he stood unrivalled.

In October, 1798, Davy quitted Penzance for Bristol, to superintend a pneumatic medical institution, having then scarcely attained his twentieth year. Removed from a small country town to a populous city offering scope for the exercise of his genius, Davy now felt as if in a new world. He associated with men engaged in those philosophical pursuits in which he found so much delight; was provided with suitable apparatus, and speedily entered upon that brilliant career of discovery which has rendered his name so illustrious. It was not his intention to abandon the study or practice of medicine; but after a short time he found it necessary to do so, and direct his whole attention to chemistry.

It was at this period of his life that Davy pursued a series of hazardous experiments upon nitrous oxide—a gas which, if incautiously used, is destructive of animal life, and when taken into the lungs produces highly increased muscular action, and a propensity to indulge in laughter. He not only inhaled this dangerous fluid, but also carburetted hydrogen and carbonic acid gas, with a view to develop facts illustrative of their nature. The fame which followed the publication of these investigations, extended the reputation of the young chemist. At this period the establishment of the Royal Institution in London took place, and Davy was invited to become assistant professor in chemistry, and director of the laboratory. He accepted the offer, and, in the beginning of the year 1801, entered upon the duties of his situation.

Only a few weeks had elapsed in this new sphere of exertion, when he was appointed by the managers lecturer in chemistry, instead of assistant. His first lecture was delivered in 1802, and from this period we may date the commencement of his splendid career. He at once succeeded in making a strong impression upon the public mind, and by a series of brilliant discoveries was enabled to maintain it till the hour of his death. His discourses were admirably adapted to fascinate his audience, which was composed, not of philosophers alone, but the gay and fashionable of the city, a considerable proportion of whom were ladies in the higher walks of life. His experiments, particularly with the voltaic battery—an instrument with which he was destined to work such miracles—riveted universal attention; philosophers admired and applauded, and the softer sex were involved in the most agreeable terrors.

His style was highly florid. It largely partook of that poetical inspiration, of which, as has been already stated, he so early evinced the possession. Coleridge, the poet, was a constant attendant on the lectures, and has himself declared it was to increase the stock of his metaphors. So great was Davy's popularity, that even duchesses vied with each other in doing homage to his genius; compliments, invitations, and presents, were showered upon him from all quarters, and no entertainment was considered complete without the presence of the chemical lecturer. This adulation had its usual effect upon the mind of Davy, and impaired that simplicity of character which he had before displayed.

In 1803, he commenced his lectures on agriculture, which were afterwards published, and constitute the ablest scientific treatise on the subject, that has ever appeared. He soon after entered upon the investigation of the laws of voltaic electricity; and here his discoveries were of the most brilliant character. He continued his chemical pursuits with great success, and at last he held the first rank in Europe, in the department of science to which his life had been devoted. In 1812, he was knighted, and the same year he obtained a large fortune by his marriage with Miss Apreece.

In 1813, he visited France and Italy, and after his return, invented the safety-lamp. This consists of a lamp the blaze of which is encircled by wire gauze, which prevents it from setting fire to the inflammable air of mines, and causing explosions, which have often proved fatal to the miners. His life was a continued scene of activity and success in chemical pursuits, and his inventions and investigations have not only greatly extended the boundaries of science, but contributed much to the advantage of human society. In 1829, he died of apoplexy at Geneva, whither he had travelled for the benefit of his health.

The character of Sir Humphry Davy is not wholly free from blemishes, yet he must be regarded as a man of great genius, and it is to be remarked that he was particularly successful in applying science to the useful arts. His invention of the safety lamp has saved thousands of lives, and his work on agriculture has greatly increased the power of man in making the soil productive of those things which contribute to his comforts and his necessities.





PASCHAL DISCOVERING GEOMETRY.

THE HISTORY OF
HUMAN NATURE.



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THE YOUNG MAN OF THE FUTURE

CURIOSITIES
OF
HUMAN NATURE.



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CURIOSITIES

OF

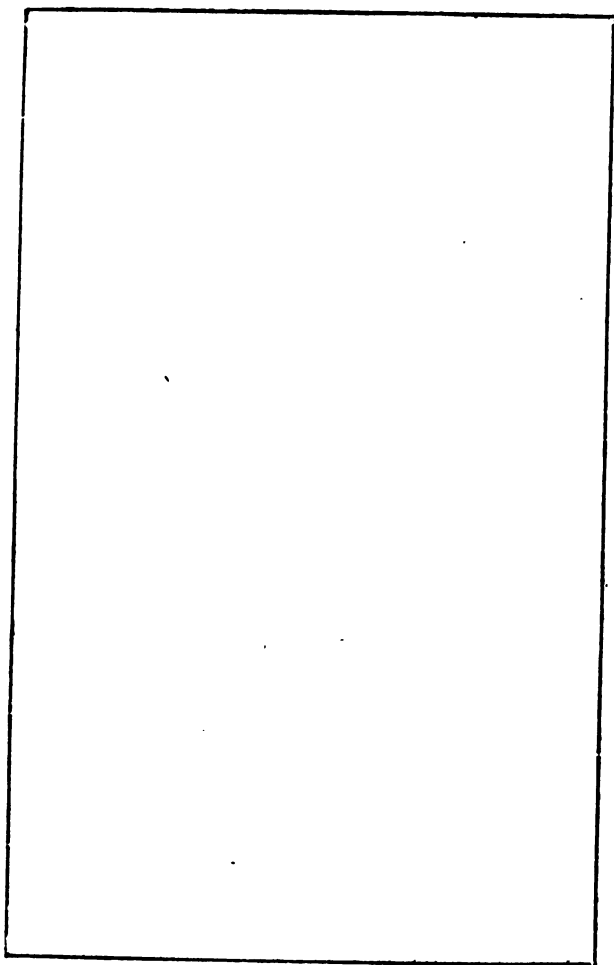
HUMAN NATURE:

BY THE AUTHOR OF

PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

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CURIOUS BIOGRAPHIES.

ZERAH COLBURN.

AMONG the intellectual prodigies which sometimes appear to excite the wonder and astonishment of mankind, Zerah Colburn was certainly one of the most remarkable. He was born at Cabot, Vermont, Sept. 1st, 1804. He was the sixth child of his parents, who were persons in low circumstances and of little education. He was regarded as the most backward of the children till he was about six years old, when he suddenly attracted attention by the display of his astonishing powers.

In August, 1810, when his father, Abia Colburn, was one day employed at a joiner's work-bench, Zerah was on the floor, playing among the chips; suddenly, he began to say to himself,—5 times 7 are 35—6 times 8 are 48, &c. His father's attention was immediately arrested by hearing this, so unexpected in a child so young, and who had hitherto possessed no advantages, except perhaps six weeks' attendance at

the district school, that summer. He therefore left his work, and turning to the child, began to examine him in the multiplication table. He thought it possible that Zerah had learnt this from the other boys; but finding him perfect in the table, his attention was more deeply fixed, and he asked the product of 13×97 , to which 1261 was instantly given as the answer. He now concluded that something unusual had actually taken place; indeed, he has often said he should not have been more surprised if some one had risen up out of the earth and stood erect before him.

It was not long before a neighbor rode up, and stopping at the house, was informed of the singular occurrence. He desired to be a witness of the fact. Zerah was called, and the result of the examination astonished every one present. The strange phenomenon was now rapidly spread throughout the town. Though many were inclined to doubt the correctness of the reports they heard, a personal examination attested their truth. Thus the story originated, which within the short space of a year found its way not only through the United States, but also reached Europe, and extorted expressions of wonder from foreign journals of literature and science in England, France and other countries.

Very soon after the discovery of his remarkable powers, many gentlemen, at that time possessing influence and public confidence throughout the state, being made acquainted with the circumstances, were desirous of having such a course adopted as might most directly lead to a full development of Zerah's talents, and their application to purposes of general

utility. Accordingly, it was proposed that Mr. Colburn should carry his son to Danville, to be present during the session of the court. This was done, and the boy was very generally seen and questioned by the judges, members of the bar, and others.

The legislature of Vermont being about to convene at Montpelier, Mr. Colburn was advised to visit that place with his son, which they did in October. Here large numbers had an opportunity of witnessing his calculating powers, and the conclusion was general that such a thing had never been known before. Many questions, which were out of the common limits of arithmetic, were proposed, with a view to puzzle the child, but he answered them correctly; as, for instance, —which is the most, twice twenty-five, or twice five and twenty? Ans. Twice twenty-five. Which is the most, six dozen dozen, or half a dozen dozen? Ans. Six dozen dozen. Somebody asked him how many black beans would make five white ones. Ans. Five, if you skin them! Thus it appeared that the boy could not only compute and combine numbers readily, but that he also possessed a quickness of thought, somewhat uncommon among children, as to other things.

Soon after this, Mr. Colburn took his son to other large towns, and at last to Boston. Here the boy excited the most extraordinary sensation, and several gentlemen of the highest standing proposed to undertake his education. The terms, though very liberal, were not equal to the high-raised expectations of the father. The offer was therefore refused, and Mr. Colburn proceeded to the southern cities, exhibiting

his son in public, his performances everywhere exciting the utmost wonder.

The author of these pages had an opportunity of seeing Zerah Colburn, at this period. He was a lively, active boy, of light complexion, his head being rather larger than that of boys generally at his age. He was then six years old, and had the manners common to children of his age. He was playful, even while performing his calculations. The quickness and precision with which he gave answers to arithmetical questions was amazing. Among those proposed to him at Boston, in the autumn of the year 1810, were the following :

What is the number of seconds in 2000 years ? The answer, 63,072,000,000, was readily and accurately given. Another question was this : Allowing that a clock strikes 156 times in a day, how many times will it strike in 2000 years ? The child promptly replied, 113,800,000 times.

What is the product of 12,225, multiplied by 1,223 ? Ans. 14,951,175. What is the square of 1,449 ? Ans. 2,099,601. Suppose I have a corn-field, in which are seven acres, having seventeen rows to each acre, sixty-four hills to each row, eight ears on a hill, and one hundred and fifty kernels on an ear ; how many kernels in the corn-field ? Ans. 9,139,200.

It will be recollected that the child who answered these questions was but six years old ; that he had then had no instruction whatever in arithmetic ; that he could neither read nor write, and that he performed these immense calculations by mental processes, wholly

his own. His answers were usually given, and the calculations performed, while engaged in his sports, and the longest process seemed hardly to divert his mind from his amusements. His answers were often made almost as soon as the question was proposed, and in most cases before the process could be performed on paper.

His faculty for calculation seemed to increase, and as he became acquainted with arithmetical terms, his performances were still more remarkable. In June, 1811, he was asked the following question: If the distance between Concord and Boston be sixty-five miles, how many steps must I take in going this distance, supposing each step to be three feet? The answer, 114,400 steps, was given in ten seconds. He was asked how many days and hours had elapsed since the Christian era commenced. In twenty seconds he replied, 661,015 days, 15,864,360 hours.

Questions still more difficult were answered with similar promptitude. What sum multiplied by itself will produce 998,001? In less than four seconds he replied 999. How many hours in thirty-eight years, two months, and seven days? The answer, 334,488, was given in six seconds.

These extraordinary performances, witnessed by thousands of people, and among them persons of the highest standing, were soon reported in the papers, and attracted scarcely less attention in Europe than in this country. In England, particularly, great curiosity was expressed, and the plan of taking young Colburn thither was suggested. After some deliberation, this project was resolved upon; and in the

spring of 1812, the father and son embarked at Boston for Liverpool, where they landed on the 11th of May. They proceeded to London, and taking rooms at Spring Gardens, commenced their exhibition.

Great numbers came to witness the performances of the boy, among whom Zerah, in his *Life*, enumerates the dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, Lord Ashburton, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Humphrey Davy, and the Princess Charlotte. The latter, attended by her tutor, the bishop of Salisbury, remained a full hour, and asked a number of questions. Among the rest was this: What is the square of 4001? The answer, 16,008,001, was immediately given. The duke of Cambridge asked the number of seconds in the time elapsed since the commencement of the Christian era, 1813 years, 7 months, 27 days. The answer was correctly given, 57,234,384,000.

An extraordinary interest was excited in London in respect to this remarkable youth, and schemes for giving him an education suited to his turn of mind were suggested. At a meeting of several distinguished gentlemen, to mature some plan of this sort, various questions were proposed to the child. He multiplied the number eight by itself, and each product by itself, till he had raised it to the sixteenth power, giving, as the almost inconceivable result, 281,474,976,710,656. He was asked the square root of 106,929, and before the number could be written down, he answered 327. He was then requested to name the cube root of 268,336,125, and with equal facility and promptness he replied, 645.

A likeness of the young prodigy, drawn by Hull and engraved by Meyer, was now published, and sold at a guinea each. Many were sold, and a considerable profit was realized. Another scheme was now started, —a memoir of the child,—and among the committee to superintend its publication, were Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Humphrey Davy and Basil Montague. Several hundred subscribers were obtained, but, though many paid in advance, for some reason or other the work was never published. Young Colburn and his father now made a tour to Ireland and Scotland. Among his visitors in Scotland, were Dugald Stewart, Professor Playfair, Doctor Brewster and Doctor Macknight. In March, 1814, they returned to London. By the advice of friends, they now proceeded to Paris, where they arrived in July, 1814.

Zerah was carefully examined before the French Institute. It is curious that on this occasion he was longer in giving his answers than ever before; probably owing to some embarrassment. His performances, however, excited here, as everywhere else, the greatest astonishment. La Place, the author of the *Mécanique Celeste*, was present. Guizot received the youth at his house, and expressed in his behalf the liveliest interest.

Such was the feeling excited, that a project was set on foot for giving Zerah an education at the Royal College of Henry IV. Nothing was wanting but the sanction of the king; but at the precise moment when measures were in progress to secure this object, Bonaparte came back from Elba, sweeping everything before him. The Bourbons fled, and the em-

peror was reinstated upon his throne. Application was now made to him in behalf of young Colburn; his assent was obtained, and on the 13th May, 1815, he entered the seminary, which was now restored to its original title, the Lyceum Napoleon.

Mr. Colburn had, in England, Scotland and Paris, obtained a large number of subscribers to the memoir. Having placed his son in the Lyceum, he went to London to attend to the publication of the work. Here he met with bitter disappointment. His agent, who had been authorized to collect the money, had received about one third of the whole subscriptions, and appropriated the money to his own use. As he was poor, the whole sum was irretrievably lost. At the same time, Mr. Colburn found that his former friends were greatly chagrined to find that the French government, more liberal than themselves, had made provision for his son. Under this influence, the project of the memoir was abandoned, and a new scheme was proposed, the object of which was to raise two hundred pounds a year for six years, to defray the expenses of the boy's education.

While Mr. Colburn was pursuing this scheme, Zerah was at the Lyceum at Paris, which now became the theatre of the most interesting events. The battle of Waterloo was fought, Napoleon fled, and the French army retreated toward the capital. To this point, the hostile armies were now directing their march, and the citizens of Paris were roused for its defence. Every effort was made to strengthen the walls and throw up entrenchments. The scholars at the Lyceum received permission to join in this work, and

with enthusiastic ardor, heightened by their sympathy for Napoleon, they went to their tasks, crying, "*Vive l'Empereur.*" Our little mathematician was among the number, and if he could have multiplied forts as easily as he managed figures, Paris would, doubtless, have been saved. But the fortune of war decided otherwise. Paris was overwhelmed, Napoleon dethroned, and Louis XVIII. restored.

Zerah Colburn might have continued at the Lyceum, but his foolish father, having embraced the London scheme, proceeded to Paris, and carried him thence again to London, where they arrived February 7, 1816.

The scheme which had excited Mr. Colburn's hopes, was, however, a mere illusion. His friends were worn out with his importunities, and, doubtless, disgusted with his fickleness. They were dissatisfied by discovering that while he wished to obtain a provision for his son, he desired also that some emolument, sufficient for his own wants, should come to himself. The result was, that both the father and son were reduced to a state of poverty. While attempting, by means scarcely better than beggary, to obtain transient support, they chanced to call upon the Earl of Bristol, who received them kindly, and expressed great interest in the youthful calculator. He invited them to his country residence at Putney, whither they went, and spent several days. The result of this fortunate acquaintance was, that the Earl made a provision of six hundred and twenty dollars a year for young Colburn's education at Westminster school, where he was regularly entered on

the 19th September. At this period, he was a few days over twelve years old.

It now seemed that better fortunes had dawned upon this gifted, but still unfortunate boy ; but these were soon clouded by disappointment. The custom of fagging existed in this school, as in all the higher seminaries of England. By this system, the boys of the under classes were required to be waiters and servants of those in the upper classes. Zerah was subjected to this arrangement, and a youth in the upper school was pitched upon for his master. This was the son of a baronet, Sir John L. Kaye.

Soon after he had been initiated into these menial duties, one of the upper scholars called upon him to perform some servile task. This he accomplished, but not to the satisfaction of his employer. He therefore complained to young Kaye, his proper master, whose wrath being greatly excited, he fell upon poor Zerah, twisted his arm nearly out of joint, and, placing him in a helpless situation, beat his shoulder black and blue. Zerah went to his father, who immediately proceeded to Mr. Knox, the usher. The latter expressed regret for the abuse Zerah had received, but when the father claimed exemption for his son from the custom of fagging, the usher positively refused compliance. Mr. Colburn enjoined it upon his son by no means to submit to this system of drudgery again, and departed. In the evening, he was called upon to clean a pair of shoes. This he refused ; whereupon, a number of the larger boys, who had gathered around him, first threatened, and then beat him without mercy, until at last he complied. All

this occurred under the same roof where the usher then was. In the morning, the father came, and appealing to him, was treated with contempt. As he was going across the yard to see Dr. Page, the head master, the boys yelled at him from their windows, calling him Yankee; doubtless, deeming it the most opprobrious of epithets. The final result of this matter was, that Zerah was exempted from the custom of fagging, though no relaxation of the custom, generally, was made in the school.

Zerah continued at Westminster, spending his vacations with the Reverend Mr. Bullen, Lord Bristol's chaplain, at the village of Danton. His father, in the mean time, picked up the means of subsistence, partly by boarding his son and a few other scholars, and partly by contributions. At length, the Earl, who was now in Germany, made an arrangement for the removal of Zerah from the Westminster school to the exclusive charge of Mr. Bullen. Mr. Colburn objected to this, and wrote accordingly to Lord Bristol. The latter persisted in his plan, and in order to reconcile the father to it, offered him fifty pounds a year for his own personal use. With stubbornness, amounting to infatuation, he rejected the generous offer, and withdrew his son from the Westminster school, and the patronage of his noble friend.

Young Colburn had spent two years and nine months at the Westminster seminary; where his progress in the acquisition of languages and other studies was extremely rapid. Euclid's Elements of Geometry were mastered with ease; but it is a curious fact that while the boy was fascinated with arithme-

tical calculations, as he advanced into the abstruser portions of mathematics, his taste revolted from a pursuit that was dry and repulsive.

Again the father and son were afloat in the sea of London. What was to be done now? The education of his son was, doubtless, an object to Mr. Colburn; but, with blind selfishness, he seems to have thought more of turning him to account as a means of raising money. With this view he proposed that he should go upon the stage; no doubt supposing that the youth's notoriety would render him available in this capacity. He was put in training, under the care of Charles Kemble. After four months' tuition, he appeared at Margate in the character of Norval. His reception was tolerably flattering, but he obtained no compensation. Mr. Colburn now determined to exhibit his son in his new profession, in Scotland and Ireland; but being almost entirely destitute of money, they were obliged to take a steerage passage in a vessel, and subsist upon hard fare. They arrived at Edinburgh, but received no encouragement in the theatrical line. Mr. Colburn called upon his former friends, and they contributed to his immediate relief. They now proceeded by canal-boat to Greenock, and thence in a vessel to Belfast. Here they found a strolling company of players, with whom an arrangement was made for Zerah's appearance at Londonderry, whither the party were about to proceed; to that place father and son journeyed on foot. Here the latter performed in some inferior characters, and soon returned with the band to Belfast. At this place he played the part of Richard the Third—but alas! even this

master-stroke of policy failed. The father and son pushed on to Dublin, but they could get no engagement at the theatre.

The inventive resources of Abia Colburn were not yet exhausted. Zerah must now turn author—and the future Methodist preacher must write a play! The subject chosen was that of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. The drama was composed—and we believe it was actually performed. But, alas! says Zerah, in his honest, modest book—"it never had any merit or any success."

After an absence of two months, the wanderers returned to London. A long period of inaction follows, during which Zerah wrote plays, which were never printed or performed, and the father picked up a precarious living by levying contributions upon his former friends. These were at last worn out with his importunities, and finally, one of the best of them deliberately turned Zerah out of doors, when he came upon some errand from his father.

Deprived of all other means save that of begging, which was now a poor resource, the youth obtained employment in October, 1821, as an usher in a school, and soon after established one on his own account. This afforded so poor a support, that still another effort was made to raise funds, ostensibly to provide for his permanent relief. To obtain subscribers to this proposal, Zerah went to Edinburgh, Glasgow and Belfast. At the former place, Mr. Combe took a cast of his head, seeking thereby to throw light upon his phrenological theories. He returned to London, with little success, and resumed his school.

The health of his father now began to give way. Unhappily, he had, from the first discovery of his son's extraordinary gifts, looked upon them with mercenary feelings—as a source of revenue. It is true he had a father's love for his child—and in this respect, Zerah, in the simple memoir of his own life, does his parent more than justice; but still, it was this short-sighted selfishness which made him convert his child's endowments into a curse to him, to his friends, and Zerah himself. His expectations had been lifted to such a pitch, that nothing could satisfy them. The most generous offers fell short of what he felt to be his due; liberality was turned, in his mind, to parsimony—and even friends were regarded as little short of enemies. His sanguine temper led him constantly to indulge high hopes, which were as constantly doomed to disappointment. Such a struggle could not always last. His mind was torn with thoughts of his home and family neglected for twelve years; of his life wasted; his prospects defeated; of fond dreams, ending at last in failure, shame and poverty. He failed gradually, and on the 14th February, 1824, he died. A few days after, the body was consigned to the tomb, and Zerah, in his life, notices the fact that John Dunn Hunter was among the mourners. We mention this, as coinciding with the account we have given in this volume of that extraordinary character.

Zerah continued in London for a few months, in the employment of Mr. Young, in making astronomical calculations. He had, however, a desire, enforced by his father's death-bed injunctions, to return to his

country, and his mother, at Cabot. Again aided by his friend, Lord Bristol, he was provided with necessary means, and in June, 1824, he arrived at New York. On the third of July he approached his mother's door. He found there an elderly woman, and being uncertain who it was, he asked if she could tell him where the widow Colburn lived. "I am she," was the reply.

The mother of Zerah Colburn was a remarkable woman. During the long absence of her husband, with a family of eight children, and almost entirely destitute of property, she had sustained the burthen with indomitable energy. She wrought with her own hands, in house and field; bargained away the little farm for a better; and, as her son says, "by a course of persevering industry, hard fare, and trials such as few women are accustomed to, she has hitherto succeeded in supporting herself, besides doing a good deal for her children."

Zerah Colburn was now unable to offer much aid to his mother or the family. He found employment for a time as a teacher; but his mind at last was impressed with religious views, and after some vicissitudes of life, and many fluctuations of feeling, he finally adopted the Methodist faith, and became a humble but sincere preacher of that sect. With pious, patient assiduity he continued in this career for a number of years. He published a modest memoir of his life and adventures, from which we have gathered the greater part of our account,—and at last became professor of the Greek, Latin, French and Spanish languages, as well as of classical literature, in the "Ver-

mont University," at Norwich. At this place he died, March 2d, 1840, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Whoever has carefully attended to the facts stated in the early part of this notice, will be prepared to admit that Zerah Colburn was one of the most astonishing intellectual prodigies that has ever appeared. Totally uninstructed in figures, at the age of six years, he was able to perform mental operations which no man living, by all the training of art, is able to accomplish. It had been stated by scientific men, that no rule existed for finding the factors of numbers; yet this child discovered a rule by which he ascertained results of this kind, accessible only to skilful arithmeticians. In the London prospectus, the following facts, in relation to this point, are stated, which cannot fail to excite astonishment.

At one of his exhibitions, among various questions, it was proposed that he should give the factors of 171,395—and he named the following as the only ones: 5×34279 ; 7×22485 ; 59×2905 ; 83×2065 ; 35×4897 ; 295×581 ; 413×415 . He was then asked to give the factors of 36,083; but he immediately replied that it had none, which is the fact, it being a prime number. "It had been asserted and maintained by the French mathematicians that 4294-967297, was a prime number; but the celebrated Euler detected the error by discovering that it was equal to $641 \times 6,700,417$. The same number was proposed to this child, who found out the factors by the mere operation of his mind."

Great pains were taken to discover the processes by which this boy performed his operations. For a

long time he was too ignorant of terms, and too little accustomed to watch the operations of his mind, to do this. He said to a lady, in Boston, who sought to make him disclose his mode of calculation, "I cannot tell you how I do these things. God gave me the power." At a subsequent time, however, while at the house of Mr. Francis Bailey, in London, upon some remark being made, the boy said suddenly, and without being asked—"I will tell you how I extract roots." He then proceeded to tell his operations. This is detailed in Zerah's book; but it in no degree abates our wonder. The rule does not greatly facilitate the operation; it still demands an effort of mind utterly beyond the capacity of most intellects; and after all, the very rule itself was the invention of a child.

As he did not at first know the meaning of the word factor, when desired to find the factors of a particular number, the question was put in this form—"What two numbers multiplied together will produce such a number?" His rule for solving such problems was sought for with much curiosity. At last this was discovered. While in Edinburgh, in 1813, he being then nine years old, he waked up one night, and said suddenly to his father—"I can tell you how I find the factors!" His father rose, obtained a light, and wrote down the rule, at Zerah's dictation.

It appears that when he came to maturity, these faculties did not improve; and after a time he was even less expert in arithmetical calculations than when he was ten years old. It is probable, his whole mind was weakened, rather than strengthened, by the

peculiar circumstances of his life. As a preacher, he was in no way distinguished. He says this in his book, with simple honesty; and seems at a loss to understand the design of Providence in bestowing upon him so stupendous a gift, which, so far as he was able to discover, had produced no adequate results.

He suggests, indeed, a single instance, in which an atheist in Vermont, who witnessed his performances in childhood, was induced to reflect upon the almost miraculous powers of the mind, and led to the conclusion that it must have an intelligent author. He saw that which was as hard to believe, as much beyond the routine of experience, as any miracle—and hence fairly concluded that miracles could be true. By this course of reflection he was induced to reject his infidelity, and afterwards became a sincere Christian.

This, we doubt not, was one of the designs of Providence, in the bestowment of Zerah Colburn's wonderful gifts. But their use should not be confined to an individual case. If there is argument for God in a flower, how much more in a child of Zerah Colburn's endowments? What infidelity can withstand such an instance, and still say, there is no God? And farther, let us reflect upon the noble powers of the mind, and rejoice, yet with fear and trembling, that we are possessors of an inheritance, which, at God's bidding, is capable of such mighty expansion.

The history of Zerah Colburn may teach us one thing more—that the gifts of genius are not always sources of happiness to the possessor; that mental affluence, like worldly riches, often brings sorrow,

rather than peace to the possessor ; and that moderate natural gifts, well cultivated, are generally the most useful in society, and most conducive to the happiness of the possessor.



Zerah Colburn, at eight years of age.

BARATIERE.

JOHN PHILIP BARATIERE was a most extraordinary instance of the early and rapid exertion of mental faculties. He was the son of Francis Baratiere, minister of the French church at Schwoback, near Nuremberg, where he was born, January 10, 1721. The French was his mother tongue, and German was the language of the people around him. His father talked to him in Latin, and with this he became familiar; so that, without knowing the rules of grammar, he, at four years of age, talked French to his mother, Latin to his father, and High Dutch to the servants and neighboring children, without mixing or confounding the respective languages.

About the middle of his fifth year, he acquired a knowledge of the Greek; so that in fifteen months he perfectly understood all the Greek books in the Old and New Testament, which he translated into Latin. When five years and eight months old, he entered upon Hebrew; and in three years more, was so expert in the Hebrew text, that, from a Bible without points, he could give the sense of the original in Latin or French, or translate, extempore, the Latin or

French versions into Hebrew. He composed a dictionary of rare and difficult Hebrew words ; and about his tenth year, amused himself, for twelve months, with the rabbinical writers.

He now obtained a knowledge of the Chaldaic, Syriac and Arabic ; and acquired a taste for divinity and ecclesiastical antiquity, by studying the Greek fathers of the first four ages of the church. In the midst of these occupations, a pair of globes coming into his possession, he could, in eight or ten days, resolve all the problems upon them ; and in January, 1735, at the age of fourteen, he devised his project for the discovery of the longitude, which he communicated to the Royal Society of London, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin !

In June, 1731, he was matriculated in the university of Altorf ; and at the close of 1732, he was presented by his father at the meeting of the reformed churches of the circle, at Franconia ; who, astonished at his wonderful talents, admitted him to assist in the deliberations of the synod ; and, to preserve the memory of so singular an event, it was registered in their acts. In 1734, the Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, granted this young scholar a pension of fifty florins ; and his father receiving a call to the French church at Stetten, in Pomerania, young Baratiere was, on the journey, admitted master of arts. At Berlin, he was honored with several conversations with the king of Prussia, and was received into the Royal Academy.

Towards the close of his life, he acquired a considerable taste for medals, inscriptions, and antiquities,

metaphysical inquiries, and experimental philosophy. He wrote several essays and dissertations; made astronomical remarks and laborious calculations; took great pains towards a history of the heresies of the Anti-Trinitarians, and of the thirty years' war in Germany. His last publication, which appeared in 1740, was on the succession of the bishops of Rome. The final work he engaged in, and for which he had gathered large materials, was *Inquiries concerning the Egyptian Antiquities*. But the substance of this blazing meteor was now almost exhausted; he was always weak and sickly, and died October 5th, 1740, aged nineteen years, eight months, and sixteen days. Baratiere published eleven different pieces, and left twenty-six manuscripts, on various subjects, the contents of which may be seen in his *Life*, written by Mr. Formey, professor of philosophy at Berlin.



GASSENDI.

PIERRE GASSENDI, one of the most famous naturalists and philosophers of France, was born at Chantersier, January 22, 1592, of poor parents. They were, however, wise and virtuous people, and perceiving the extraordinary gifts of their son, did everything in their power to promote his education. At the age of four years, young Pierre used to declaim little sermons of his own composition, which were quite interesting. At the age of seven, he would steal away from his parents, and spend a great part of the night in observing the stars. This made his friends say he was born an astronomer. At this age, he had a dispute with the boys of the village, whether the moon or the clouds moved; to convince them that the moon did not move, he took them behind a tree, and made them take notice that the moon kept its situation between the same leaves while the clouds passed on.

This early disposition to observation led his parents to place him under the care of the clergyman of the village, who gave him the first elements of learning.



GASSENDI PROVING THAT THE

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His ardor for study then became extreme: the day was not long enough for him; and he often read a great part of the night by the light of the lamp that was burning in the church of the village, his family being too poor to allow him candles for his nocturnal studies. He often took only four hours sleep in the night. At the age of ten, he harangued his bishop in Latin, who was passing through the village on his visitation; and he did this with such ease and spirit, that the prelate exclaimed—"That lad will, one day or other, be the wonder of his age." The modest and unassuming conduct of Gassendi gave an additional charm to his talents.

In his manners, this remarkable youth was in general silent, never ostentatiously obtruding upon others, either the acuteness of his understanding, or the eloquence of his conversation; he was never in a hurry to give his opinion before he knew that of the persons who were conversing with him. When men of learning introduced themselves to him, he was contented with behaving to them with great civility, and was not anxious to surprise them into admiration. The entire tendency of his studies was to make himself wiser and better; and to have his intention more constantly before his eyes, he had all his books inscribed with these words, *Sapere aude*; "Dare to be wise."

Such was Gassendi's reputation, that at sixteen he was called to teach rhetoric at the seminary of Digne; in 1614, he was made professor of theology in the same institution; and two years after, he was invited to fill the chair of divinity and philosophy at Aix.

After passing through various promotions, and publishing several works of great merit on philosophical subjects, Gassendi went at last to Paris, where he gained the friendship of Cardinal Richelieu, and shared the admiration of the learned world with the famous philosopher, Descartes.

Being appointed a professor of mathematics in the College Royal of Paris, he gave his attention to astronomical subjects, and greatly increased his reputation. After a life devoted to science, in which his achievements were wonderful, he died at Paris, October 14, 1655, aged sixty-three years. Distinguished by his vast learning, his admirable clearness of mind, the diversity of his acquirements, the calmness and dignity of his character, and the amiableness of his manners, Gassendi was alike one of the brightest ornaments of his age and of human nature.



PASCAL.

BLAISE PASCAL "perhaps the most brilliant intellect that ever lighted on this lower world," was born at Clermont, in the province of Auvergne, on the 19th of June, 1623. He was descended from one of the best families in that province. As soon as he was able to speak, he discovered marks of extraordinary capacity. This he evinced, not only by the general pertinency and acuteness of his replies, but also by the questions which he asked concerning the nature of things, and his reasonings upon them, which were much superior to what is common at his age. His mother having died in 1626, his father, who was an excellent scholar and an able mathematician, and who lived in habits of intimacy with several persons of the greatest learning and science at that time in France, determined to take upon himself the whole charge of his son's education.

One of the instances in which young Pascal displayed his disposition to reason upon anything, is the following. He had been told that God rested from his labors on the seventh day, and hallowed it, and had commanded all mankind to suspend their labor and

do no work on the Sabbath. When he was about seven years of age, he was seen, of a Sabbath morning, measuring some blades of grass. When asked what he was doing, he replied that he was going to see if the grass grew on Sunday, and if God ceased working on the Sabbath, as he had commanded mankind to do !

Before young Pascal had attained his twelfth year, two circumstances occurred, which deserve to be recorded, as they discovered the turn, and evinced the superiority, of his mind. Having remarked one day, at table, the sound produced by a person accidentally striking an earthenware plate with a knife, and that the vibrations were immediately stopped by putting his hand on the plate, he became anxious to investigate the cause of this phenomenon ; he employed himself in making a number of experiments on sound, the results of which he committed to writing, so as to form a little treatise on the subject, which was found very correct and ingenious.

The other occurrence was his first acquisition, or, as it might not be improperly termed, his invention of geometry. His father, though very fond of mathematics, had studiously kept from his son all the means of becoming acquainted with this subject. This he did, partly in conformity to the maxim he had hitherto followed, of keeping his son superior to his task ; and partly from an apprehension that a science so engaging, and at the same time so abstracted, and which, on that account, was peculiarly suited to the turn of his son's mind, would probably absorb too

much of his attention, and stop the progress of his other studies, if he were at once initiated into it.

But the activity of an inquisitive and penetrating mind is not to be so easily restrained. As, from respect to his father's authority, however, the youth had so far regarded his prohibition as to pursue this study only in private, and at his hours of recreation, he went on for some time undiscovered. But one day, while he was employed in this manner, his father accidentally came into the room, unobserved by Pascal, who was wholly intent on the subject of his investigation. His father stood for some time unperceived, and observed, with the greatest astonishment, that his son was surrounded with geometrical figures, and was then actually employed in finding out the proportion of the angles formed by a triangle, one side of which is produced; which is the subject of the thirty-second proposition in the First Book of Euclid.

The father at length asked his son what he was doing. The latter, surprised and confused to find his father was there, told him he wanted to find out this and that, mentioning the different parts contained in that theorem. His father then asked how he came to inquire about that. He replied, that he had found out such a thing, naming some of the more simple problems; and thus, in reply to different questions, he showed that he had gone on his own investigations, totally unassisted, from the most simple definition in geometry, to Euclid's thirty-second proposition. This, it must be remembered, was when Pascal was but twelve years of age.

His subsequent progress perfectly accorded with this extraordinary display of talent. His father now gave him Euclid's Elements to peruse at his hours of recreation. He read them, and understood them, without any assistance. His progress was so rapid that he was soon admitted to the meetings of a society of which his father, Roberval, and some other celebrated mathematicians were members, and from which afterwards originated the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris.

During Pascal's residence with his father at Rouen, and while he was only in his nineteenth year, he invented his famous arithmetical machine, by which all numerical calculations, however complex, can be made by the mechanical operation of its different parts, without any arithmetical skill in the person who uses it. He had a patent for this invention in 1649. His studies, however, began to be interrupted when he reached his eighteenth year by some symptoms of ill health, which were thought to be the effect of intense application, and which never afterwards entirely quitted him; so that he was sometimes accustomed to say, that from the time he was eighteen, he had never passed a day without pain. But Pascal, though out of health, was still Pascal; ever active, ever inquiring, and satisfied only with that for which an adequate reason could be assigned. Having heard of the experiments instituted by Torricelli, to find out the cause of the rise of water in fountains and pumps, and of the mercury in the barometer, he was induced to repeat them, and to make others, to satisfy himself upon the subject.

In 1654, he invented his arithmetical triangle, for the solution of problems respecting the combinations of stakes, in unfinished games of hazard; and long after that, he wrote his Demonstrations of the Problems relating to the Cycloid; besides several pieces on other subjects in the higher branches of the mathematics, for which his genius was probably most fitted. Pascal, though not rich, was independent in his circumstances; and as his peculiar talents, his former habits, and the state of his health, all called for retirement, he adopted a secluded mode of life. From 1655, he associated only with a few friends of the same religious opinions with himself, and lived for the most part in privacy in the society of Port Royal.

At this period, the Catholics being divided into Jesuits and Jansenists, Pascal, being of the latter, published his famous Provincial Letters. These are so distinguished for their admirable wit, their keen argument, and their exquisite beauty of style, as to have even extorted praise from Voltaire and D'Alembert. He also wrote other pieces against the Jesuits, marked with great talent.

Pascal's health, however, continued to decline; and it is probable that his mind suffered in consequence. Though his life had been singularly blameless, still he seemed to be pained with a sense of inward sin. He was accustomed to wear an iron belt around his waist, in which were sharp points, upon which he would strike his elbows, or his arms, when any unholy passion crossed his mind. He continued to practise charity toward all mankind, and severe austerities to himself, until at last he was attacked with

sickness, and on the 19th of August, 1662, he died. His last words were, "May God never forsake me!"

The latter part of his life was wholly spent in religious meditations, though he committed to paper such pious thoughts as occurred to him. These were published after his death, under the title of "Thoughts on Religion and other Subjects." They have been greatly admired for their depth, eloquence and Christian spirit.



Pascal.



G R O T I U S .

HUGO GROTIUS, celebrated for his early display of genius and learning, as well as for his adventures and writings in after life, was born at Delft, in Holland, April 10, 1583. He had the best masters to direct his education, and from childhood, was not only distinguished by the great brilliancy of his mind, but also by his application to study. Such was his progress, that, at eight years of age, he composed Latin elegiac verses of great cleverness, and at fourteen, he maintained public theses in mathematics, law, and philosophy with general applause. His reputation by this time was established, and he was mentioned by the principal scholars of the age, as a prodigy of

learning, and as destined to make a conspicuous figure in the republic of letters.

In 1598, he accompanied Barnevelt, ambassador extraordinary of the Dutch Republic, in a journey to France, where he was introduced to Henry IV., who was so pleased with his learning, that he presented him with his picture and a gold chain. While in France, he took the degree of doctor of laws. The following year he commenced practice as an advocate, and pleaded his first cause at Delft. In the same year, though then only seventeen, he was chosen historiographer to the United Provinces, in preference to several learned men who were candidates for that office.

Grotius now rapidly rose in rank and reputation: he published several works of great merit, and was appointed to various public offices of high trust. On one occasion he was sent by the government to England to attend to some negotiations, at which time he became acquainted with King James II. But serious religious difficulties now began to agitate Holland. In 1618, a synod met at Dort to take these into consideration. They proceeded to condemn the Arminian doctrines, and to banish all the preachers who upheld them. Barnevelt, who was a celebrated statesman, Grotius, and Hoogurbetz, advocated these sentiments; they were tried and condemned; the first was executed and the two others were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment.

In his prison of Louvestien, Grotius found consolation in literary pursuits. His wife, after much entreaty, was permitted to visit him, and she did

everything which the most devoted affection could suggest, to alleviate his confinement. She was accustomed to send him books in the chest which was conveyed out and in, with his linen : this was carefully examined by the jailer, for a time, but finding nothing amiss, he became less suspicious and careful.

Taking notice of this, the wife of Grotius, after he had been confined about two years, devised a scheme for his escape. She pretended to have a large quantity of books to send away. Having a small chest of drawers, about three feet and a half long, she packed her husband into it, and it was carried out by two soldiers, who supposed they were transporting a quantity of books. The chest was now put on a horse, and carried to Gorcum, where the illustrious prisoner was set at liberty.

Disguised in the dress of a mason, with a rule and a trowel in his hand, he fled to Antwerp, which was not under the government of the Stadtholder, Prince Maurice, who had caused his imprisonment. Here he wrote to the State's General of Holland, asserting his innocence of any wrong, in the course he had taken, and for which he had been deprived of liberty. He afterwards went to Paris, where he received a pension from the king.

After the death of Prince Maurice, his confiscated property and estates were restored, and he returned to Holland ; but he still found such a spirit of rancor against him, among the principal persons, that he left the country forever, and took up his residence at Hamburgh. Here he received the most flattering proposals from the kings of Portugal, Spain, Den-

mark, and other countries, who admired his great abilities, and desired him to seek shelter and protection with them.

He finally adopted Sweden as his country, and becoming the queen's ambassador to France, he proceeded, in that character, to Paris, where, for eight years, he sustained the interests of his patron with firmness and dignity. At last, being weary of public life, he solicited his recall. In August, 1648, he embarked for Lubec, where he intended to reside; but, meeting with a dreadful storm, he was driven upon the coast of Pomerania, and obliged to take a land journey of sixty miles, in order to reach Rostock, during which he was exposed to the rain and inclement weather. A fever soon set in, and at midnight, on the 28th of August, the illustrious stranger died.

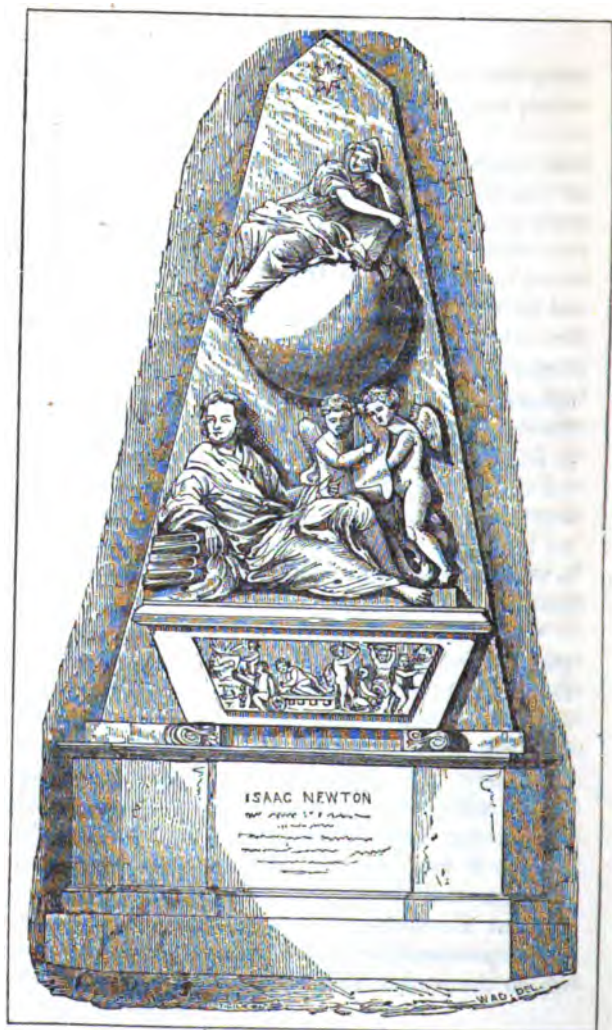
Grotius has left behind him many works, some of them of great value. His treatise upon the "Truth of the Christian Religion," written in Latin, like his other productions, is one of the best defences of that system which has ever appeared. His work on the law of Peace and War, is still of high authority. We must look upon Grotius as a man of great acuteness, as well as vast expanse of mind. He was, indeed, in advance of his generation, and, like other patriots and philanthropists, who see farther than those around them, he was an object of hatred and disgust, for those very things which in an after age brought him the homage and gratitude of mankind. In an intolerant age, Grotius was in favor of toleration, and this alone was a crime which his generation could not forget or forgive.

NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the greatest of natural philosophers, was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, December 25, 1642, old style. At his birth he was so small and weak that his life was despaired of. On the death of his father, which took place while he was yet an infant, the manor of Woolsthorpe became his heritage. His mother sent him, at an early age, to the village school, and in his twelfth year, to the seminary of Grantham.

While here he displayed a decided taste for mechanical and philosophical inventions; and avoiding the society of other children, provided himself with a collection of saws, hammers, and other instruments, with which he constructed models of many kinds of machinery. He also made hour-glasses, acting by the descent of water. A new windmill, of a peculiar construction, having been erected in the town, he studied it until he succeeded in imitating it, and placed a mouse inside, which he called the miller.

Some knowledge of drawing being necessary in these operations, he applied himself, without a master, to the study; and the walls of his room were



covered with all sorts of designs. After a short period, however, his mother took him home, for the purpose of employing him on the farm and about the affairs of the house. She sent him several times to market, at Grantham, with the produce of the farm. A trusty servant was sent with him, and the young philosopher left him to manage the business, while he himself employed his time in reading. A sundial, which he constructed on the wall of the house at Woolsthorpe, is still shown. His irresistible passion for study and science finally induced his mother to send him back to Grantham. Here he continued for a time, and was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1660.

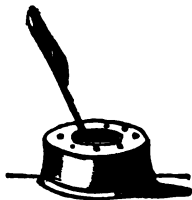
At the latter place he studied mathematics with the utmost assiduity. In 1667, he obtained a fellowship; in 1669, the mathematical professorship; and in 1671, he became a member of the Royal Society. It was during his abode at Cambridge that he made his three great discoveries, of fluxions, the nature of light and colors, and the laws of gravitation. To the latter of these his attention was first turned by his seeing an apple fall from a tree. The *Principia*, which unfolded to the world the theory of the universe, was not published till 1687. In that year also Newton was chosen one of the delegates to defend the privileges of the university against James II.; and in 1688 and 1701 he was elected one of the members of the university. He was appointed warden of the mint in 1696; he was made master of it in 1699; was chosen president of the Royal Society in 1703; and was knighted in 1705. He died March 20, 1727.

His "Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse" appeared in 1733, in quarto. "It is astonishing," says Dr. Hutton, "what care and industry Newton employed about the papers relating to chronology, church history, &c. ; as, on examining them, it appears that many are copies over and over again, often with little or no variation." All the works of this eminent philosopher were published by Dr. Samuel Horsley, in 1779, in five volumes, quarto ; and an English translation of his "*Philosophæ Naturalis Principia Mathematicæ*," is extant.

The character of this great man has been thus drawn by Mr. Hume, in his history of England. "In Newton, Britain may boast of having produced the greatest and rarest genius that ever rose for the ornament and instruction of the human species. Cautious in admitting no principles but such as were founded on experiment, but resolute to adopt every such principle, however new or unusual ; from modesty, ignorant of his superiority over the rest of mankind, and thence less careful to accommodate such reasonings to common apprehensions ; more anxious to merit than acquire fame :—he was from these causes long unknown to the world ; but his reputation at last broke out with a lustre, which scarcely any writer, during his own lifetime, had ever before attained. While Newton seemed to draw off the veil from some of the mysteries of nature, he showed at the same time some of the imperfections of the mechanical philosophy ; and thereby restored her ultimate secrets to that obscurity in which they ever did and ever will remain."

The remains of Sir Isaac Newton were interred in Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent monument is erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription, concluding thus:—"Let mortals congratulate themselves that so great an ornament of human nature has existed." His character is shown, by Dr. Brewster, to have been that of the humble and sincere Christian. Of nature, antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures, he was a diligent, sagacious, and faithful interpreter. He maintained by his philosophy the dignity of the Supreme Being, and in his manners he exhibited the simplicity of the Gospel. "I seem to myself," he said, "to be like a child, picking up a shell here and there on the shore of the great ocean of truth." He would hardly admit that he had a genius above other men, but attributed his discoveries to the intentness with which he applied to the study of philosophy. We cannot better close our notice of this great man, than in the words of Pope :

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night—
God said, 'let Newton be'—and all was light!"



MAGLIABECCHI.

ANTONY MAGLIABECCHI was born at Florence, on the 29th of October, in the year 1633. His parents were so poor as to be well satisfied when they got him into the service of a man who sold greens. He had not yet learned to read, but he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as waste paper in his master's shop. A bookseller who lived in the neighborhood, observed this, and knowing that the boy could not read, asked him one day what he meant by staring so much at pieces of printed paper? He said, that he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things; that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him.

The bookseller was pleased with this answer; and at last told him, that if his master were willing to part with him, he would take him. Young Magliabecchi was highly delighted, and the more so, when his master, agreeably to the bookseller's desire, gave him leave to go. He went, therefore, directly to his new business. He had not long been there, before he could find out any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller himself. In a short period he had learned to read, and then he was always reading when he could find time.

He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. A love of reading was his ruling passion ; and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read all kinds of books, almost indifferently, as they came into his hands, and that with a surprising quickness ; yet he retained not only the sense, but often the words and the very manner of spelling.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermina, librarian to the Cardinal de Medicis, and Marmi, the Grand Duke's librarian. He was by them introduced to the conversation of the learned, and made known at court. He now began to be looked upon everywhere as a prodigy, particularly for his unbounded memory.

In order to make an experiment in respect to this, a gentleman of Florence, who had written a piece, which was to be printed, lent the manuscript to Magliabecchi. Sometime after it had been returned, he came to the librarian with a melancholy face, and told him that by some accident he had lost his manuscript ; and seemed almost inconsolable, entreating Magliabecchi, at the same time, to endeavor to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down. Magliabecchi assured him he would do so, and on setting about it, wrote down the whole, without missing a word.

By treasuring up everything he read, in this wonderful manner, or at least the subject, and all the principal parts of the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintance expressed it, " an universal index, both of titles and matter."

By this time, Magliabecchi was grown so famous for the vast extent of his reading, and his amazing retention of what he had read, that it began to grow common amongst the learned to consult him when they were writing on any subject. Thus, for instance, if a priest was going to compose a panegyric upon any favorite saint, and came to communicate his design to Magliabecchi, he would immediately tell him who had said anything of that saint, and in what part of their works, and that, sometimes, to the number of above a hundred authors. He would tell them not only who had treated of their subject designedly, but of such, also, as had touched upon it incidentally, in writing on other subjects. All this he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book, the words, and often the very number of the page in which the passage referred to was inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon almost as an oracle, for the ready and full answers that he gave to all questions proposed to him in respect to any subject or science whatever.

It was his great eminence in this way, and his almost inconceivable knowledge of books, that induced the Grand Duke, Cosmo the third, to make him his librarian. What a happiness must it have been to one like Magliabecchi, who delighted in nothing so much as reading, to have the command and use of such a collection of books as that in the Duke's palace! He was also very conversant with the books in the Lorenzo library; and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo, and Francisco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany.

Magliabecchi had a local memory, too, of the places where every book stood, in the libraries which he frequented ; he seems, indeed, to have carried this even farther. One day the Grand Duke sent for him to ask whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce. " No, sir," answered Magliabecchi, " for there is but one in the world, and that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople ; it is the seventh book on the second shelf, on the right hand, as you go in."

Though Magliabecchi lived so sedentary a life, with such an intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, on the 14th of July, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library, of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it ; and whatever should remain over, to the poor.

In his manner of living, Magliabecchi affected the character of Diogenes ; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, were his usual repast. When his friends went to see him, they generally found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, around him. His cradle, or bed, was generally attached to the nearest pile of books by a number of cobwebs : at the entrance of any one, he used to call out, " Do n't hurt my spiders !"



JAMES CRICHTON.

JAMES CRICHTON, commonly called 'The Admirable,' son of Robert Crichton, of Eliock, who was Lord Advocate to King James VI., was born in Scotland, in the year 1561. The precise place of his birth is not mentioned, but he received the best part of his education at St. Andrews, at that time the most celebrated seminary in Scotland, where the illustrious Buchanan was one of his masters. At the early age of fourteen, he took his degree of Master of Arts, and was considered a prodigy, not only in abilities, but in actual attainments.

It was the custom of the time for Scotchmen of birth to finish their education abroad, and serve in some foreign army, previously to entering that of their own country. When he was only sixteen or seventeen years old, Crichton's father sent him to the Continent. He had scarcely arrived in Paris, which was then a gay and splendid city, famous for jousting, fencing, and dancing, when he publicly challenged all scholars and philosophers to a disputation at the College of Navarre. He proposed that it should be carried on in any one of twelve specified languages, and have relation to any science or art, whether practical or theoretical. The challenge was accepted; and, as if to show in how little need he stood of preparation,

or how lightly he held his adversaries, he spent the six weeks that elapsed between the challenge and the contest, in a continual round of tilting, hunting, and dancing.

On the appointed day, however, and in the contest, he is said to have encountered all the gravest philosophers and divines, and to have acquitted himself to the astonishment of all who heard him. He received the public praises of the president and four of the most eminent professors. The very next day he appeared at a tilting match in the Louvre, and carried off the ring from all his accomplished and experienced competitors.

Enthusiasm was now at its height, particularly among the ladies of the court, and from the versatility of his talents, his youth, the gracefulness of his manners, and the beauty of his person, he was named *L'Admirable*. After serving two years in the army of Henry III., who was engaged in a civil war with his Huguenot subjects, Crichton repaired to Italy, and repeated at Rome, in the presence of the Pope and cardinals, the literary challenge and triumph that had gained him so much honor at Paris.

From Rome he went to Venice, at which gay city he arrived in a depressed state of spirits. None of his Scottish biographers are very willing to acknowledge the fact, but it appears quite certain, that, spite of his noble birth and connexions, he was miserably poor, and became for some time dependent on the bounty of a Venetian printer—the celebrated Aldus Manutius. After a residence of four months at Venice, where his learning, engaging manners, and various

accomplishments, excited universal wonder, as is made evident by several Italian writers who were living at the time, and whose lives were published, Crichton went to the neighboring city of Padua, in the learned university of which he reaped fresh honors by Latin poetry, scholastic disputation, an exposition of the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, and as a playful wind-up of the day's labors, a declamation upon the happiness of ignorance.

Another day was fixed for a public disputation in the palace of the bishop of Padua ; but this being prevented from taking place, gave some incredulous or envious men the opportunity of asserting that Crichton was a literary impostor, whose acquirements were totally superficial. His reply was a public challenge. The contest, which included the Aristotelian and platonic philosophies, and the mathematics of the time, was prolonged during three days, before an innumerable concourse of people. His friend, Aldus Manutius, who was present at what he calls "this miraculous encounter," says he proved completely victorious, and that he was honored by such a rapture of applause as was never before heard.

Crichton's journeying from university to university to stick up challenges on church doors, and college pillars, though it is said to have been in accordance with customs not then obsolete, certainly attracted some ridicule among the Italians ; for Boccalini, after copying one of his placards, in which he announces his arrival, and his readiness to dispute extemporaneously on all subjects, says that a wit wrote under it, "and whosoever wishes to see him, let him go to

the Falcon Inn, where he will be shown,"—which is the formula used by showmen for the exhibition of a wild beast, or any other monster.

We next hear of Crichton at Mantua, and as the hero of a combat more tragical than those carried on by the tongue or the pen. A certain Italian gentleman, "of a mighty, able, nimble, and vigorous body, but by nature fierce, cruel, warlike, and audacious, and superlatively expert and dexterous in the use of his weapon," was in the habit of going from one city to another, to challenge men to fight with cold steel, just as Crichton did to challenge them to scholastic combats. This itinerant gladiator, who had marked his way through Italy with blood, had just arrived in Mantau, and killed three young men, the best swordsmen of that city. By universal consent, the Italians were the ablest masters of fence in Europe; a reputation to which they seem still entitled. To encounter a victor among such masters, was a stretch of courage; but Crichton, who had studied the sword from his youth, and who had probably improved himself in the use of the rapier in Italy, did not hesitate to challenge the redoubtable bravo.

Though the duke was unwilling to expose so accomplished a gentleman to so great a hazard, yet, relying upon the report he had heard of his warlike qualifications, he agreed to the proposal; and the time and place being appointed, the whole court attended to behold the performance. At the beginning of the combat, Crichton stood only upon his defence, while the Italian made his attack with such eagerness and fury, that, having exhausted himself, he began to grow

weary. The young Scotsman now seized the opportunity of attacking his antagonist in return ; which he did with so much dexterity and vigor, that he ran him through the body in three different places, of which wounds he immediately died.

The acclamations of the spectators were loud and long-continued upon this occasion ; and it was acknowledged by all, that they had never seen nature second the precepts of art in so lively and graceful a manner as they had beheld it on that day. To crown the glory of the action, Crichton bestowed the rich prize awarded for his victory, upon the widows of the three persons who had lost their lives in fighting with the gladiator.

In consequence of this and his other wonderful performances, the duke of Mantua made choice of him for preceptor to his son, Vicentio de Gonzago, who is represented as being of a riotous temper, and dissolute life. The appointment was highly pleasing to the court. Crichton, to testify his gratitude to his friends and benefactors, and to contribute to their diversion, framed a comedy, wherein he exposed and ridiculed the weaknesses and failures of the several occupations and pursuits in which men are engaged. This composition was regarded as one of the most ingenious satires that ever was made upon mankind. But the most astonishing part of the story, is, that Crichton sustained fifteen characters in the representation of his own play. Among the rest, he acted the divine, the philosopher, the lawyer, the mathematician, the physician, and the soldier, with such inimitable skill, that every time he appeared upon the theatre, he seemed to be a different person.

From being the principal actor in a comedy, Crichton soon became the subject of a dreadful tragedy. One night, during the time of Carnival, as he was walking along the streets of Mantua, and playing upon his guitar, he was attacked by half a dozen people in masks. The assailants found that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were not able to maintain their ground against him. At last the leader of the company, being disarmed, pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling Crichton that he was the prince, his pupil. Crichton immediately fell upon his knees, and expressed his concern for his mistake; alleging that what he had done was only in his own defence, and that if Gonzago had any design upon his life, he might always be master of it. Then, taking his own sword by the point, he presented it to the prince, who immediately received it, and was so irritated by the affront which he thought he had sustained, in being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart.

His tragical end excited very great and general lamentation. The whole court of Mantua went three-quarters of a year into mourning for him; and numerous epitaphs and elegies were composed upon his death.

To account in some manner for the extent of Crichton's attainments, it must be recollected that the first scholars of the age were his instructors: for, besides having Rutherford as a tutor, it is stated by Aldus Manutius, that he was also taught by Buchanan, Hessburn, and Robertson; and hence his extraordinary proficiency in the languages, as well as in the sci-

ences, as then taught in the schools of Europe. It must also be recollected that no expense would be spared in his education, as his father was Lord Advocate in Queen Mary's reign, from 1561 to 1573, and his mother, the daughter of Sir James Stuart, was allied to the royal family. It is evident, however, that these advantages were seconded by powers of body and mind rarely united in any human being.



BERONICIUS.

THE history of this man is involved in some obscurity, yet enough is known to show that he was a person of wonderful endowments, and great eccentricity of life and character.

In the year 1674, the celebrated Dutch poet, Antonides Vander Goes, being in Zealand, happened to be in company with a young gentleman, who spoke of the wonderful genius of his language master. Vander Goes expressed a desire to see him, and while they were talking upon the subject, the extraordinary man entered. He was a little, sallow dumpling of a fellow, with fiery eyes, and nimble, fidgetty motions; he was withal a sight to see for the raggedness of his garments.

The strange man soon showed that he was drunk, and shortly after took his leave. But in a subsequent interview with the Dutch poet, he fully justified the character his pupil had given him. His great talent lay in being able with almost miraculous quickness, to turn any written theme into Latin or Greek verse. Upon being put to the trial, by Vander Goes, he succeeded, to the admiration of all present.

The poet had just shown him his verses, and asked his opinion of them. Beronicius read them twice, praised them, and said, "What should hinder me from

turning them into Latin instantly?" The company viewed him with curiosity, and encouraged him by saying, "Well, pray let us see what you can do." In the meantime, the man appeared to be startled. He trembled from head to foot, as if possessed. However, he selected an epigram from the poems, and asked the precise meaning of two or three Dutch words, of which he did not clearly understand the force, and requested that he might be allowed to Latinize the name of *Hare*, which occurred in the poem, in some manner so as not to lose the pun. They agreed; and he immediately said, "I have already found it,—I shall call him *Dasypus*," which signifies an animal with rough legs, and is likewise taken by the Greeks for a hare. "Now, read a couple of lines at a time to me, and I shall give them in Latin," said he;—upon which a poet named Buizero, began to read to him, and Beronicius burst out in the following verses:—

Egregia Dasypus referens virtute leonem
 In bello, adversus Britonas super æquora gesto,
 Impavidus pelago stetit, aggrediente molossum.
 Agmine quem tandem glans ferrea misit ad astra,
 Vindictæ cupidum violato jure profundi.
 Advena, quisquis ades, Zelandæ encomia gentis
 Ista refer, lepores demta quod pelle leonem,
 Assumant, quotquot nostra versantur in orbe.
 Epitaphium Herois Adriani de Haze, ex Belgico versum.

When the poet had finished, he laughed till his sides shook; at the same time he was jeering and pointing at the company, who appeared surprised at his having, contrary to their expectations, acquitted himself so well; everybody highly praised him, which elated him so much that he scratched his head three or four

times; and fixing his fiery eyes on the ground, repeated without hesitation, the same epigram in Greek verse, calling out, "There ye have it in Greek." Every one was astonished, which set him a-laughing and jeering for a quarter of an hour.

The Greek he repeated so rapidly, that no one could write from his recitation. John Frederick Gymnick, professor of the Greek language at Duisburgh, who was one of the auditors, said that he esteemed the Greek version as superior to the Latin. Beronicus was afterwards examined in various ways, and gave such proofs of his wonderful learning, as amazed all the audience.

-This singular genius spoke several languages so perfectly, that each might have passed for his mother tongue; especially Italian, French, and English. But Greek was his favorite, and he used it as correctly and as fluently as if he had always spoken it. He knew by heart the whole of Horace and Virgil, the greatest part of Cicero, and both the Plinys; and would immediately, if a line were mentioned, repeat the whole passage, and tell the exact work, volume, chapter, and verse, of all these, and many more, especially poets. The works of Juvenal were so interwoven with his brain, that he retained every word.

Of the Greek poets, he had Homer strongly imprinted on his memory, together with some of the comedies of Aristophanes; he could directly turn to any line required, and repeat the whole contiguous passage. His Latin was full of words selected from the most celebrated writers.

The reader will probably be desirous of knowing

to what country Beronicius belonged; but this is a secret he never would disclose. When he was asked what was his native land, he always answered, "that the country of every one, was that in which he could live most comfortably." It was well known that he had wandered about many years in France, England, and the Netherlands, carrying his whole property with him. He was sometimes told that he deserved to be a professor in a college;—but his reply was, that he could have no pleasure in such a worm-like life.

Strange to say, this eccentric being gained his living chiefly by sweeping chimneys, grinding knives and scissors, and other mean occupations. But his chief delight was in pursuing the profession of a juggler, mountebank, or merry-andrew, among the lowest rabble. He never gave himself any concern about his food or raiment; for it was equal to him whether he was dressed like a nobleman or a beggar. His hours of relaxation from his studies were chiefly spent in paltry wine-houses, with the meanest company, where he would sometimes remain a whole week, or more, drinking without rest or intermission.

His miserable death afforded reason to believe that he perished whilst intoxicated, for he was found dead at Middleburgh, drowned and smothered in mud, which circumstance is alluded to in the epitaph which the before named poet, Buizero, wrote upon him, and which was as follows:—

Here lies a wonderful genius,
He lived and died like a beast;
He was a most uncommon satyr—
He lived in wine, and died in water.

This is all that is known of Bëronicius. The poet, Vander Goes, often witnessed the display of his talents, and he says that he could at once render the newspapers into Greek and Latin verse. Professor John de Raay, who was living at the time of Bëronicius's death, which occurred in 1676, saw and affirms the same wonderful fact.



MASTER CLENCH.

OF this astonishing youth, we have no information, except what is furnished by the following account, extracted from Mr. Evelyn's diary, of 1689, very shortly after the landing of William III. in England.

"I dined," says Mr. Evelyn, "at the Admiralty, where a child of twelve years old was brought in, the son of Dr. Clench, of the most prodigious maturity of knowledge, for I cannot call it altogether memory, but something more extraordinary. Mr. Pepys and myself examined him, not in any method, but with promiscuous questions, which required judgment and discernment, to answer so readily and pertinently.

"There was not anything in chronology, history, geography, the several systems of astronomy, courses of the stars, longitude, latitude, doctrine of the spheres, courses and sources of rivers, creeks, harbors, eminent cities, boundaries of countries, not only in Europe, but in every part of the earth, which he did not readily resolve, and demonstrate his knowledge of, readily drawing with a pen anything he would describe.

"He was able not only to repeat the most famous things which are left us in any of the Greek or Roman histories, monarchies, republics, wars, colonies, exploits by sea and land, but all the Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; the succession of all the

monarchies, Babylonian, Persian, Greek and Roman ; with all the lower emperors, popes, heresiarchs, and councils ; what they were called about ; what they determined ; or in the controversy about Easter ; the tenets of the Sabellians, Arians, Nestorians ; and the difference between St. Cyprian and Stephen about re-baptization ; the schisms.

“ We leaped from that to other things totally different,—to Olympic years and synchronisms ; we asked him questions which could not be answered without considerable meditation and judgment ; nay, of some particulars of the civil wars ; of the digest and code. He gave a stupendous account of both natural and moral philosophy, and even of metaphysics.

“ Having thus exhausted ourselves, rather than this wonderful child, or angel rather, for he was as beautiful and lovely in countenance as in knowledge, we concluded with asking him, if, in all he had ever heard or read of, he had ever met with anything which was like the expedition of the Prince of Orange, with so small a force, as to obtain three kingdoms without any contest. After a little thought, he told us that he knew of nothing that resembled it, so much as the coming of Constantine the Great out of Great Britain, through France and Italy, so tedious a march, to meet Maxentius, whom he overthrew at Pons Melvius, with very little conflict, and at the very gates of Rome, which he entered, and was received with triumph, and obtained the empire not of three kingdoms only, but of the then known world.

“ He was perfect in the Latin authors, spoke French naturally, and gave us a description of France, Italy,

Savoy and Spain, anciently and modernly divided ; as also of ancient Greece, Scythia, and the northern countries and tracts.

“ He answered our questions without any set or formal repetitions, as one who had learned things without book, but as if he minded other things, going about the room, and toying with a parrot, seeming to be full of play, of a lively, sprightly temper, always smiling, and exceedingly pleasant ; without the least levity, rudeness, or childishness.”





J E D E D I A H B U X T O N .

THIS extraordinary man was born in 1705, at Elmeton, in Derbyshire. His father was a schoolmaster ; and yet, from some strange neglect, Jedediah was never taught either to read or write. So great, however, were his natural talents for calculation, that he became remarkable for his knowledge of the relative proportions of numbers, their powers and progressive denominations. To these objects he applied all the powers of his mind, and his attention was so constantly rivetted upon them, that he was often totally abstracted from external objects. Even when he did notice them, it was only with respect to their numbers. If any space of time happened to be mentioned before him, he would presently inform the company

that it contained so many minutes; and if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it, even though no question were asked him.

Being, on one occasion, required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product by mental arithmetic, as soon as a person in company had completed it in the common way. Being requested to work it audibly, that his method might be known, he first multiplied 456 by 5, which produced 2,280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand, multiplied by 100. This product he again multiplied by 3, which gave 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300. It remained, therefore, to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2,280, or the product of the multiplicand, multiplied by 5, by 15, as 5 times 15 is 75. This product being 34,200, he added to 136,800, which gave 171,000, being the amount of 375 times 456. To complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1,368, and this being added to 171,000, yielded 172,368, as the product of 456 multiplied by 378.

From these particulars, it appears that Jedediah's method of calculation was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules of arithmetic, as to multiply first by 5, and the product by 20, to find the amount when multiplied by 100, which the addition of two ciphers to the multiplicand would have given at once.

A person who had heard of these efforts of memory, once meeting with him accidentally, proposed the following question, in order to try his calculating

powers. If a field be 423 yards long, and 383 broad, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product, 162,009 yards, in the space of two minutes; for the proposer observed by the watch, how long it took him. The same person asked how many acres the said field measured; and in eleven minutes, he replied, 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches, 20 yards and a quarter. He was then asked how many barley-corns would reach eight miles. In a minute and a half, he answered 1,520,640. The next question was: supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of that wheel to be six yards. In thirteen minutes, he answered, 59,840 times.

On another occasion a person proposed to him this question: in a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubic eighths of an inch? In about five hours Jedediah had accurately solved this intricate problem, though in the midst of business, and surrounded by more than a hundred laborers.

Next to figures, the only objects of Jedediah's curiosity were the king and royal family. So strong was his desire to see them, that in the beginning of the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but returned disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington just as he arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *Folk of the Siety Court*. The gentlemen present asked him several questions

in arithmetic to try his abilities, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

During his residence in the metropolis, he was taken to see the tragedy of King Richard the Third, performed at Drury Lane, Garrick being one of the actors. It was expected that the novelty of everything in that place, together with the splendor of the surrounding objects, would have filled him with astonishment; or that his passions would have been roused in some degree, by the action of the performers, even though he might not fully comprehend the dialogue. This, certainly, was a rational idea; but his thoughts were far otherwise employed. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps; after a fine piece of music, he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure, but he counted the words uttered by Mr. Garrick, in the whole course of the entertainment; and declared that in this part of the business, he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune, and educated to no particular profession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labor of his hands. His talents, had they been properly cultivated, might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he, nevertheless, pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, and procure a daily subsistence for himself and family. He was married and had several children. He died in the year 1775, aged seventy years. Though a man of wonderful powers of arithmetical calculation,

and generally regarded as a prodigy in his way—it is still obvious that, after the practice of years, he was incapable of solving questions, which Zerah Colburn, at the age of six or seven years, answered in the space of a few seconds.



WILLIAM GIBSON.

WILLIAM GIBSON was born in the year 1720, at the village of Bolton, in Westmoreland, England. On the death of his father, he put himself to a farmer to learn his business. When he was about eighteen or nineteen, he rented a small farm of his own, at a place called Hollins, where he applied himself assiduously to study.

A short time previous to this, he had admired the operation of figures, but labored under every disadvantage, for want of education. As he had not yet been taught to read, he got a few lessons in English, and was soon enabled to comprehend a plain author. He then purchased a treatise on arithmetic; and though he could not write, he soon became so expert a calculator, from mental operations only, that he could tell, without setting down a figure, the product of any two numbers multiplied together, although the multiplier and the multiplicand each of them consisted of nine figures. It was equally astonishing that he could answer, in the same manner, questions in division, in decimal fractions, or in the extraction of the square or cube roots, where such a multiplicity

of figures is often required in the operation. Yet at this time he did not know that any merit was due to himself, conceiving that the capacity of other people was like his own.

Finding himself still laboring under farther difficulties for want of a knowledge of writing, he taught himself to write a tolerable hand. As he had not heard of mathematics, he had no idea of anything, in regard to numbers, beyond what he had learned. He thought himself a master of figures, and challenged all his companions and the members of a society he attended, to a trial. Something, however, was proposed to him concerning Euclid. As he did not understand the meaning of the word, he was silent ; but afterwards found it meant a book, containing the elements of geometry ; this he purchased, and applied himself very diligently to the study of it, and against the next meeting he was prepared with an answer in this new science.

He now found himself launching out into a field, of which before he had no conception. He continued his geometrical studies ; and as the demonstration of the different propositions in Euclid depend entirely upon a recollection of some of those preceding, his memory was of the utmost service to him. Besides, it was a study exactly adapted to his mind ; and while he was attending to the business of his farm, and humming over some tune or other, his attention was often engaged with some of his geometrical propositions. A few figures with a piece of chalk, upon the knee of his breeches, or any other convenient spot, were all

he needed to clear up the most difficult parts of the science.

He now began to be struck with the works of nature, and paid particular attention to the theory of the earth, the moon, and the rest of the planets belonging to this system, of which the sun is the centre; and considering the distance and magnitude of the different bodies belonging to it, and the distance of the fixed stars, he soon conceived each of them to be the centre of a different system. He well considered the law of gravity, and that of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, and the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the tides; also the projection of the sphere—stereographic, orthographic, and gnomical; also trigonometry and astronomy. By this time he was possessed of a small library.

He next turned his thoughts to algebra, and took up Emerson's treatise on that subject, and went through it with great success. He also grounded himself in the art of navigation and the principles of mechanics; likewise the doctrine of motion, of falling bodies, and the elements of optics, &c., as a preliminary to fluxions, which had but lately been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton; as the boundary of the mathematics, he went through conic sections, &c. Though he experienced some difficulty at his first entrance, yet he did not rest till he made himself master of both a fluxion and a flowing quantity. As he had paid a similar attention to the intermediate parts, he soon became so conversant with every branch of the mathematics, that no question was ever proposed to him which he could not answer.

He used to take pleasure in solving the arithmetical questions then common in the magazines, but his answers were seldom inserted, except by or in the name of some other person, for he had no ambition to make his abilities known. He frequently had questions from his pupils and other gentlemen in London; from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and different parts of the country, as well as from the university of Gottingen in Germany. These, however difficult, he never failed to answer; and from the minute inquiry he made into natural philosophy, there was scarcely a phenomenon in nature, that ever came to his knowledge or observation, but he could, in some measure at least, reasonably account for it.

He went by the name of Willy-o'-th'-Hollins, for many years after he left his residence in that place. The latter portion of his life was spent in the neighborhood of Cartmell, where he was best known by the name of Willy Gibson, still continuing his former occupation. For the last forty years he kept a school of about eight or ten gentlemen, who boarded and lodged at his own farm-house; and having a happy turn in explaining his ideas, he formed a great number of very able mathematicians, as well as expert accountants. This self-taught philosopher and wonderful man, died on the 4th of October, 1792, at Blaith, near Cartmell, in consequence of a fall, leaving behind him a widow and ten children.

EDMUND STONE.

OF the life of this extraordinary man we have little information. He was probably born in Argyleshire, Scotland, at the close of the seventeenth century. His father was gardener to the Duke of Argyle, and the son assisted him. The duke was walking one day in his garden, when he observed a Latin copy of Newton's Principia, lying on the grass, and supposing it had been brought from his own library, called some one to carry it back to its place. Upon this, young Stone, who was in his eighteenth year, claimed the book as his own. "Yours!" replied the duke; "do you understand geometry, Latin, and Newton?" "I know a little of them," said the young man.

The duke was surprised, and having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young mathematician. He proposed several inquiries, and was astonished at the force, the accuracy and the clearness of his answers. "But how," said the duke, "came you by the knowledge of all these things?" Stone replied, "A servant taught me to read ten years since. Does one need to know anything more than the twenty-six letters, in order to learn everything else that one wishes?"

The duke's curiosity was now greatly increased, and he sat down upon a bank and requested a detail of the whole process by which he had acquired such knowledge. "I first learned to read," said Stone ; "afterwards, when the masons were at work at your house, I approached them one day, and observed that the architect used a rule and compass, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things ; and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and studied it. I was told that there was another science, called geometry. I bought the necessary books, and learned geometry.

"By reading, I found there were good books on these two sciences in Latin ; I therefore bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I understood, also, that there were good books of the same kind in French ; I bought a dictionary and learned French ; and this, my lord, is what I have done. It seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet."

Under the duke's patronage, Stone rose to be a very considerable mathematician, and was elected a member of the Royal Society of London, in 1725. He seems to have lost the favor of the Duke of Argyle, for, in the latter part of his life, he gave lessons in mathematics, and at last died in poverty.

RICHARD EVELYN.

JOHN EVELYN, a very learned English writer, was born in 1620, and died in 1706. He published several works, all of which are valuable. His treatises upon Natural History are greatly valued. He kept a diary, which has been published, and which contains much that is interesting. Of one of his children, who died early, he gives us the following account :

“ After six fits of ague, died, in the year 1658, my son Richard, five years and three days old, but, at that tender age, a prodigy of wit and understanding ; for beauty of body, a very angel ; for endowment of mind, of incredible and rare hopes. To give only a little taste of some of them, and thereby glory to God :

“ At two years and a half old, he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had, before the fifth year, not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular and most of the irregular ; learned Pericles through ; got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and

words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relative verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's Janua; began himself to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek.

"The number of verses he could recite was enormous; and when seeing a Plautus in one's hand, he asked what book it was, and being told it was comedy and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read Æsop. He had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid, that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them.

"As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God: he had learned all his catechism early, and understood the historical part of the Bible and Testament to a wonder—how Christ came to mankind; and how, comprehending these necessities himself, his godfathers were discharged of their promise. These and like illuminations, far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettiness of his address and behavior, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how many days a Quaker had fasted, he replied, that was no wonder, for Christ had said 'man should not live by bread alone, but by the word of God.'

"He would, of himself, select the most pathetic Psalms, and chapters out of Job, to read to his maid

during his sickness, telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaimed against the vanities of the world, before he had seen any. Often he would desire those who came to see him, to pray by him, and a year before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him, alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition! how soon be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continually cheerful! He would give grave advice to his brother John, bear with his impertinences, and say he was but a child.

"If he heard of, or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books, to be expounded. He had learned by heart divers sentences in Greek and Latin, which on occasions he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettiness, far from morose, sullen, or childish in anything he said or did. The last time he had been at church, which was at Greenwich, I asked him, according to custom, what he remembered of the sermon. 'Two good things, father,' said he, '*bonum gratiæ*, and *bonum gloriæ*;' the excellence of grace, and the excellence of glory,—with a just account of what the preacher said.

"The day before he died, he called to me, and, in a more serious manner than usual, told me, that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things to his brother Jack,—he should have none of them; and next morning, when he found himself ill, and I persuaded him to keep his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray

to God with his hands unjoined ; and a little after, whilst in great agony, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often by calling for ease.

“ What shall I say of his frequent pathological ejaculations uttered of himself: ‘ Sweet Jesus, save me, deliver me, pardon my sins, let thine angels receive me ! ’ So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection ! But thus God, having dressed up a saint fit for himself, would no longer permit him with us, unworthy of the future fruits of this incomparable, hopeful blossom. Such a child I never saw ! for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is ! May I and mine become as this little child, which now follows the child Jesus, that lamb of God, in a white robe, whithersoever he goes ! Even so, Lord Jesus, let thy will be done. Thou gavest him to us, thou hast taken him from us ; blessed be the name of the Lord ! That I had anything acceptable to thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin ; but that thou hast pardoned, blessed be my God forever ! Amen.”



QUENTIN MATSYS.

THIS great painter was born at Antwerp, in 1460, and followed the trade of a blacksmith and farrier, till he approached manhood. His health at that time was feeble, and rendered him unfit for so laborious a pursuit; he therefore undertook to execute lighter work. He constructed an iron railing around a well near the great church of Antwerp, which was greatly admired for its delicacy and the devices with which it was ornamented. He also executed an iron balustrade for the college of Louvain, which displayed extraordinary taste and skill.

His father had died, when he was young, leaving him and his mother entirely destitute. Notwithstanding his feeble constitution, he was obliged to support both himself and her. While necessity thus urged him, his taste guided his efforts toward works of art. At Louvain there was an annual procession of lepers, who were accustomed to distribute little images of saints upon that occasion. Matsys devoted himself to the making of these, in which he was very successful.



The Misers.

He had now reached the age of twenty, when it appears that he fell in love with the daughter of a painter, of some cleverness, in Antwerp. His affection was returned, but when he applied to the father to obtain his consent to their union, he was answered by a flat refusal, and the declaration, that no man but a painter, as good as himself, should wed his daughter. Matsys endeavored in vain to overcome this resolution, and finally, despairing of other means to accomplish the object which now engrossed his whole soul, he determined to become a painter. The difficulties in his way vanished before that confidence which genius inspires, and taking advantage of his leisure hours, he began to instruct himself secretly in the art of painting. His progress was rapid, and the time of his triumph speedily approached.

He was one day on a visit to his mistress, where he found a picture on the easel of her father, and nearly finished. The old man was absent, and Quentin, seizing the pencil, painted a bee upon a flower in the foreground of the painting, and departed. The artist soon returned, and in sitting down to his picture, immediately discovered the insect, which had so strangely intruded itself upon his canvass. It was so life-like as to make it seem a real insect, that had been deceived by the mimic flower, and had just alighted upon it. The artist was in raptures, for it appears that he had a heart to appreciate excellence, even if it was not his own. He inquired of his daughter who had painted the bee. Though the details of the interview which followed are not

handed down to us, we may be permitted to fill up the scene.

Father. Tell me, child, who painted the insect?

Daughter. Who painted the insect? Really, how should I know?

F. You ought to know,—you must know. It was not one of my pupils. It is beyond them all.

D. Is it as good as you could have done yourself, father?

F. Yes; I never painted anything better in my life. It is like nature's own work, it is so light, so true; on my soul, I was deceived at first, and was about to brush the insect away with my handkerchief.

D. And so, father, you think it is as well as you could have done yourself?

F. Yes.

D. Well, I will send for Quentin Matsys; perhaps he can tell you who did it.

F. Aye, girl, is that it? Did Quentin do it? Then he is a clever fellow, and shall marry you.

Whether such a dialogue as this actually took place, we cannot say; but it appears that Quentin's acknowledged excellence as an artist soon won the painter's consent, and he married the daughter. From this time he devoted his life to the art which love alone had at first induced him to pursue. He soon rose to the highest rank in his profession, and has left behind him an enduring fame. Though he was destitute of early education, and never had the advantage of studying the great masters of the Italian school, he rivalled, in some respects, even their best

productions. His designs were correct and true to nature, and his coloring was forcible. His pictures are now scarce and command great prices. One of them, called the Two Misers, is in the Royal Gallery of Windsor, England, and is greatly admired. The annexed cut will give some idea of this performance. He died at Antwerp, in 1529.



WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST was born at Springfield, Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738. His father was a merchant, and Benjamin was the tenth child. The first six years of his life passed away in calm uniformity, leaving only the placid remembrance of enjoyment. In the month of June, 1745, one of his sisters who was married, came with her infant daughter to spend a few days at her father's. When the child was asleep in her cradle, Mrs. West invited her daughter to gather flowers in the garden, and committed the infant to the care of Benjamin, during their absence; giving him a fan to drive away the flies from molesting his little charge.

After some time, the child happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty attracted the boy's attention. He looked at it with a pleasure, which he never before experienced; and observing some paper on a table, together with pens, and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavored to delineate a portrait, although at this period, he was only in the seventh year of his age.

Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he



Christ healing the sick.

endeavored to conceal what he had been doing ; but the old lady observing his confusion, inquired what he was about, and requested him to show her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally ;" she kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand ; for the instinct of his genius was now awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of those things which pleased his sight.

Some time after this, Benjamin having heard that pencils for painting were made in Europe of camel's hair, determined to manufacture a substitute, for his own use : accordingly, seizing upon a black cat, kept in the family, he extracted the requisite hairs from her tail for his first brush, and afterwards pillaged it again for others.

Such was the commencement of a series of efforts which raised West to be a favorite painter in England, and, at last, president of the Royal Academy of London. His parents were Quakers, but they encouraged his efforts. He, however, had no advantages, and for some time he was obliged to pursue his labors with such pencils as he made himself, and with red and yellow colors, which he learned to prepare from some Indians who roamed about the town of Springfield : to these, his mother added a little indigo.

He had a cousin by the name of Pennington, who

was a merchant, and having seen some of his sketches, sent him a box of paints and pencils, with canvass prepared, and six engravings. The possession of this treasure almost prevented West's sleeping. He now went into a garret as soon as it was light, and began his work. He was so wrapt up in his task, as to stay from school. This he continued till his master called to inquire what had become of him. A search was consequently made, and he was found at his easel, in the garret. His mother's anger soon subsided, when she saw his picture, now nearly finished. He had not servilely copied one of the engravings, as might have been expected, but had formed a new picture by combining the parts of several of them. His mother kissed the boy with rapture, and procured the pardon of his father and teacher. Mr. Galt, who wrote West's life, says, that, sixty-seven years after, he had the pleasure of seeing this very piece, hanging by the side of the sublime picture of Christ Rejected.

Young West's fame was soon spread abroad, and he was shortly crowded with applications for portraits, of which he painted a considerable number. He was now of an age to require a decision of his parents in respect to the profession he was to follow, in life. They deliberated long and anxiously upon this subject, and at last concluded to refer the matter to the society of Quakers to which they belonged. These decided, that, although they did not acknowledge the utility of painting to mankind, yet they would allow the youth to follow a path for which he had so evident a genius.

At the age of eighteen, he established himself in

Philadelphia, as a portrait painter, and afterwards spent some time at New York, in the same capacity. In both places, his success was considerable. In 1760, aided by friends, he proceeded to Italy, to study his art; in 1763, he went to London, where he soon became established for life. The king, George III., was his steadfast friend, and he became painter to his majesty. He was offered a salary of seven hundred pounds a year, by the Marquis of Rockingham, to embellish his mansion at Yorkshire with historical paintings, but this he declined.

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was elected president of the Royal Academy, and took his place in March, 1792. In his sixty-fifth year, he painted his great picture of Christ healing the sick, to aid the Quakers of Philadelphia in the erection of a hospital for that city. It was so much admired that he was offered no less than fifteen thousand dollars for this performance. He accepted the offer, as he was not rich, upon condition that he should be allowed to make a copy for the Friends of Philadelphia, for whom he had intended it. This great picture, of which we give an engraving, was long exhibited at Philadelphia, and the profits essentially aided the benevolent object which suggested the picture.

West continued to pursue his profession, and painted several pictures of great size, under the idea that his talent was best suited to such performances. In 1817, his wife, with whom he had long lived in uninterrupted happiness, died, and he followed her in 1820. If his standing, as an artist, is not of the

highest rank, it is still respectable, and his history affords a striking instance of a natural fitness and predilection for a particular pursuit. If we consider the total want of encouragement to painting, in a Quaker family, in a country town in Pennsylvania, more than a century ago, and advert to the spontaneous display of his taste and its persevering cultivation, we shall see that nature seems to have given him an irresistible impulse in the direction of the art to which he devoted his life.

West was tall, firmly built, and of a fair complexion. He always preserved something of the sedate, even and sober manners of the sect to which his parents belonged; in disposition, he was mild, liberal and generous. He seriously impaired his fortune by the aid he rendered to indigent young artists. His works were very numerous, and the exhibition and sale of those in his hands, at the time of his death, yielded a handsome sum to his family. Though his early education was neglected, he supplied the defect by study and observation, and his writings connected with the arts are very creditable to him as a man, a philosopher and an artist.



B E R R E T I N I .

PIETRO BERRÉTINI was born 1596, at Cortona, in Italy. He is called Pietro Da Cortona, from the place of his birth. Even when a child, he evinced uncommon genius for painting; but he appeared likely to remain in obscurity and ignorance, as the extreme poverty of his situation precluded him from the usual means of improving natural talent. He struggled, however, with his difficulties, and ultimately overcame every obstacle which opposed him.

When twelve years old, he went, alone and on foot, to Florence, the seat of the fine arts, possessed of no money, and, in fact, completely without resources of any kind. Notwithstanding this gloomy aspect of affairs, he did not lose his courage, but still persevered in a resolution he had thus early formed, to become "an eminent painter." Pietro knew of no person to whom he could apply for assistance in Florence, excepting a poor boy from Cortona, who was then a scullion in the kitchen of Cardinal Sachetti. Pietro sought him out; his little countryman welcomed him very kindly, shared with him his humble meal, offered him the half of his little bed as a lodging, and

promised to supply him with food from the spare meat of his kitchen.

Thus provided with the necessaries of life, Pietro applied himself with indefatigable diligence to the art to which he had devoted himself, and soon made such progress in it, as, in his own opinion, amply recompensed him for all the toil, privation and difficulties he had undergone. It was interesting to observe this poor, destitute child, without a friend to guide his conduct or direct his studies, devoting himself with such unceasing assiduity to his own improvement. His little friend, the scullion, did not relax in kindness and generosity towards him; for all that he possessed he shared with Pietro, and the latter, in return, brought him all the drawings he made, and with these he adorned the walls of the little garret in which they slept.

Pietro was in the habit of wandering to a distance from Florence, to take views of the beautiful scenery in the environs of that city. When night overtook him unawares, which was often the case, he very contentedly slept under the shelter of a tree, and arose as soon as daylight dawned to renew his employment. During his absence, on one of these excursions, some of his pictures accidentally fell into the hands of Cardinal Sachetti, who, struck with the merit that distinguished them, inquired by what artist they were executed. He was not a little astonished to hear that they were the performances of a poor child, who had, for more than two years, been supported by the bounty of one of his kitchen boys. The cardinal desired to see Pietro; and when the

young artist was brought before him, he received him in a kind manner, assigned him a pension and placed him as a scholar under one of the best painters of Rome.

Pietro afterwards became a very eminent painter, and made the most grateful returns to his friend, the scullion, for the kindness he had shown him in poverty and wretchedness. He spent the latter part of his life at Rome, where he enjoyed the patronage of successive pontiffs, and was made a knight by Pope Alexander III. He was an architect as well as a painter, and designed the church of Saint Martin, at Rome, where he was buried, and to which he bequeathed a hundred thousand crowns. He died 1669, full of wealth and honors. His works display admirable talents, and his history affords a striking example of native genius, overcoming all obstacles, and hewing its way to success in that pursuit for which nature had seemed to create it.



HENRY KIRK WHITE.

THIS youthful bard, whose premature death was so sincerely regretted by every admirer of genius, was the son of a butcher of Nottingham, England, and born March 21, 1788. He manifested an ardent love of reading in his infancy; this was, indeed, a passion to which everything else gave way. "I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "that I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, 'Henry, my love, come to dinner,' which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice, before she could rouse him."

When he was seven years old, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for some time before it was discovered that he had been thus laudably employed. He wrote a tale of a Swiss emigrant, which was probably his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being ashamed to show it to his mother. "The consciousness of genius," says his biographer, Mr. Southey, "is always, at first, accompanied by this diffidence; it is a sacred, solitary feel-

ing. No forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced anything truly great."

When Henry was about eleven years old, he one day wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of about twelve or fourteen. The master said he had never known them write so well upon any subject before, and could not refrain from expressing his astonishment at the excellence of Henry's own composition.

At the age of thirteen, he wrote a poem, "On being confined to school one pleasant morning in spring," from which the following is an extract :

"How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise ;
And unconstrained to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among ;
And woo the muse's gentle power
In unfrequented rural bower ;
But ah ! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes ;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine."

The parents of Henry were anxious to put him to some trade, and when he was nearly fourteen, he was placed at a stocking loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse ; but the youth did not conceive that nature had intended to doom him to spend seven years of

his life in folding up stockings, and he remonstrated with his friends against the employment. His temper and tone of mind at this period, are displayed in the following extracts from his poems :

————— “Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures
With accurate monotony ; that so
The good things of this world may be my lot,
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth.
But oh ! I was not made for money-getting.”

* * * * *

————— “For as still
I tried to cast, with school dexterity,
The interesting sums, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherished ; and the pen
Dropt from my senseless fingers, as I pictur'd
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse.”

* * * * *

“Yet still, oh contemplation ! I do love
T' indulge thy solemn musings ; still the same
With thee alone I know how to melt and weep,
In thee alone delighting. Why along
The dusty track of commerce should I toil,
When with an easy competence content,
I can alone be happy, where with thee
I may enjoy the loveliness of nature,
And loose the wings of Fancy ? Thus alone
Can I partake of happiness on earth ;
And to be happy here is man's chief end,
For, to be happy, he must needs be good.”

Young White was soon removed from the loom to the office of a solicitor, which afforded a less obnoxious employment. He became a member of a literary society in Nottingham, and delivered an extempore lecture on genius, in which he displayed so much talent, that he received the unanimous thanks of the society, and they elected him their professor of literature.

At the age of fifteen, he gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace ; and the following year, a pair of globes, for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. He determined upon trying for this prize one evening when at tea with his family, and at supper, he read them his performance. In his seventeenth year, he published a small volume of poems which possessed considerable merit.

Soon after, he was sent to Cambridge, and entered Saint John's College, where he made the most rapid progress. But the intensity of his studies ruined his constitution, and he fell a victim to his ardent thirst for knowledge. He died October 19, 1806, leaving behind him several poems and letters, which gave earnest of the high rank he would have attained in the republic of letters, had his life been spared. His productions were published, with an interesting memoir, by Mr. Southey.



its terror for him at ten years old ; and before he had completed that period, he distinguished the church of the Orphans, at Vienna, by the composition of a mass and a trumpet duet, and acted as director of the concert.

Mozart had travelled the chief kingdoms of Europe, and seen all that could be shown to him there, of wealth and grandeur. He had yet to see the empire of musical genius. Italy was an untried land, and he went at once to its capital. He was present at the performance of Handel's admirable chant, the *Misere-re*, which seems then to have been performed with an effect unequalled since. The singers had been forbidden to give a copy of this composition. Mozart bore it away in his memory, and wrote it down. This is still quoted among musicians, as almost a miracle of remembrance ; but it may be more truly quoted as an evidence of the power which diligence and determination give to the mind. Mozart was not remarkable for memory ; what he did, others may do ; but the same triumph is to be purchased only by the same exertion. The impression of this day lasted during Mozart's life ; his style was changed ; he at once adopted a solemn reverence for Handel, whom he called "The Thunderbolt," and softened the fury of his inspiration, by the taste of Boccherini. He now made a grand advance in his profession, and composed an opera, "*Mithridates*," which was played twenty nights at Milan.

Mozart's reputation was soon established, and he was liberally patronised by the Austrian court. The following anecdote shows the goodness of his heart,

and the estimation in which he was held. One day, as he was walking in the suburbs of Vienna, he was accosted by a mendicant, of a very prepossessing appearance and manner, who told his tale of woe with such effect, as to interest the musician strongly in his favor; but the state of his purse not corresponding with the impulse of his humanity, he desired the applicant to follow him to a coffee-house. Here Mozart, drawing paper from his pocket, in a few minutes composed a minuet, which, with a letter, he gave to the distressed man, desiring him to take it to his publisher. A composition from Mozart was a bill payable at sight; and to his great surprise, the now happy beggar was immediately presented with five double ducats.

The time which Mozart most willingly employed in compositions, was the morning, from six or seven o'clock till ten, at which hour he arose. After this, he usually did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish some piece that was wanted. He however always worked irregularly. When an idea struck him, he was not to be drawn from it, even if he were in the midst of his friends. He sometimes passed whole nights with his pen in his hand. At other times, he had such a disinclination to work, that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance. It once happened, that he put off some music which he had engaged to furnish for a court concert, so long, that he had not time to write out the part he was to perform himself. The Emperor Joseph, who was peeping everywhere, happening to cast his eyes on the sheet which Mozart seemed to be playing from, was surprised to see nothing but empty

lines, and said to him, "Where's your part?" "Here," said Mozart, putting his hand to his forehead.

The *Don Giovanni* of this eminent composer, which is one of the most popular compositions ever produced, was composed for the theatre at Prague, and first performed in that city in 1787. This refined and intellectual music was not at that time understood in Germany; a circumstance which Mozart seems to have anticipated, for, previous to its first representation, he remarked to a friend, "This opera is not calculated for the people of Vienna; it will be more justly appreciated at Prague; but in reality I have written it principally to please myself and my friends." Ample justice has however at length been rendered to this great production; it is heard with enthusiasm in nearly all the principal cities of that quarter of the globe where music is cultivated as a science—from the frozen regions of Russia, to the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Its praise is not limited by the common attributes of good musical composition; it is placed in the higher rank of fine poetry; for not only are to be found in it exquisite melodies and profound harmonies, but the playful, the tender, the pathetic, the mysterious, the sublime, and the terrible, are to be distinctly traced in its various parts.

The overture to this opera is generally esteemed Mozart's best effort; yet it was only composed the night previous to the first representation, after the general rehearsal had taken place. About eleven o'clock in the evening, when retired to his apartment, he desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him, in order to keep him awake. She

accordingly began to tell him fairy tales, and odd stories, which made him laugh till the tears came. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could go on only while his wife was talking, and dropped asleep as soon as she ceased. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, the continual alternation of sleep and watching, so fatigued him, that his wife persuaded him to take some rest, promising to awake him in an hour's time. He slept so profoundly that she suffered him to repose for two hours. At five o'clock in the morning, she awoke him. He had appointed the music copiers to come at seven, and by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had scarcely time to write out the copy necessary for the orchestra, and the musicians were obliged to play it without a rehearsal. Some persons pretend, that they can discover in this overture the passages where Mozart dropped asleep and those where he suddenly awoke again.

This great composer was so absorbed in music, that he was a child in every other respect. He was extremely apprehensive of death; and it was only by incessant application to his favorite study, that he prevented his spirits from sinking totally under the fears of approaching dissolution. At all other times he labored under a profound melancholy, during which he composed some of his best pieces, particularly his celebrated Requiem. The circumstances attending this were remarkable.

One day, when his spirits were unusually oppressed, a stranger, of a tall, dignified appearance, was introduced. His manners were grave and impressive.

He told Mozart that he came from a person who did not wish to be known, to request that he would compose a solemn mass, as a requiem for the soul of a friend, whom he had recently lost, and whose memory he was desirous of commemorating by this imposing service. Mozart undertook the task, and engaged to have it completed in a month. The stranger begged to know what price he set upon his work ; and immediately paying him one hundred ducats, he departed.

The mystery of this visit seemed to have a strong effect on the mind of the musician. He brooded over it for some time ; and then suddenly calling for writing materials, began to compose with extraordinary ardor. This application, however, was more than his strength could support ; it brought on fainting fits, and his increasing illness obliged him to suspend his work. "I am writing the requiem for myself," said he one day to his wife ; "it will serve for my own funeral service ;" and this impression never afterwards left him. At the expiration of the month, the mysterious stranger appeared, and demanded the requiem. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word ; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design. I shall require another month to finish it."

The stranger made no objection ; but observing that for this additional trouble it was but just to increase the premium, laid down fifty ducats more, and promised to return at the time appointed. Astonished at his whole proceeding, Mozart ordered a servant to follow this singular personage, and, if possible, to find out who he was. The man, however, lost sight of

him, and was obliged to return as he went. Mozart, now more than ever persuaded that he was a messenger from the other world, sent to warn him that his end was approaching, applied with fresh zeal to the requiem; and in spite of his exhausted state, both of body and mind, he completed it before the end of the month. At the appointed day, the stranger returned; the requiem was finished; but Mozart was no more! He died at Vienna, 1791, aged 35 years.



ELIHU BURRITT.

IN an address delivered by Governor Everett, before a Mechanics' Association, in Boston, 1837, he introduced a letter from Elihu Burritt, a native of Connecticut, and then a resident of Worcester, Massachusetts, of which the following is a copy :—

“I was the youngest of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school, and those again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed.

“A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the society library,—all the historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin.

“Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors, I commenced

the Greek : at this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship.

"Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupto, tupteis, tuptei*, unperceived by my fellow-apprentices. At evening I sat down, unassisted, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter.

"I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself in these investigations, to a few hours, after the arduous labors of the day.

"I therefore laid down my hammer, and went to New Haven, where I recited to native teachers, in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned, at the expiration of two years, to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew, with an awakened desire of examining another field ; and, by assiduous application, I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility, that I allotted it to myself as a task to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible

before breakfast, each morning ; this, and an hour at noon, being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day.

“After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of Oriental literature ; and, to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged in by the want of requisite books. I began immediately to devise means of obviating this obstacle ; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting, at different ports, such works in the modern and Oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge at my native place, to carry this plan into execution.

“I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed ; and, while revolving in my mind what steps next to take, I accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester. I immediately bent my steps toward this place. I visited the hall of the American Antiquarian Society, and found there, to my infinite gratification, such a collection in ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as I never before conceived to be collected in one place ; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution.

"Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent three hours daily at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have added so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of FIFTY of them with more or less facility."

This statement, however extraordinary it may seem, is well known to be but a modest account of Mr. Burritt's wonderful acquirements. He is still (1843) a practical blacksmith, yet he finds time to pursue his studies. Nor are his acquisitions his only merit. He has been frequently invited to deliver lectures before lyceums, and other associations, and in these he has displayed no small degree of eloquence and rhetorical power. As he is still a young man, we may venture to affirm that his history affords an instance of self-education, which, having regard to all the circumstances without a parallel.





GEORGE MORLAND.

THIS eccentric man and clever artist was born in London, in 1763. He gave very early indications of genius, and when quite a child, used to draw objects on the floor, with the implements of his father, who was a painter, in crayons. He executed pictures of pencils, scissors, and other things of the kind, with so much perfection, that his father often mistook them for real ones, and stooped down to pick them up. Some

of George's drawings, executed before he was five years old, were exhibited with great applause at the society of artists in London.

These and other evidences of talent rendered him a favorite child; his father saw the germs of excellence in his own art, and, at the age of fourteen, had him apprenticed to himself, for seven years, during which his application was incessant. His father appears to have been harsh, unfeeling and selfish, and to have thought more of obtaining money from the talents and exertions of his son, than of giving him such training as should insure his success in life.

During his apprenticeship, George was confined to an upper room, copying drawings or pictures, and drawing from plaster casts. Being almost entirely restricted from society, all the opportunities he had for amusement were obtained by stealth, and his associates were a few boys in the neighborhood. The means of enjoyment were obtained by such close application to his business, as secretly to produce a few drawings or pictures more than his father imagined he could complete in a given time. These he lowered by a string from the window of his apartment, to his youthful companions, by whom they were converted into money, which they spent in common when opportunities offered.

In this manner passed the first seventeen years of the life of George Morland; and to this unremitted diligence and application he was indebted for the extraordinary power he possessed over the implements of his art. Avarice, however, was the ruling passion of his father, and this was so insatiable, that he kept

his son incessantly at work, and gave him little, if any, education, except as an artist. To this cause must doubtless be attributed the irregularities of his subsequent life.

Morland's earlier compositions were small pictures of two or three figures, chiefly from the ballads of the day. These his father put into frames and sold for from one to three guineas. They were remarkable for their simple truth, and were much admired. Many of them were engraved, and widely circulated, which gave the young artist an extensive reputation. About this time, he went to Margate to spend the summer, and, by the advice of a friend, commenced portrait painting there. Great numbers of fashionable persons came to sit to him, and he commenced several pictures.

But the society of accomplished people made him feel his own ignorance to such a degree as to render him unhappy, and he sought relief at pig races and in other coarse amusements, projected for the lower order of visitors at Margate. These at last engaged his whole attention, and the portraits were thrown aside, to be finished in town. He at last returned, with empty pockets and a large cargo of unfinished canvasses.

Morland continued, however, to rise rapidly in his profession, and he might easily have secured an ample fortune. The subjects he selected for his pencil, were, generally, rural scenes, familiar to every eye, and the sentiment they conveyed was felt by every beholder. Many of these were admirably engraved by the celebrated J. B. Smith, and immense numbers

were sold. Morland now had demands for more pictures than he could execute, and at almost any price.

But, unhappily, this gifted artist had already become addicted to the society of low picture dealers, and other dissipated persons, and his habits were, consequently, exceedingly irregular. His chief pleasures seemed to be—a ride into the country to a grinning match, a jolly dinner with a drinking bout after it, and a mad scamper home with a flounce in the mud.

Such, at last, was Morland's dislike of the society of gentlemen, and his preference of low company, that he would not paint pictures for the former class, but preferred selling them to certain artful dealers, who were his associates, and who flattered his vices, so that they might prey upon his genius. Of these persons, who pretended to be his friends, he did not obtain more than half price for his paintings. This system was carried to such an extent that Morland was at last entirely cut off from all connection with the real admirers of his works. If a gentleman wished to get one of his pictures, he could only do it by employing one of these harpies who had access to the artist, and who would wheedle a picture out of him for a mere trifle, and all under the mask of friendship.

About the year 1790, Morland lived in the neighborhood of Paddington. At this period, he had reached the very summit of his professional fame, and also of his extravagance. He kept, at one time, no less than eight saddle horses at livery, at the sign

of the White Lion, opposite to his house, and affected to be a good judge of horse-flesh. Frequently, horses, for which one day he would give thirty or forty guineas, he would sell the next, for less than half that sum; but as the honest fraternity of horse-dealers knew their man, and would take his note at two months, he could the more easily indulge this propensity, and appear, for a short time, in cash, until the day of payment came, when a picture was produced as a *douceur* for a renewal of the notes.

This was one source of calamity which neither his industry, for which he was not remarkable, nor his talents, were by any means adequate to overcome. His wine merchant, who was also a gentleman in the discounting line, would sometimes obtain a picture worth fifty pounds, for the renewal of a bill. By this conduct, he heaped folly upon folly, to such a degree, that a fortune of ten thousand a year would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality.

Morland's embarrassments, which now crowded upon him, were far from producing any change in his conduct; and, at length, they conducted him, through the hands of a bailiff, into prison, of which, by the way, he had always entertained a foreboding apprehension. This, however, did not render him immediately unhappy, but rather afforded him an opportunity of indulging, without restraint of any kind, his fatal propensities. There, he could mingle with such companions as were best adapted to his taste, and there too, in his own way, he could, without check or

control, reign or revel, surrounded by the very lowest of the vicious rabble.

When in confinement, and even sometimes when he was at liberty, it was common for him to have four guineas a day and his drink,—an object of no small consequence, as he began to drink before he began to paint, and continued to do both alternately, till he had painted as much as he pleased, or till the liquor had completely overcome him, when he claimed his money, and business was at an end for that day.

This laid his employer under the necessity of passing his whole time with him, in order to keep him in a state fit for labor, and to carry off the day's work when it was done; otherwise some eavesdropper snapped up his picture, and his employer was left to obtain what redress he could. By pursuing this fatal system, he ruined his health, enfeebled his genius, and sunk himself into general contempt. His constitution could not long sustain such an abuse of its powers. He was attacked with paralysis, and soon after, he died.

Thus perished George Morland, at the early age of forty-one years; a man whose best works will command esteem as long as any taste for the art of painting remains; one whose talents might have insured him happiness and distinction, if he had been educated with care, and if his entrance into life had been guided by those who were able and willing to caution him against the snares which are continually preparing by knavery for the inexperience and heedlessness of youth. Many of the subjects of Mor-

land's pencil, are such as, of themselves, are far from pleasing. He delighted in representations of the pigsty. Yet even these, through the love we possess of truthful imitations, and the hallowing powers of genius, excite emotions of pleasure. His pictures of scenery around the cottage door, and of those rustic groups familiar to every eye, have the effect of poetry, and call into exercise those gentle sentiments, which, however latent, exist in every bosom. It is sad to reflect, that one who did so much to refine and civilize mankind, should himself have been the victim of the coarsest of vices.





WILLIAM PENN.

THIS remarkable man was born in the parish of St. Catherine's, near the tower of London, on the 14th day of October, 1644. His father, who served in the time of the Commonwealth, in some of the highest maritime offices, was knighted by Charles the Second,

and became a peculiar favorite of the then Duke of York.

Young Penn had good advantages for education, and made such early improvement, that, about the fifteenth year of his age, he was entered a student in Christ's Church College, Oxford, where he continued two years. He delighted much in manly sports at times of recreation; but at length, being influenced by an ardent desire after pure and spiritual religion, of which he had before received some taste through the ministry of Thomas Lee, one of the people denominated Friends, or Quakers, he, with certain other students of that University, withdrew from the national way of worship, and held private meetings for the exercise of religion. Here they both preached and prayed among themselves. This gave great offence to the heads of the college, and young Penn, being but sixteen years of age, was fined for non-conformity, and at length, for persevering in his peculiar religious practices, was expelled the college.

Having in consequence returned home, he still took great delight in the company of sober and religious people. His father, perceiving that this would be an obstacle in the way of his son's preferment, endeavored by words, and even very severe measures, to persuade him to change his conduct. Finding these methods ineffectual, he was at length so incensed, that he turned young William out of doors. The latter was patient under this trial, and at last the father's affection subdued his anger. He then sent his son to France, in company with some persons of quality that were making a tour thither.

He continued in France a considerable time, and, under the influence of those around him, his mind was diverted from religious subjects. Upon his return, his father, finding him not only a proficient in the French language, but also possessed of courtly manners, joyfully received him, hoping now that his point was gained. Indeed, some time after his return from France, his carriage was such as justly to entitle him to the character of a finished gentleman.

"Great about this time," says one of his biographers, "was his spiritual conflict. His natural inclination, his lively and active disposition, his father's favor, the respect of his friends and acquaintance, strongly pressed him to embrace the glory and pleasures of this world, then, as it were, courting and caressing him, in the bloom of youth, to accept them. Such a combined force seemed almost invincible; but the earnest supplication of his soul being to the Lord for preservation, He was pleased to grant such a portion of his power or spirit, as enabled him in due time to overcome all opposition, and with an holy resolution to follow Christ, whatsoever reproaches or persecutions might attend him."

About the year 1666, and when he was twenty-two years of age, his father committed to his care and management a considerable estate in Ireland, which occasioned his residence in that country. Thomas Lee, whom we have before mentioned, being at Cork, and Penn hearing that he was to be shortly at a meeting in that city, went to hear him; and by the preaching of this man, which had made some impression on his mind ten years before, he was now thoroughly and

effectually established in the faith of the Friends, and afterwards constantly attended the meetings of that people. Being again at a meeting at Cork, he, with many others, was apprehended, and carried before the mayor, and, with eighteen of his associates, was committed to prison; but he soon obtained his discharge. This imprisonment was so far from terrifying, that it strengthened him in his resolution of a closer union with that people, whose religious innocence was the only crime for which they suffered. He now openly joined with the Quakers, and brought himself under the reproach of that name, then greatly ridiculed and hated. His former companions turned their caresses and compliments into bitter gibes and malignant derision.

His father, receiving information of what had passed, ordered him home; and the son readily obeyed. His deportment attested the truth of the information his father had received. He now again attempted, by every argument in his power, to move him; but finding it impossible to obtain a general compliance with the customs of the times, he would have borne with him, provided he would have taken off his hat, in the presence of the king, the duke of York, and himself.

This being proposed to the son, he desired time to consider of it. His father, supposing this to be with an intention of consulting his friends, the Quakers, assured him that he should see the face of none of them, but retire to his chamber till he could return him an answer. "Accordingly he withdrew, humbling himself before God, with fasting and supplication, to know his heavenly mind and will, and became

so strengthened in his resolution, that, returning to his father, he humbly signified that he could not comply with his desire."

All endeavors proving ineffectual to shake his constancy, his father, seeing himself utterly disappointed in his hopes, again turned him out of doors. After a considerable time, his steady perseverance evincing his integrity, his father's wrath became somewhat abated, so that he winked at his return to, and continuance with, his family ; and though he did not publicly seem to countenance him, yet, when imprisoned for being at meetings, he would privately use his interest to get him released. In the twenty-fourth year of his age, he became a minister among the Quakers, and continued his useful labors, inviting the people to that serenity and peace of conscience he himself witnessed, till the close of his life.

A spirit warmed with the love of God, and devoted to his service, ever pursues its main purpose ; thus, when restrained from preaching, Penn applied himself to writing. The first of his publications appears to have been entitled "Truth Exalted." Several treatises were also the fruits of his solitude, particularly the one entitled "No Cross, no Crown."

In the year 1670, came forth the Conventicle Act, prohibiting Dissenters' meetings, under severe penalties. The edge of this new weapon was soon turned against the Quakers, who, not accustomed to flinch in the cause of religion, stood particularly exposed. Being forcibly kept out of their meeting-house in Grace Church street, they met as near it, in the open street, as they could : and Penn, preaching there, was appre-

hended, and committed to Newgate. At the next sessions of the Old Bailey, together with William Mead, he was indicted for "being present at, and preaching to, an unlawful, seditious, and riotous assembly." At his trial he made a brave defence, discovering at once both the free spirit of an Englishman and the undaunted magnanimity of a Christian, insomuch that, notwithstanding the frowns and menaces of the bench, the jury acquitted him.

Not long after this trial, and his discharge from Newgate, his father died, perfectly reconciled to his son, and left him both his paternal blessing, and an estate of fifteen hundred pounds a year. He took leave of his son with these remarkable words: "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world. Bury me by my mother; live all in love; shun all manner of evil; and I pray God to bless you all; and he will bless you."

In February, 1670, Penn was preaching at a meeting in Wheeler street, Spitalfields, when he was pulled down, and led out by soldiers into the street, and carried away to the Tower, by order of Sir John Robinson, lieutenant of the Tower. He was examined before Sir John and several others, and then committed, by their orders, to Newgate, for six months. Being at liberty at the expiration of that time, he soon after went to Holland and Germany, where he zealously endeavored to propagate the principles of the Quakers.

In March, 1680, he obtained from Charles II. a grant of the territory which now bears the name of

Pennsylvania. This was in compensation of a crown debt due to his father. Having previously published an account of the province, inviting emigrants to accompany him thither, he set sail in June, 1682, with many friends, especially Quakers, and after a prosperous voyage of six weeks, they came within sight of the American coast. Sailing up the river Delaware, they were received by the inhabitants with demonstrations of joy and satisfaction. Having landed at Newcastle, a place mostly inhabited by the Dutch, Penn next day summoned the people to the courthouse, where possession of the country was legally given him.

Having invited the Indians to meet him, many chiefs and persons of distinction, appointed to represent them, came to see him. To these he gave several valuable presents, the produce of English manufactures, as a testimony of that treaty of amity and good understanding, which, by his benevolent disposition, he ardently wished to establish with the native inhabitants. He made a most favorable impression upon the savages, and thus secured to Pennsylvania their favor. He then more fully stated the purpose of his coming, to the people, and the benevolent object of his government, giving them assurances of the free enjoyment of liberty of conscience in things spiritual, and of perfect civil freedom in matters temporal. He recommended to them to live in sobriety and peace one with another. After about two years residence in the country, all things being in a thriving and prosperous condition, he returned to England; and James II. coming soon after to the throne, he was taken into

favor by that monarch, who, though a bigot in religion, was nevertheless a friend to toleration.

At the revolution, being suspected of disaffection to the government, and looked upon as a Papist or a Jesuit, under the mask of a Quaker, he was examined before the Privy Council, Dec., 1688; but, on giving security, was discharged. In 1690, when the French fleet threatened a descent on England, he was again examined before the council, upon an accusation of corresponding with King James, and was held to bail for some time, but was released in Trinity Term. He was attacked a third time the same year, and deprived of the privilege of appointing a governor for Pennsylvania; till, upon his vindication, he was restored to his right of government. He designed now to go over a second time to Pennsylvania, and published proposals in print for another settlement there; when a fresh accusation appeared against him, backed by one William Fuller, who was afterwards declared by parliament to be a notorious imposter. A warrant was granted for Penn's apprehension, which he narrowly escaped at his return from the funeral of George Fox, the founder and head of the Quakers. He now concealed himself for two or three years, and during this recess, wrote several pieces. At the end of 1693, through the interest of Lord Somers and others, he was allowed to appear before the king and council, when he represented his innocence so effectually that he was acquitted.

In 1699, he again went out to Pennsylvania, accompanied by his family, and was received by the colonists with demonstrations of the most cordial welcome.

During his absence, some persons endeavored to undermine the American proprietary governments, under pretence of advancing the prerogative of the crown, and a bill for that purpose was brought into the H. of Lords. Penn's friends, the proprietors and adventurers then in England, immediately represented the hardships of their case to the parliament, soliciting time for his return, to answer for himself, and accordingly pressing him to come over as soon as possible. Seeing it necessary to comply, he summoned an assembly at Philadelphia, to whom, Sept. 15th, 1701, he made a speech, declaring his reasons for leaving them; and the next day he embarked for England, where he arrived about the middle of December. After his return, the bill, which, through the solicitations of his friends, had been postponed the last session of parliament, was wholly laid aside.

In the year 1707, he was unhappily involved in a suit at law with the executors of a person who had been formerly his steward, against whose demands he thought both conscience and justice required his endeavors to defend himself. But his cause, though many thought him aggrieved, was attended with such circumstances, that the court of chancery did not think it proper to relieve him; wherefore he was obliged to dwell in the Old Bailey, within the rules of the Fleet, some part of this and the ensuing year, until such time as the matter in dispute was accommodated.

In the year 1710, the air of London not agreeing with his declining constitution, he took a seat at Rushcomb, in Buckinghamshire. Here he experienced

three successive-shocks of apoplexy in 1712, the last of which sensibly impaired his memory and his understanding. His religious zeal, however, never abated, and up to 1716, he still frequently went to the meeting at Reading. Two friends calling upon him at this time, although very weak, he expressed himself sensibly, and when they were about to take leave of him, he said, "My love is with you; the Lord preserve you, and remember me in the Everlasting Covenant."

After a life of ceaseless activity and usefulness, Penn closed his earthly career on the 13th of May, 1718, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was buried at Jourdans, in Buckinghamshire, where several of his family had been interred.





JOHN SMITH.

THERE are few names that excite more interest or awaken more romantic associations than that of Captain John Smith. He passed through a series of the most remarkable events in Europe ; and coming to our country at a period which was favorable to the exercise of his peculiar genius, he became the hero of many stirring adventures.

He was born at Willoughby, in the county of Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1579, and was descended from an ancient family. He displayed a love of enterprise in his early childhood, and he says that at thirteen years old he was "set upon brave adven-

tures." This disposition led him to dispose of his books, his satchel, and what other little property he had, for the purpose of raising money to take him to sea ; but losing his parents about this time, he received from them a considerable fortune. He was now induced to change his plans, and became apprenticed to an eminent merchant in London.

As might be expected, the drudgery and confinement of a compting house were very distasteful to one who was bent upon adventure ; accordingly, with but ten shillings in his pocket, he became a follower of the son of Lord Willoughby, who was going to France. When he arrived there, he went into the service of Captain Joseph Duxbury, with whom he remained four years in Holland. How he was occupied during this period is uncertain. About this time, a Scotch gentleman kindly gave him some money, and letters to Scotland, assuring him of the favor of King James.

Smith now set sail, and arrived in Scotland after many disasters by sea, and great sickness of body. He delivered his letters, and was treated with kindness and hospitality ; but his stay was short. Returning to his native town, and disappointed in not having found food for his wild love of adventure, he went into a forest, built himself a sort of hut, and studied military history and tactics. Here he lived for a time, being provided by his servant with the comforts of civilization, at the same time that he pleased his imagination with the idea of being a hermit. Accident throwing him into the society of an Italian gentleman, in military service, his ardor for

active life was revived, and he set out again upon his travels, intending to fight against the Turks.

Being robbed of all his baggage and property in the Low Countries by some dastardly Frenchmen, he fortunately met with great kindness and generosity from several noble families. Prompted, however, by the same restless spirit with which he commenced life, he left those who were strongly interested in his welfare, and set out upon a journey, with a light purse and a good sword. In the course of his travels, he was soon in such a state of suffering from hunger and exposure, that he threw himself down in a wood, and there expected to die. But relief again appeared; a rich farmer chanced to come that way, who, upon hearing his story, supplied his purse, thus giving him the means of prosecuting his journey. There is scarcely an instance on record of a stranger receiving such kindness from his fellow-men, as did this same Smith.

He now went from port to port in search of a ship of war. During his rambles, he met, near a town in Brittany, with one of the villains who had robbed him. Smith immediately fought and vanquished him, making him confess his villany before a crowd of spectators. He then went to the seat of the Earl of Ployer, who gave him money, with which he embarked from Marseilles for Italy, in a ship in which there was a number of Catholic pilgrims of various nations. A furious storm arising, these devotees took it into their heads that Heaven, in anger at the presence of a heretic, thus manifested its displeasure. They, therefore, set upon our hero, who, in spite of a

valorous defence, was, like a second Jonah, thrown into the sea; but whether the angry elements were appeased by the offering, history saith not.

Being near the island of Saint Mary's, Smith easily swam thither, and was the next day taken on board a French ship, the commander of which, fortunately for Smith, was a friend of the Earl of Ployer, and treated him with great kindness. They then sailed to Alexandria, in Egypt. In the course of their voyage in the Levant, they met with a rich Venetian merchant ship, which, taking the French ship for a pirate, fired a broadside into her. This rough salutation, of course, brought on an engagement, in which the Venetians were defeated, and her cargo taken on board the victorious ship. Smith here met with something congenial to his wild and reckless spirit; and showing great valor on the occasion, he was rewarded with a large share of the booty. With this, he was enabled to travel in Italy, gratifying his curiosity by the interesting objects with which that country is filled. He at length set off for Gratz, the residence of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, and afterwards emperor of Germany.

The war was now raging between Rodolph, emperor of Germany, and Mahomet III., Grand Seignor of Turkey. Smith, by the aid of two of his countrymen, became introduced to some officers of distinction in the imperial army, who were very glad to obtain so valiant a soldier as Smith was likely to prove. This was in the year 1601. The Turkish army, under the command of Ibrahim Pasha, had besieged and taken a fortress in Hungary, and were ravaging

the country. They were also laying siege to Olympach, which they had reduced to extremity.

Baron Kissel, who annoyed the besiegers from without, was desirous of sending a message to the commander of the garrison. Here was now an opportunity for Smith's talents and prowess to come into play. He entered upon his duty, and by means of telegraphs, he communicated the desired intelligence to the besieged fortress; and then, exercising his ingenuity, he arranged some thousands of matches on strings, so that when they were fired, the report deceived the Turks into the idea that a body of men were there. They consequently marched out to attack them. Smith's forces, with those of the garrison, which had been duly apprized of the scheme, fell upon them, and routed them. The Turks were now obliged to abandon the siege. This brilliant and successful exploit placed our hero at the head of a troop of two hundred and fifty horse, in the regiment of Count Meldritch.

The next adventure in which Smith's ingenuity was called into exercise was at the siege of Alba Regalis, in Hungary. He here contrived a sort of bomb, by which the Turks were greatly annoyed and their city set on fire; a bold military manœuvre being adopted at the critical moment, the place was taken, the Turks suffering great loss. A number of sieges and undecisive skirmishes now followed, which brought upon the Christians the jeers and scoffs of the Turks. One of their number, Lord Turbashaw, a man of military renown, sent a challenge to any captain of the Christian army to fight with him in

single combat. The choice fell upon Smith, who ardently desired to meet the haughty Mussulman.

The day was appointed, the ground selected and lined with warlike soldiers and fair ladies. Lord Turbashaw entered the lists in splendid gilt armor, with wings on his shoulders, of eagle's feathers, garnished with gold and jewels. A janizary bore his lance, and two soldiers walked by the side of his horse. Smith was attended only by a page, bearing his lance. He courteously saluted his antagonist, and, at the sound of the trumpet, their horses set forward. They met with a deadly shock. Smith's lance pierced the visor of the Turk, and he fell dead from his horse. The day after, another challenge was sent to Smith; another encounter took place; and he was again victorious. Still another challenge met with the same result, and Smith was rewarded for his prowess in a signal manner, being made major of his regiment, and receiving all sorts of military honors. The Prince of Transylvania gave him a pension of three hundred ducats a year, and bestowed upon him a patent of nobility.

These events occurred about the year 1600. Various military movements followed in Moldavia, Smith taking an active part in whatever of enterprise and daring was going forward. In one instance, he narrowly escaped with his life.

In a mountainous pass, he was decoyed into an ambuscade, and though the christians fought desperately, they were nearly all cut to pieces. Smith was wounded and taken, but his life was spared by the cupidity of the conquerors, who expected a large sum

for his ransom. He was sold as a slave and sent to Constantinople. He was afterwards removed to Tartary, where he suffered abuse, cruelty, and hardships of every description. At last he seized a favorable opportunity, rose against his master, slew him, clothed himself in his dress, mounted his horse, and was again at liberty.

Roaming about in a vast desert for many days, chance at length directed him to the main road, which led from Tartary to Russia, and in sixteen days he arrived at a garrison, where the governor and his lady took off his irons and treated him with great care and kindness. Thence he travelled into Transylvania, where he arrived in 1603. Here he met many of his old companions in arms, who overwhelmed him with honors and attentions. They had thought him dead, and rejoiced over him as one risen from the grave.

Still unsatisfied with perils and honors, hearing that a civil war had broken out in Barbary, he sailed to Africa, but, not finding the cause worthy of his sword, he returned to England in 1604, where a new field of adventure opened before him. Attention had been awakened in England upon the subject of colonizing America, by the representation of Captain Gosnold, who, in 1602, had made a voyage to the coast of New England. He gave delightful accounts of the fertility of the country and salubrity of the climate, and was anxious to colonize it. Of course, this plan was embraced with ardor by Smith, being a project just suited to his roving disposition, and his love for "hair breadth 'scapes."

James I., who was now king, being inclined to the plan, an expedition was fitted out in 1606, of one hundred and five colonists, in three small vessels. Among the foremost of the adventurers were Gosnold and Smith, who seemed to be drawn together by a kind of instinct. After a voyage of four months, in which dissensions and mutiny caused much trouble and uneasiness, and which resulted in Smith's imprisonment during the voyage, the colonists arrived at Chesapeake Bay in April, 1607. The landscape, covered with the new grass of spring, and varied with hills and valleys, seemed like enchantment to the worn-out voyagers. With joy they left their ships, and passed many days in choosing a spot for a resting-place and a home.

Here new troubles assailed them. The Indians in the vicinity looked upon their encroachments with jealous eyes, and attacked them with their arrows, but the colonists quickly dispersed them with muskets. Others, however, more peaceable, treated our adventurers with kindness. A settlement was now made upon a peninsula on James's river, to which they gave the name of Jamestown.

Of course, in a settlement like this, there must be suffering, and consequently, discontent. Much of this was manifested towards Smith, who, by his energy and perseverance, excited the envy of those associated with him in the management of the infant colony. At the same time, he became the object of dread to the Indians, by his bravery and resources. Many of the colonists died of hunger and disease; many were dispirited; and at last, in despair, they

turned to our adventurer as their only hope in this hour of need. Like all generous spirits, he forgot his injuries, and set himself to work to remedy the evils that beset them. By his ingenuity and daring, he obtained from the Indians liberal supplies of corn, venison, and wild fowl, and, under the influence of good cheer, the colonists became, comparatively, happy.

But a new and unforeseen calamity awaited our hero. Having penetrated into the country, with but few followers, he was beset by a large party of Indians, and, after a brave resistance, was taken prisoner. But the spirit and presence of mind of this remarkable man did not forsake him in this alarming crisis. He did not ask for life, for this would, probably, have hastened his death; but requesting that he might see the Indian chief, he at the same time drew from his pocket a compass, and directed attention to it, partly by signs and partly by words which he had learned. The curious instrument amused and surprised his savage captors, and averted, for a time, the fate that awaited him.

They soon, however, tied him to a tree, and prepared to shoot him with their arrows. Changing their plans suddenly, they led him in a procession to a village, where they confined him and fed him so abundantly, that Smith thought they were probably fattening him for food. After a variety of savage ceremonies, the Indians took him to Werowcomoco—the residence of Powhatan, a celebrated chief, of a noble and majestic figure, and a countenance bespeaking the severity and haughtiness of one whose nod is law.

Powhatan was seated on a throne, with one of his daughters on each side of him. Many Indians were standing in the hut, their skins covered with paint, and ornamented with feathers and beads. As Smith was brought bound into the room, there was a loud shout of triumph, which warned him that his last hour had arrived. They gave him water to wash, and food to eat, and then, holding a consultation, they determined to kill him. Two large stones were brought in and placed before the unbending chief. Smith was dragged forward, his head placed upon the stones, and the fatal club raised for the cruel deed.

But what stays the savage arm? A child of twelve or thirteen, Pocahontas by name, the chief's favorite child, melted by the pity that seldom moves the heart of her race, ran to our hero, clasped his head in her arms, laid herself down with him on the block, determined to share his fate. Surely, of the numberless acts of kindness and benevolence which had been showered at different times upon Smith, this transcended them all! Startled by the act, and perhaps sympathizing with the feelings of his child, Powhatan raised Smith from the earth, and in two days, sent him with twelve Indian guides to Jamestown, from which place he had been absent seven weeks.

Smith found the colony disheartened by his absence, and in want of provisions. These he procured from the Indians, bartering blue beads for corn and turkeys. A fire broke out about this time, and burned up many of the houses of the colony; this damage, however, Smith set about repairing—his patience and energy surmounting every evil.

In June, 1608, our adventurer, tired of his mode of life, set out, with fourteen others, to explore Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac river. They encountered many tribes of Indians, but Smith's boldness always averted their assaults; and his frank and open demeanor generally turned his enemies into friends. The party returned to Jamestown in July, when Smith was made the president of the colony.

He now made several expeditions, frequently meeting with adventures, and falling in with numerous tribes of Indians. He and his party had many skirmishes, and suffered considerably from the assaults of the savages; but Smith's sagacity and ingenuity rendered them comparatively harmless. He explored the whole of Chesapeake Bay, sailing nearly 3000 miles, in the space of three months.

About this time, an expedition arrived from the mother country, under Capt. Newport, whose object was to make discoveries, and as they were to pass through Powhatan's territories, it was thought best to secure his favor by various presents. Accordingly, a bed and hangings, a chair of state, a suit of scarlet clothes, a crown, and other articles, were presented to him with great ceremony. At his coronation, having been with difficulty persuaded by the English to kneel, the moment the crown touched his head, a volley was fired from the boats, which caused the newly-made monarch to start up with affright. By way of return for these honors, Powhatan generously presented Captain Newport with his old shoes and mantle!

Notwithstanding Smith's exertions in behalf of the

colony, the council in England were constantly dissatisfied with him. But he did not allow anything to abate his zeal for the welfare of the colony under his command; even though they were harassed by the Indians, and suffering from sickness and privation, he still kept up his courage and energy. He entreated the managers in England to send them out mechanics and husbandmen, instead of the idle young gentlemen who had come with Newport, and took every step in his power to promote the prosperity of the settlement.

The colony being now in great want of supplies, Smith made many exertions to procure them, but the Indians refused to part with any more provisions. A great war of words ensued between Smith and Powhatan, which ended in hostilities, Smith endeavoring to take the latter prisoner. The Indians, in their turn, made preparations to attack the English by night. Of this, they were warned by Pocahontas, who continued her kind interpositions in favor of Smith.

Our hero had now experienced, it would seem, enough of adventure and peril to satisfy his desires. He often narrowly escaped with his life, for the Indians held him in dread, as one to whose prowess they were always obliged to yield, and whose address was always an overmatch for their own. If they suspected him of any hostile intentions towards them, they propitiated him by loads of provisions. To give some idea of this—Smith returned from one of his expeditions with two hundred pounds of deer's flesh, and four hundred and seventy-nine bushels of corn. But at length, growing weary of exertion, and of the

animadversion of the English company, with trouble abroad, and mutiny and sickness at home, he returned to England in 1609.

From this period to 1614, little or nothing is known of him. At this date, we again find him, true to his nature, sailing with two ships to Maine, for the purpose of capturing whales and searching for gold. Failing in these expectations, Smith left his men fishing for cod, while he surveyed the coast, from Penobscot to Cape Cod, trafficking with the Indians for furs. He then returned to England, and gave his map to the king, Charles I., and requested him to change some of the barbarous names which had been given to the places discovered. Smith gave the country the name of New England. Cape Cod, the name given by Gosnold, on account of the number of cod-fish found there, was altered by King Charles to Cape James, but the old title has always been retained. With the modesty ever manifested by Smith, he gave his own name only to a small cluster of islands, which, by some strange caprice, are now called the Isles of Shoals.

In January, 1615, Captain Smith set sail for New England, with two ships, from Plymouth in England, but was driven back by a storm. He embarked again in June, but met with all kinds of disasters, and was at last captured by a French squadron, and obliged to remain all summer in the admiral's ship. When this ship went to battle with English vessels, Smith was sent below; but when they fell in with Spanish ships, they obliged him to fight with them. They at length carried him to Rochelle, where they put him on board

a ship in the harbor. This was but a miserable existence to our hero, and he sought various opportunities of escape.

At length, a violent storm arising, all hands went below, to avoid the pelting rain, and Smith pushed off in a boat, with a half pike for an oar, hoping to reach the shore. But a strong current carried him out to sea, where he passed twelve hours in imminent danger, being constantly covered with the spray. At last, he was thrown upon a piece of marshy land, where some fowlers found him, nearly drowned. He was relieved and kindly treated at Rochelle, and soon returned to England.

While these adventures were happening to Smith, Pocahontas became attached to an English gentleman, of the name of Rolfe, having previously separated herself from her father. This would seem an unnatural step, were it not for the fact that she had a more tender and mild nature than that of her nation, and could not endure to see the cruelties practised against the English, in whom she felt so strong an interest. She was married in 1613, and by means of this event a lasting peace was established with Powhatan and his tribe.

In 1616, Pocahontas visited England with her husband. She had learned to speak English well, and was instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. As soon as Smith heard of her arrival, he went immediately to see her, and he describes her in this interview as "turning about and obscuring her face," no doubt, overcome by old recollections. She afterwards, however, held a long conversation with Smith. This interesting creature was not destined to return to her

own land, for, being taken sick at Gravesend, in 1617, she died, being only twenty-two years old.

Much has been written concerning this friend of the whites, and all agree in ascribing to her character almost every quality that may command respect and esteem. She combined the utmost gentleness and sweetness, with great decision of mind and nobleness of heart. Captain Smith has immortalized her by his eloquent description of her kindness to him and his people. From her child are descended some honorable families now living in Virginia.

Captain Smith intended to sail for New England in 1617, but his plans failed, and he remained in England, using constant exertions to persuade his countrymen to settle in America. In 1622, the Indians made a dreadful massacre at Jamestown, destroying three hundred and forty-seven of the English settlers. This news affected Smith very much, and he immediately made proposals to go over to New England, with forces sufficient to keep the Indians in check. But the people of England made so many objections to the plan, that it was given up by our hero, though with great regret. From this period, his story is little known, and we are only told that he died in 1631. His life is remarkable for the variety of wild adventures in which he was engaged; his character is marked as well by courage and daring, as by the somewhat opposite qualities of boldness and perseverance. He seems also to have possessed many noble and generous qualities of heart. He had, indeed, the elements of greatness, and had he been called to a wider field of action, he might have left a nobler fame among the annals of mankind.

ETHAN ALLEN.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Litchfield, or Salisbury, Connecticut, about the year 1740. He had five brothers and two sisters, named Heman, Heber, Levi, Zimri, Ira, Lydia and Lucy. Four or five of the former emigrated to Vermont, with Ethan, where their bold, active and enterprising spirits found an abundant opportunity for its display. Many a wild legend, touching their adventures, still lingers among the traditions of the Green Mountains.

About the year 1770, a dispute between New York and New Hampshire, as to the dividing line between the two provinces, and which had long been pending, came to a crisis. The territory of Vermont was claimed by both parties; and some of the settlers who had received grants from Governor Wentworth, of New Hampshire, were threatened with being ejected from their lands by legal processes, proceeding from the province of New York.

The Allens had selected their lands in the township of Bennington, which had now become a considerable place. The New York government, in conformity with their interpretation of their rights,

had proceeded to grant patents, covering these very lands on which farms had now been brought to an advanced state of culture, and where houses had been built and orchards planted by the original purchasers. These proprietors were now called upon to take out new patents, at considerable expense, from New York, or lose their estates.

This privilege of purchasing their own property was regarded by the Vermonters as rather an insult, than a benefit, and most of them refused to comply. The question was at last brought to trial at Albany, before a New York court, Allen being employed by the defendants as their agent. The case was, of course, decided against them, and Allen was advised, by the king's attorney-general, to go home and make the best terms he could with his new masters, remarking, that "might generally makes right." The reply of the mountaineer was brief and significant: "The gods of the valley are not the gods of the hills;" by which he meant that the agents of the New York government would find themselves baffled at Bennington, should they undertake to enforce the decision of the court, against the settlers there.

Allen's prediction was prophetic. The sheriffs sent by the government were resisted, and finally, a considerable force was assembled, and placed under the command of Allen, who obliged the officers to desist from their proceedings. A proclamation was now issued by the governor of New York, offering a reward of twenty pounds for the apprehension of Allen. The latter issued a counter proclamation, offering a reward of five pounds to any one who

would deliver the attorney-general of the colony into his power.

Various proceedings took place, and for several years, the present territory of Vermont presented a constant series of disturbances. The New York government persevered in its claims, and the settlers as obstinately resisted. In all these measures, whether of peace or war, Allen was the leader of the Green Mountain yeomanry. Various plots were laid for his apprehension, but his address and courage always delivered him from the impending danger. At last, the revolution broke out, and the dispute was arrested by events which absorbed the public attention. The rival claims being thus suspended, the people of Vermont were left to pursue their own course.

A few days after the battle of Lexington, a project was started at Hartford, Connecticut, for the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, then belonging to the British. Several persons set out upon this enterprise, and taking Bennington in their way, Allen joined them with some of his "Green Mountain Boys," and was appointed commander of the expedition. The little band arrived, without molestation, on the banks of Lake George, opposite the fort. They procured boats sufficient to carry eighty-three men. These crossed in the night, and landed just at the dawn of day. While the boats were gone back with the remainder of the troops, Allen resolved to attack the fort.

He drew up the men in three ranks, addressed them in a short harangue, ordered them to face to the right, and placing himself at the head of the middle file, led them silently, but with a quick step, up the heights

where the fortress stood; and before the sun rose, he had entered the gate, and formed his men on the parade between the barracks. Here they gave three huzzas, which aroused the sleeping inmates. When Colonel Allen passed the gate, a sentinel snapped his fusée at him, and then retreated under a covered way. Another sentinel made a thrust at an officer with a bayonet, which slightly wounded him. Colonel Allen returned the compliment with a cut on the side of the soldier's head, at which he threw down his musket, and asked quarter.

No more resistance was made. Allen now demanded to be shown to the apartment of Captain Delaplace, the commander of the garrison. It was pointed out, and Allen, with Beman, his guide, at his elbow, hastily ascended the stairs, which were attached to the outside of the barracks, and called out with a voice of thunder at the door, ordering the astonished captain instantly to appear, or the whole garrison should be sacrificed.

Startled at so strange and unexpected a summons, the commandant sprang from his bed and opened the door, when the first salutation of his boisterous and unseasonable visitor was an order immediately to surrender the fort. Rubbing his eyes, and trying to collect his scattered senses, the captain asked by what authority he presumed to make such a demand. "In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!" said Allen.

Not accustomed to hear much of the continental congress in this remote corner, nor to respect its authority when he did, the commandant began to

remonstrate; but Colonel Allen cut short the thread of his discourse, by lifting his sword over his head, and reiterating the demand for an immediate surrender. Having neither permission to argue, nor power to resist, Captain Delaplace submitted, ordering his men to parade, without arms, and the garrison was given up to the victors.*

The fruit of this victory was about fifty prisoners, with one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, beside other arms and military stores. A few days after, the fort at Crown Point was taken, and some other successful enterprises were achieved. Allen obtained great credit by these performances.

In the following autumn, he was twice despatched into Canada, to engage the inhabitants to lend their support to the American cause. In the last of these expeditions, he formed a plan, in concert with Colonel Brown, to reduce Montreal. Allen, accordingly, crossed the river in September, 1775, at the head of one hundred and ten men, but was attacked, before Brown could join him, by the British troops, consisting of five hundred men, and, after a most obstinate resistance, was taken prisoner. The events of his captivity he himself has recorded in a narrative compiled after his release, in the most singular style, but apparently with great fidelity.

For some time he was kept in irons, and treated with much severity. He was sent to England as a prisoner, with an assurance that, on his arrival there, he would meet with the halter. During the passage,

* Sparks' Biography.

extreme cruelty was exercised towards him and his fellow-prisoners. They were all, to the number of thirty-four, thrust, handcuffed, into a small place in the vessel, not more than twenty feet square. After about a month's confinement in Pendennie castle, near Falmouth, he was put on board a frigate, January 8, 1776, and carried to Halifax. Thence, after an imprisonment of five months, he was removed to New York.

On the passage from Halifax to the latter place, he was treated with great kindness by Captain Smith, the commander of the vessel, and he evinced his gratitude by refusing to join in a conspiracy on board to kill the British captain and seize the frigate. His refusal prevented the execution of the plan. He remained at New York for a year and a half, sometimes in confinement, and sometimes at large, on parole.

In 1778, Allen was exchanged for Colonel Campbell, and immediately afterwards, repaired to the head quarters of General Washington, by whom he was received with much respect. As his health was impaired, he returned to Vermont, after having made an offer of his services to the commander-in-chief, in case of his recovery. His arrival in Vermont was celebrated by the discharge of cannon; and he was soon appointed to the command of the state militia, as a mark of esteem for his patriotism and military talents. A fruitless attempt was made by the British to bribe him to lend his support to a union of Vermont with Canada. He died suddenly at his estate at Colchester. February 13, 1789.

Allen was a man of gigantic stature, being nearly seven feet in height, and every way of relative proportions. He possessed undaunted courage, and blended bold enterprise with much sagacity. His early education was imperfect, but he was the master-spirit in the society among which he lived, and he exercised a powerful influence in laying the foundations of the state of Vermont. He was a sincere friend of his country, and did much in behalf of the revolution. When applied to by the rebel Shays, to become the leader of the insurrection in 1786, he rejected the proffer with indignation.

Allen was a man of great determination, and, living in the midst of turmoil, was somewhat reckless in his temper. While he held a military command, during the revolution, a notorious spy was taken and brought to his quarters. Allen immediately sentenced him to be hung at the end of two or three days, and arrangements were accordingly made for the execution. At the appointed time, a large concourse of people had collected around the gallows, to witness the hanging. In the mean time, however, it had been intimated to Allen that it was necessary to have a regular trial of the spy.

This was so obvious, that he felt compelled to postpone the execution of the culprit. Irritated, however, at this delay of justice, he proceeded to the gallows, and, mounting the scaffold, harangued the assembly somewhat as follows: "I know, my friends, you have all come here to see Rowley hanged, and, no doubt, you will be greatly disappointed to learn that the performances can't take place to-day. Your

disappointment cannot be greater than mine, and I now declare that if you 'll come here a fortnight from this day, Rowley shall be hung, or I will be hung myself."

The rude state of society in which Allen spent the greater part of his life was little calculated to polish his manners. Being at Philadelphia, before the election of General Washington as president, he was invited to dinner, by the general upon an occasion of some ceremony. He took his seat by the side of Mrs. Washington, and in the course of the meal, seeing some Spanish olives before him, he took one of them, and put it in his mouth. It was the first he had ever tasted, and, of course, his palate revolted. "With your leave, ma'am," said he, turning to Lady Washington, "I'll take this plaguy thing out of my mouth."

When Allen was in England, a prisoner, persons who had heard him represented as a giant in stature, and scarcely short of a cannibal in habits and disposition, came to see him, and gazed at him with mingled wonder and disgust. It is said, that, on one occasion, a tenpenny nail was thrown in to him, as if he were a wild animal. He is reported to have picked it up, and, in his vexation, to have bitten it in two. It is in allusion to this that Doctor Hopkins wrote,—

"Lo, Allen 'scaped from British jails,
His tushes broke by biting nails," &c.

But however rude were Allen's manners, he was a man of inflexible integrity. He was sued, upon a certain occasion, for a note of hand, which was wit-

nessed by an individual residing at Boston. When the case came on for trial in one of the Vermont courts, the lawyer whom Allen had employed to manage it so as to get time, rose, and, for the purpose of securing this object, pleaded a denial of the signature.

It chanced that Allen was in the court-house at this moment, and hearing this plea, he strode across the court-room, and, while his eyes flashed with indignation, he spoke to the court as follows: "May it please your honors, that's a lie! I say I did sign that note, and I did n't employ Lawyer C***** to come here and tell a falsehood. That's a genuine note, and I signed it, please your honors, and I mean to pay it; all I want is to put it over till next court, when I expect to have money enough to meet it!" This speech gratified the opposing counsel so much, that he immediately consented to the delay which Allen desired.

Though Allen's education was limited, by reading and reflection he had acquired a considerable amount of knowledge. Presuming upon this, and guided by the eccentricity which marked his character, he ventured to assail the Christian religion, in a book entitled, "The Oracles of Reason." Though he here expressed belief in a God, and a future state of rewards and punishments, he rejected the Bible, and seemed to favor the Pythagorian doctrine of transmigration of souls. He entertained the idea that he was himself destined to reappear on earth in the condition of a great white horse! These absurdities show into what depths of folly a great man may be led, if he permit his self-conceit to involve him in the discussion of subjects beyond his grasp.

DAVID CROCKETT.

THIS individual was one of those remarkable characters, formed by the rough and adventurous circumstances of western life. His paternal grandfather and grandmother, who were of Irish descent, were murdered by the Creek Indians, in Tennessee. He had an uncle who was wounded at the same time, and remained in captivity with the savages for seventeen months. The subject of our memoir was born in 1786, on the banks of Nola-chucky river, he being the fifth son.

At this period, Tennessee was nearly a wilderness, and the forests were still, to a great extent, the dominion of the Indian and the wild beast. Brought up in this condition, his youthful imagination tinged by the tragic story of his ancestors, it was natural that our young hero should have become an early lover of those wild enterprises and hazardous adventures which belong to border life.

In the memoir with which Crockett has favored us, he gives an account of many events, some of which are not a little marvellous, though we have no reason to doubt their truth. The following will serve as a specimen of his style, as well as of the circumstances which attended his childhood. "Joseph Hawkins,

who was a brother to my mother, was in the woods hunting for deer. He was passing near a thicket of brush, in which one of our neighbors was gathering some grapes, as it was in the fall of the year, and the grape season. The body of the man was hid by the brush, and it was only as he would raise his hand to pull the bunches, that any part of him could be seen. It was a likely place for deer ; and my uncle, having no suspicion that it was any human being, but supposing the raising of the hand to be the occasional twitch of a deer's ear, fired at the lump, and as the devil would have it, unfortunately shot the man through the body. I saw my father draw a silk handkerchief through the bullet hole, and entirely through his body ; yet, after a little while, he got well, as little as any one would have thought it. What became of him, or whether he is dead or alive, I don't know ; but I reckon he didn't fancy the business of gathering grapes in an out-of-the-way thicket again."

When David was about eight years old, his father settled in Jefferson county, Tennessee, and opened a small tavern, chiefly for wagoners. He was poor, and his son says, "Here I remained with him, till I was twelve years old. About that time, you may *guess*, if you are a yankee, and *reckon*, if, like me, you belong to the backwoods, that I began to make my acquaintance with hard times, and plenty of them."

At this period, an old Dutchman, who was proceeding to Rockbridge, a distance of four hundred miles, stopped over night at his father's house. He had a large stock of cattle, and needing assistance, David was hired by him, and proceeded on foot the whole of

the journey. He was expected to continue with the Dutchman, but his love of home mastered him, and taking his clothes in a bundle on his back, he stole away one night, and begged his way among the straggling settlements, till he reached his father's residence.

David was now sent to school; but at the end of four days he had a quarrel with one of his mates, and having scratched his face badly, he did not dare to go again. He therefore spent several days in the woods, during school hours, leaving his father to suppose he was at his lessons. When he found out, from the master, what David had done, he cut a hickory stick, and approached him in great wrath, intending to chastise him severely. The boy saw the danger, and fled. It was a tight race, but youth had the advantage. David escaped, hid himself in the woods for a time, and then, bidding adieu to his home, set forth upon his adventures.

Passing through a great variety of conditions, he at last reached Baltimore, and for the first time looked forth upon the blue ocean and the ships that navigate it. He had heard of these things, but he tells us, that until he actually saw them, he did not in his heart believe in their existence. It seems that his first sight of the sea excited in his bosom those deep, yet indescribable emotions, known only to those who have had experience like his own.

He set out at length to return to his father's house; but, owing to a variety of causes, it was three years before he reached it. It was evening when he came to the tavern, and he concluded to ask for lodging,

and not make himself known, till he saw how the land lay. He gives an account of what followed, in these terms :—

“After a while, we were all called to supper : I went with the rest. We sat down to the table, and began to eat, when my eldest sister recollected me : she sprung up, ran and seized me around the neck, and exclaimed, ‘Here is my lost brother !’

“My feelings at this time it would be vain and foolish for me to attempt to describe. I had often thought I felt before, and I suppose I had ; but sure I am, I never had felt as I then did. The joy of my sisters, and my mother, and indeed of all the family, was such that it humbled me, and made me sorry that I hadn’t submitted to a hundred whippings, sooner than cause so much affliction as they had suffered on my account. I found the family had never heard a word of me from the time my brother left me. I was now almost fifteen years old, and my increased age and size, together with the joy of my father, occasioned by my unexpected return, I was sure would secure me against my long-dreaded whipping ; and so they did. But it will be a source of astonishment to many, who reflect that I am now a member of the American Congress—the most enlightened body of men in the world—that at so advanced an age, the age of fifteen, I did not know the first letter in the book.”

The following passage, continuing the narrative, evinces sense and feeling, which are honorable to our hero’s head and heart. “I had remained for some short time at home with my father, when he informed

me that he owed a man, whose name was Abraham Wilson, the sum of thirty-six dollars; and that if I would set in and work out the note, so as to lift it for him, he would discharge me from his service, and I might go free. I agreed to do this, and went immediately to the man who held my father's note, and contracted with him to work six months for it. I set in, and worked with all my might, not losing a single day in the six months. When my time was out, I got my father's note, and then declined working with the man any longer, though he wanted to hire me mighty bad. The reason was, it was a place where a heap of bad company met to drink and gamble, and I wanted to get away from them, for I knowed very well if I staid there I should get a bad name, as nobody could be respectable that would live there. I therefore returned to my father, and gave him up his paper, which seemed to please him mightily, for, though he was poor, he was an honest man, and always tried mighty hard to pay off his debts.

"I next went to the house of an honest old Quaker, by the name of John Kennedy, who had removed from North Carolina, and proposed to hire myself to him, at two shillings a day. He agreed to take me a week on trial, at the end of which he appeared pleased with my work, and informed me that he held a note on my father for forty dollars, and that he would give me that note if I would work for him six months. I was certain enough that I should never get any part of the note; but then I remembered it was my father that owed it, and I concluded it was my duty, as a child, to help him along, and ease his lot as much

as I could. I told the Quaker I would take him up at his offer, and immediately went to work. I never visited my father's house during the whole of this engagement, though he lived only fifteen miles off. But when it was finished, and I had got the note, I borrowed one of my employer's horses, and, on a Sunday evening, went to pay my parents a visit. Some time after I got there, I pulled out the note, and handed it to my father, who supposed Mr. Kennedy had sent it for collection. The old man looked mighty sorry, and said to me he had not the money to pay it, and did n't know what he should do. I then told him I had paid it for him, and it was then his own; that it was not presented for collection, but as a present from me. At this, he shed a heap of tears; and as soon as he got a little over it, he said he was sorry he could n't give me anything, but he was not able, he was too poor."

David continued to work for the Quaker, during which time he became enamored of a girl in the vicinity, and when he was eighteen he engaged to marry her; she, however, proved faithless, and wedded another man. The youth took it much to heart, and observes, "I now began to think that in making me, it was entirely forgotten to make my mate; that I was born odd, and should always remain so." He, however, recovered, and paid his addresses to a little girl of the neighborhood, whom he met one day when he had got lost in the woods, and married her. She had for her marriage portion two cows and two calves; and, with fifteen dollars' worth of furniture, they commenced house-keeping. He rented a small farm, and

went to work. After a few years, he removed to another part of the state, where there was plenty of game, in consequence of which he became a hunter. About the year 1810, he settled on Bear Creek, where he remained till after the war of 1812.

During the Creek war in Tennessee, in 1812, Crockett served as a private soldier under General Jackson, and displayed no small share of enterprise and daring. He also served in one of the expeditions to Florida, meeting with a great variety of adventures. Soon after the close of the war, in 1815, he lost his wife, but married again, and, as he says, "went ahead."

After a time, he removed, with his family, to Shoal Creek, where the settlers, living apart from the rest of the world, set up a government for themselves; they established certain laws, and Crockett was elected one of the magistrates. The operations of this forest republic are thus described by our hero:—

"When a man owed a debt, and wouldn't pay it, I and my constable ordered our warrant, and then he would take the man, and bring him before me for trial. I would give judgment against him, and then an order for an execution would easily scare the debt out of him. If any one was charged with marking his neighbor's hogs, or with stealing anything,—which happened pretty often in those days,—I would have him taken, and if there was tolerable grounds for the charge, I would have him well whipped, and cleared. We kept this up till our legislature added us to the white settlements in Giles county, and appointed magistrates by law, to organize matters in the parts where

I lived. They appointed every man a magistrate who had belonged to our corporation. I was then, of course, made a squire according to law, though now the honor rested more heavily on me than before. For, at first, whenever I told my constable, says I,—‘Catch that fellow, and bring him up for trial,’ away he went; and the fellow must come, dead or alive; for we considered this a good warrant, though it was only in verbal writings. But after I was appointed by the assembly, they told me my warrants must be in real writing, and signed; and that I must keep a book, and write my proceedings in it. This was a hard business on me, for I could just barely write my own name.”

Crockett now rose rapidly; he was elected a colonel in the militia, and, by request of his friends, became a candidate for the state legislature. He made an electioneering tour of nearly three months, addressing the voters at various points. His account of this part of his life is full of wit, and not only throws much light upon western manners, but suggests many keen and sagacious reflections upon the character and conduct of political leaders, seeking the suffrages of the people. His success upon the stump was great, though he confesses he knew nothing about government, and dared not even touch the subject. He told droll stories, however, which answered a better purpose, and in the result, was triumphantly elected. We must not omit to give Crockett’s own account of himself at this period.

“A short time after this,” says he, “I was in Pualaski, where I met with Colonel Polk, now a member

of Congress from Tennessee. He was at that time a member elected to the legislature, as well as myself; and in a large company he said to me, 'Well, Colonel, I suppose we shall have a radical change of the judiciary at the next session of the legislature.' 'Very likely, sir,' says I; and I put out quicker, for I was afraid some one would ask me what the judiciary was; and if I knowed, I wish I may be shot. I don't indeed believe I had ever before heard that there was any such thing in all nature; but still I was not willing that the people there should know how ignorant I was about it. When the time for meeting of the legislature arrived, I went on, and before I had been there long, I could have told what the judiciary was, and what the government was too; and many other things that I had known nothing about before."

Crockett now removed to the borders of the Obion, and settled in the woods, his nearest white neighbor being seven miles off. The country around gradually became peopled, and in the course of a few years he was again put in nomination, without his own consent or knowledge, for the legislature. His antagonist was Dr. Butler, a relative of General Jackson's, and, as Crockett describes him, "a clever fellow, and the most talented man I ever run against, for any office." Two other candidates were in the field, but David beat them all by a handsome majority. This occurred in 1825. In 1827, he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1829, by a majority of 3500 votes. No man could at that time stand against him, with hopes of success. In 1831, however, he lost his election, but succeeded in 1833. He was defeated in 1835,

and, having gone to Texas, engaged in the defence of Bexar, and was slain in the storming of that place, March 6th, 1836.

The character of David Crockett is by no means to be set up as a model for imitation, yet he was a man of excellent traits of character. Brave, hospitable, honest, patriotic, and sincere, he was the representative of the hardy hunters of the west—a race of men fast fading away, or receding with the remote borders of our western settlements. Destitute of school education, he supplied the defect, in a great degree, by ready wit, and that talent which is developed strongly by the necessities of a hard and hazardous course of life. In civilized society, he retained the marks of his forest breeding, as well as the innate eccentricity of his character, and became conspicuous as one of those humorists, whom nothing can change from their original conformation.



DANIEL BOONE.

THERE are few names in the West better known, or more respected, than that of Colonel Daniel Boone. He is regarded as the founder of Kentucky, and in his character, was a good specimen of the early settler, who united in his own person the offices of hunter and husbandman, soldier and statesman. He was born in Pennsylvania, in the year 1746, and in his boyhood gave earnest of his future career, by his surpassing skill in the use of a gun, as exercised against squirrels, raccoons, and wild-cats.

A love of hunting became his ruling passion, and he would wander, for whole days alone, through the woods, seeming to take great delight in these rambles, even if he found no game. One morning, when he was about fourteen years old, he was observed, as usual, to throw the band that suspended his shot bag, over the shoulder, and go forth, accompanied by his dog. Night came, but, to the astonishment and alarm of his parents, the boy came not. Another day and another night passed, and still he did not return. The nearest neighbors, sympathizing with the distressed parents, who considered him lost, at length turned out, to aid in finding him.

After a long and weary search, a smoke was seen arising from a temporary hovel of sods and branches, at a distance of a league from any plantation, in which the astonished father found his child; he was, apparently, most comfortably occupied in making an experiment in housekeeping. Numerous skins of wild animals were stretched upon his cabin, as trophies of his hunting prowess. Ample fragments of their flesh were around—either thrown aside or prepared for cookery.

A few years after this, Boone removed, with his father, to North Carolina, where they founded a settlement upon the banks of the Yadkin. The country was new, and almost totally uninhabited; the game was abundant, and afforded ample scope for young Boone's talents as a hunter. One night, he went out with a friend, upon what is called a *fire hunt*, the object of which was to shoot deer. In this sport, an iron pan, filled with blazing knots of pitch pine, is carried by one of the sportsmen. This casts a ruddy glare deep into the forest; and the deer, as if bound by a spell of enchantment, stands still, and gazes at the unwonted apparition. The lustrous eye of the animal is easily seen by the hunter, and thus becomes a mark for the rifle.

On the present occasion, the two hunters had reached the corner of a farmer's field early in the evening, when Boone's companion, who held the fire pan, gave the signal that he *shined* the eyes of a deer. Boone approached with his ready rifle, and, perceiving the glistening eyes, was about to fire, when the deer suddenly retreated. He pursued, and, after a

rapid chase through the woods, came suddenly out at the farmer's house. What was the young hunter's astonishment then to discover that the object upon which he had levelled his rifle a few minutes before, was a beautiful girl of sixteen, and the daughter of the farmer! Boone could do no less than enter the house. The scene that followed is thus described by the biographer:

"The ruddy, flaxen-haired girl stood full in view of her terrible pursuer, leaning upon his rifle, and surveying her with the most eager admiration. 'Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbor,' was the laconic introduction, offered by the father. Both were young, beautiful, and at the period when the affections exercise their most energetic influence. The circumstances of the introduction were favorable to the result, and the young hunter felt that the eyes of the deer had *shined* his bosom as fatally as his rifle-shot had ever done the innocent deer of the thickets.

"She, too, when she saw the high, open, bold forehead—the clear, keen, yet gentle and affectionate eye—the firm front, and the visible impress of decision and fearlessness of the hunter; when she interpreted a look, which said, as distinctly as looks could say it, 'how terrible it would have been to have fired!' she can hardly be supposed to have regarded him with indifference. Nor can it be wondered at that she saw in him her *beau ideal* of excellence and beauty.

"The inhabitants of cities, who live in splendid mansions, and read novels stored with unreal pictures of life and the heart, are apt to imagine that

love, with all its golden illusions, is reserved exclusively for them. It is a most egregious mistake. A model of ideal beauty and perfection is woven in almost every youthful heart, of the finest and most brilliant threads that compose the web of existence. It may not be said that this forest maiden was deeply and foolishly smitten at first sight. All reasonable time and space were granted to the claims of maidenly modesty. As for Boone, he was incurably wounded by her, whose eyes he had *shined*, and as he was remarkable for the backwoods' attribute of never being beaten out of his track, he ceased not to woo, until he gained the heart of Rebecca Bryan. In a word, he courted her successfully, and they were married."

Boone removed with his wife to the head waters of the Yadkin, where he remained for several years, engaged in the quiet pursuits of a husbandman. But in process of time, the country was settled around him, and the restraints of orderly society became established. These were disagreeable to his love of unbounded liberty, and he began to think of seeking a new home in the yet unoccupied wilderness. Having heard an account of Kentucky from a man by the name of Finley, who had made an expedition thither, he determined to explore the country. Accordingly, in 1769, he set out with four associates, and soon, bidding adieu to the habitations of man, plunged into the boundless forest.

They ascended and crossed the Alleghanies, and at last stood on the western summit of the Cumberland Ridge. What a scene opened before them!—the illimitable forest, as yet unbroken by civilized man,

and occupied only by savage beasts and more savage men. Yet it bore the marks of the highest fertility. Trees of every form, and touched with every shade of verdure, rose to an unwonted height on every side. In the distance, broad rivers flashed beneath the sun. How little did these hunters imagine that this noble country, within the compass of fifty years, was to be dotted with villages, and crowned with cities!

The party proceeded in their march. They met with an abundance of every species of game. The buffalo occupied the plains by thousands; and on one occasion, the whole party came near being crushed by a herd of these animals, that came rushing like a torrent across a prairie.

They spent the summer in the woods, and in December divided themselves into two parties, for the purpose of extending their means of observation. Boone and Stewart formed one division of the party. As they proceeded toward the Kentucky river, they were never out of sight of buffaloes, deer and wild turkeys. While they were one day leisurely descending a hill, the Indian yell suddenly broke upon their ears; a moment after, they were surrounded by savages, who sprung up from the cane-brakes around, and made them captives. Their hands were bound, and they were compelled to march, a long distance, to the Indian camp. On the second night, they escaped, and returned to the place where they expected to meet their former companions. These, it appears, had returned to Kentucky. That very day, however, Boone's brother arrived with a single companion,

having made his way through the wilderness alone, from his residence on the Yadkin.

The four adventurers now devoted themselves to hunting; but, one day, while they were out, Boone and Stewart, being separated from their companions, were attacked by Indians, and the latter was shot dead by an arrow. Boone, with some difficulty, escaped to the camp. A short time after this, the companion of the elder Boone wandered into the woods, and was lost. The two brothers sought for him with anxious care, and at last found traces of blood and fragments of his clothes in the vicinity of a place where they had heard the howling of wolves. There was little doubt that he had fallen a sacrifice to these terrible animals. Boone and his brother were now the only white men west of the mountains, yet their spirits were not damped by their condition or by the sad fate which had befallen their companions. They hunted by day; cooked their game, sat by their bright fires and sung the airs of their country at night. They also devoted much of their time to the preparation of a cabin for the approaching winter.

This came at length and passed away; but they were now in want of many things, especially ammunition, which was beginning to fail them. After long consultation, it was agreed that the elder Boone should return to North Carolina, and bring back ammunition, horses, and supplies.

The character of Daniel Boone, in consenting to be left alone in the wilderness, surrounded by perils from the Indians and wild beasts, of which he had so recently and terribly been made aware, appears in its

true light. We have heard of a Robinson Crusoe, made so by the necessities of shipwreck ; but all history can scarcely furnish another instance of a man, voluntarily consenting to be left alone among savages and wild beasts, seven hundred miles from the nearest white inhabitants.

The separation at last came. The elder brother disappeared in the forest, and Daniel Boone was left in the cabin, entirely alone. Their only dog followed the departing brother, and our hunter had nothing but his unconquerable spirit to sustain him during the long and lonely days and nights, visited by the remembrance of his distant wife and children.

To prevent the recurrence of dark and lonely thoughts, soon after his brother's departure, Boone set out on a tour of observation, and made an excursion to the Ohio river. He returned at last to his camp, which he found undisturbed. From this point he continued to make trips into the woods, in which he met with a variety of adventures. It was in May that his brother left him, and late in July he returned, with two horses and an abundant supply of needful articles. He brought also the welcome intelligence of the welfare of his brother's family and their kind remembrance of him.

The two brothers now set about selecting a situation for a settlement, where they intended to bring their families. One day, as they were passing through the woods, they saw a herd of buffaloes in great uproar. They were running, plunging, and bellowing, as if roused to fury. The hunters approached the throng, and perceived that a panther

had leaped upon the back of one of these huge animals, and was gnawing away the flesh. The buffalo, maddened by the agony, dashed among the herd, and these were soon thrown into wild confusion. Boone picked his flint, took a deliberate aim, and fired; the panther fell from his seat, and the herd passed on.

We cannot pursue the history of our hero, in all its adventurous details. We have told enough to display the leading traits of his character, and we must now hasten on, only noting the principal events. He returned with his brother to North Carolina, and in September, 1773, commenced his removal to Kentucky, with his own family and five others, for the purpose of settling there. They were joined by forty men, who placed themselves under Boone's guidance. On their route they were attacked by the Indians; six of the men were killed, and the cattle were dispersed. The emigrants, therefore, returned as far as Clinch river, where they made a temporary settlement.

In 1775, Boone assisted in building a fort at a place which was called Boonesburgh, and when completed, he removed his family thither. Two years after, he here sustained two formidable sieges from the Indians, whom he repulsed. In the following year he was taken while hunting, by the savages, and carried to Detroit. He escaped, and at last returned to his family. Again the fort was invested by the Indians and Canadian Frenchmen, four hundred and fifty strong. Boone, with fifty men, held out, and finally the assailants withdrew. This was the last attack upon Boonesburgh.

In 1792, Kentucky was admitted into the Union as

a state, and soon after, Boone, being involved in one of the innumerable law-suits which were about this time inflicted upon Kentucky, was deprived of his whole estate by an adverse decision. The indignation of the old hunter, at first, knew no bounds; but his tranquillity soon returned. He was, however, thoroughly disgusted with civilized society, and determined again, though gray with years, to find a home in the unbroken forest.

In 1798, having obtained a grant of two thousand acres of land from the Spanish authorities in upper Louisiana, now Missouri, he removed thither with his family, and settled at Charette. Here he devoted himself to his familiar pursuits of hunting and trapping, and in September, 1822, he died, being in his eighty-fifth year.



CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

CHARLES XII. was born on the 27th June, 1682. He was the son of Charles XI., a harsh and despotic prince. From his earliest years, he glowed to imitate the heroic character of Alexander, and, in his eagerness to reign, caused himself to be declared king of Sweden at the age of fifteen. At his coronation, he boldly seized the crown from the hands of the archbishop of Upsal, and set it on his own head.

His youth seemed to invite the attacks of his neighbors, of Poland, Denmark and Russia; but Charles, unawed by the prospect of hostilities, and though scarcely eighteen, determined to assail his enemies, one after the other. He besieged Copenhagen, and, by his vigorous measures, so terrified the Danish monarch, that, in less than six weeks, he obliged him to sue for peace.

From humbled Denmark, he marched against the Russians; and though at the head of only eight thousand men, he attacked the enemy who were besieging Narva with one hundred thousand men. The conflict was dreadful; thirty thousand were slain, twenty thousand asked for quarter, and the rest were

taken or destroyed ; while the Swedes had only twelve hundred killed, and eight hundred wounded. From Narva, the victorious monarch advanced into Poland, defeated the Saxons who opposed his march, and obliged the Polish king, in suing for peace, to renounce his crown and acknowledge Stanislaus for his successor.

It was a disgraceful condition of the treaty made with Augustus that he should give up Reinhold Patkul, a Polish nobleman, to the Swedish king. This patriot had nobly defended the liberties of his country against its enemies, and to escape the consequences, when Poland had fallen, went to Russia, and entered into the service of the Czar. Peter sent him as ambassador to Poland, and Augustus delivered him up to Charles. He was taken to Stockholm, tried as a rebel and traitor, and broke on the wheel. Such was the justice, such the mercy, of the chivalrous Charles XII. !

Fixing his head quarters near Leipsic, with a victorious army of fifty thousand veteran Swedes, he now attracted the attention of all Europe. He received ambassadors from the principal powers, and even the Duke of Marlborough paid him a visit to induce him to join the allies against Louis XIV. But Charles had other views, which were to dethrone his rival, Peter of Russia. Accordingly, after adjusting various matters, he proceeded to the north, with forty-three thousand men, in September, 1707.

In January, he defeated the Russians in Lithuania, and in June, 1708, met Peter on the banks of the Berezina. The Swedes crossed the river, and the

Russians fled. Charles pursued them as far as Smolensk; but in September he began to experience the real difficulties of a Russian campaign. The country was desolate, the roads wretched, the winter approaching, and the army had hardly provisions for a fortnight. Charles, therefore, abandoned his plan of marching upon Moscow, and turned to the south towards the Ukraine, where Mazeppa, hetman or chief of the Cossacks, had agreed to join him against Peter.

Charles advanced towards the river Desna, an affluent of the Dnieper, which it joins near Kiew; but he missed his way among the extensive marshes which cover a great part of the country, and in which almost all his artillery and wagons were lost. Meantime, the Russians had dispersed Mazeppa's Cossacks, and Mazeppa himself came to join Charles as a fugitive with a small body of followers. Lowenhaupt, also, who was coming from Poland with fifteen thousand men, was defeated by Peter in person.

Charles thus found himself in the wilds of the Ukraine, hemmed in by the Russians, without provisions, and the winter setting in with unusual severity. His army, thinned by cold, hunger, fatigue and the sword, was now reduced to twenty-four thousand men. In this condition, he passed the winter in the Ukraine, his army subsisting chiefly by the exertions of Mazeppa. In the spring, with eighteen thousand Swedes and as many Cossacks, he laid siege to the town of Pultowa, where the Russians had collected large stores. During the siege, he was severely wounded in the foot; and soon after, Peter himself

appeared to relieve Pultowa, at the head of seventy thousand men. Charles had now no choice but to risk a general battle, which was fought on the 8th of July, 1709, and ended in the total defeat of the Swedes.

At the close of the battle, Charles was placed on horseback, and, attended by about five hundred horse, who cut their way through more than ten Russian regiments, was conducted, for the space of a league, to the baggage of the Swedish army. In the flight, the king's horse was killed under him, and he was placed upon another. They selected a coach from the baggage, put Charles in it, and fled towards the Borysthènes with the utmost precipitation. He was silent for a time, but, at last, made some inquiries. Being informed of the fatal result of the battle, he said, cheerfully, "Come then, let us go to the Turks."

While he was making his escape, the Russians seized his artillery in the camp before Pultowa, his baggage and his military chest, in which they found six millions in specie, the spoils of Poland and Saxony. Nine thousand men, partly Swedes and partly Cossacks, were killed in the battle, and about six thousand were taken prisoners. There still remained about sixteen thousand men, including the Swedes, Poles and Cossacks, who fled towards the Borysthènes, under conduct of General Lowenhaupt.

He marched one way with his fugitive troops, and the king took another with some of his horse. The coach in which he rode broke down by the way, and they again set him on horseback. To complete his misfortune, he was separated from his troops and

wandered all night in the woods ; here, his courage being no longer able to support his exhausted spirits, the pain of his wound became more intolerable from fatigue, and his horse falling under him through excessive weariness, he lay some hours, at the foot of a tree, in danger of being surprised every moment by the conquerors, who were searching for him on every side.

At last, on the 10th July, at night, Charles reached the banks of the Borysthenes. Lowenhaupt had just arrived with the shattered remains of his army. It was with a mixture of joy and sorrow that the Swedes beheld their king, whom they had supposed dead. The victorious enemy was now approaching. The Swedes had neither a bridge to pass the river, nor time to make one, nor powder to defend themselves, nor provisions to support an army which had eaten nothing for two days. But more than all this, Charles was reduced to a state of extreme weakness by his wound, and was no longer himself. They carried him along like a sick person, in a state of insensibility.

Happily there was at hand a sorry calash, which by chance the Swedes had brought along with them ; this they put on board a little boat, and the king and General Mazeppa embarked in another. The latter had saved several coffers of money ; but the current being rapid, and a violent wind beginning to blow, the Cossacks threw more than three fourths of his treasure overboard to lighten the boat. Thus the king crossed the river, together with a small troop of horse, belonging to his guards, who succeeded in swimming the

river. Every foot soldier who attempted to cross the stream was drowned.

Guided by the dead carcasses of the Swedes, that thickly strewed their path, a detachment of the Russian army came upon the fugitives. Some of the Swedes, reduced to despair, threw themselves into the river, while others took their own lives. The remainder capitulated, and were made slaves. Thousands of them were dispersed over Siberia, and never again returned to their country. In this barbarous region, rendered ingenious through necessity, they exercised trades and employments, of which they had not before the least idea.

All the distinctions which fortune had formerly established between them before, were now banished. The officer, who could not follow any trade, was obliged to cleave and carry wood for the soldier, now turned tailor, clothier, joiner, mason, or goldsmith, and who got a subsistence by his labors. Some of the officers became painters, and others architects; some of them taught the languages and mathematics. They even established some public schools, which in time became so useful and famous, that the citizens of Moscow sent their children thither for education.

The Swedish army, which had left Saxony in such a triumphant manner, was now no more. Three fourths had perished in battle, or by starvation, and the rest were slaves. Charles XII. had lost the fruit of nine years' labor, and almost one hundred battles. He had escaped in a wretched calash, attended by a small troop. These followed, some on foot, some on horseback, and others in wagons, through a desert,

where neither huts, tents, men, beasts, nor roads were to be seen. Everything was wanting, even water itself.

It was now the beginning of July ; the country lay in the forty-seventh degree of latitude ; the dry sand of the desert rendered the heat of the sun the more insupportable ; the horses fell by the way, and the men were ready to die with thirst. A brook of muddy water, which they found towards evening, was all they met with ; they filled some bottles with this water, which saved the lives of the king's troops.

Triumphing over incredible difficulties, Charles and his little guard at last reached Benda, in the Turkish territory. He was hospitably received by the governor ; and the sultan, Achmet III., gave orders that he should have entertainment and protection. He now attempted to induce the sultan to engage in his cause, but the Russian agents at the Turkish court produced an impression against him, and orders were sent to the governor of Benda, to compel the king to depart, and in case he refused, to bring him, living or dead, to Adrianople.

Little used to obey, Charles determined to resist. Having but two or three hundred men, he still disposed them in the best manner he could, and when attacked by the whole force of the Turkish army, he only yielded step by step. His house at last took fire, yet the king and his soldiers still resisted. When, involved in flames and smoke, he was about to abandon it, his spurs became entangled, and he fell and was taken prisoner. His eyelashes were singed by powder and his clothes were covered with blood. He

was now removed to Demotica, near Adrianople. Here he spent two months in bed, feigning sickness, and employed in reading and writing.

Convinced, at last, that he could expect no assistance from the Porte, he set off, in disguise, with two officers. Accustomed to every deprivation, he pursued his journey on horseback, through Hungary and Germany, day and night, with such haste, that only one of his attendants was able to keep up with him. Exhausted and haggard, he arrived before Stralsund, about one o'clock, on the night of the 11th November, 1714.

Pretending to be a courier with important despatches from Turkey, he caused himself to be immediately introduced to the commandant, Count Dunker, who questioned him concerning the king, without recognising him till he began to speak, when he sprang, joyfully from his bed, and embraced the knees of his master. The report of Charles' arrival spread rapidly through the city. The houses were illuminated, and every demonstration of joy was exhibited.

A combined army of Danes, Saxons, Russians and Prussians now invested Stralsund. Charles performed miracles of bravery in its defence, but was obliged, at last, to surrender the fortress. Various events now took place, and negotiations were entered into for pacification with Russia. In the mean time, Charles had laid siege to Friedrichshall, in Norway. On the 3d of November, 1718, while in the trenches, and leaning against the parapet, examining the workmen, he was struck on the head by a cannon ball, and instantly killed. He was found dead in the same

position, his hand on his sword; in his pocket were the portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, and a prayer-book. It is probable that the fatal ball was fired, not from the hostile fortress, but from the Swedish side; his adjutant, Siguier, has been accused as an accomplice in his murder.

The life of Charles XII. presents a series of marvellous events, yet his character inspires us with little respect or sympathy. He aspired only to be a military hero, and to reign by the power of his arms. He had the bravery, perseverance, and decision suited to the soldier, and that utter selfishness, and recklessness of human life and happiness, which are necessary ingredients in the character of a mere warrior. His cheerfulness in adversity, and his patient endurance of pain and privation, were counterbalanced by obstinacy, amounting almost to insanity. Charles had, indeed, the power of attaching friends strongly to his person; and there is something almost sublime in the utter disregard of comfort, pleasure, and even life, displayed by his soldiers and officers, in their care of his person, and their obedience to his commands. Yet, however elevating may be the sentiment of loyalty, we cannot feel that, in the present instance, it was bestowed upon a worthy object.

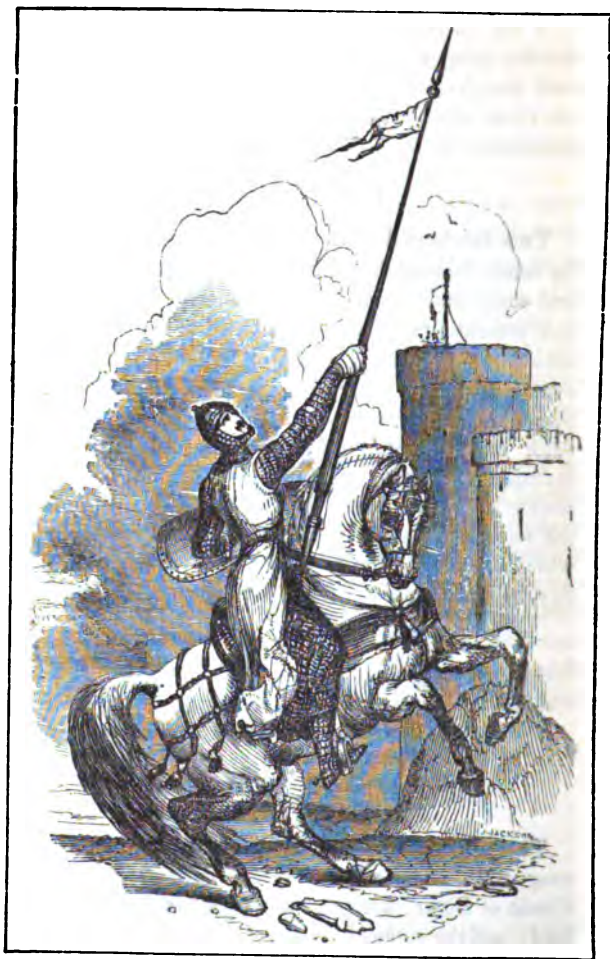


THE CID.

THIS celebrated hero of Spanish history has been for more than-eight centuries the theme of eulogy and song, and doubtless his wonderful achievements and romantic fame have contributed to kindle an emulous flame in many a youthful bosom, and to stir up even a nation to the resistance of oppression. It is by no means improbable that many of the deeds of valor and patriotic devotion witnessed during the invasion of Spain by Napoleon's armies, had their source in the name and fame of the Cid. In one of the numerous ballads which recount his history, and which are among the popular poetry of Spain to this day, he is addressed in the following vigorous lines :—

“Mighty victor, never vanquished,
Bulwark of our native land,
Shield of Spain, her boast and glory,
Knight of the far-dreaded brand,
Venging scourge of Moors and traitors,
Mighty thunderbolt of war,
Mirror bright of chivalry,
Ruy, my Cid Campeador !”

This chivalrous knight was born at Burgos, in the year 1025. His name was Rodrigo, or Ruy Diaz, Count of Bivar. He was called the *Cid*, which means lord ; and the name of *Campeador*, or champion with-



out an equal, was appropriated as his peculiar title. At this period, the greater part of the Peninsula was in the hands of the Arabs or Moors, who had invaded them three centuries before. The few Goths who had remained unconquered among the mountains, maintained a constant warfare upon the infidels, and by the time of which we speak, they had recovered a large portion of the country lying in the northwestern quarter. This territory was divided into several petty kingdoms, or counties, the principal of which, at the time of our hero's birth, were united under Ferdinand I., the founder of the kingdom of Castile. The rest of the Peninsula, subject to the Arabs, was also divided into petty kingdoms.

The father of Rodrigo, Don Diego Lainez, was the representative of an ancient, wealthy, and noble race. When our hero was a mere stripling, his father was grossly insulted by the haughty and powerful Count of Gormaz, Don Lozano Gomez, who smote him in the face, in the very presence of the king and court. The dejection of the worthy hidalgo, who was very aged, and therefore incapable of taking personal vengeance for his wrong, is thus strongly depicted in one of the ballads :—

“Sleep was banished from his eyelids ;
Not a mouthful could he taste ;
There he sat with downcast visage,—
Direly had he been disgraced.

Never stirred he from his chamber ;
With no friends would he converse,
Lest the breath of his dishonor
Should pollute them with its curse.”

When young Rodrigo, the son, was informed of the indignity offered to his father, he was greatly incensed, and determined to avenge it. He accordingly took down an old sword, which had been the instrument of mighty deeds in the hands of his ancestors, and, mounting a horse, proceeded to challenge the haughty Count Gomez, in the following terms:—

“How durst thou to smite my father?

Craven caitiff! know that none

Unto him shall do dishonor,

While I live, save God alone.

For this wrong, I must have vengeance,—

Traitor, here I thee defy!

With thy blood alone my sire

Can wash out his infamy!”

The count despised his youth, and refused his challenge; but the boy set bravely upon him, and, after a fierce conflict, was victorious. He bore the bleeding head of his antagonist to his father, who greeted him with rapture. His fame was soon spread abroad, and he was reckoned among the bravest squires of the time.

But now there appeared before king Ferdinand and the court of Burgos the lovely Ximena, daughter of the Count Gomez, demanding vengeance of the sovereign for the death of her father. She fell on her knees at the king's feet, crying for justice.

“Justice, king! I sue for justice—

Vengeance on a traitorous knight;

Grant it me! so shall thy children

Thrive, and prove thy soul's delight.”

When she had spoken these words, her eye fell on

Rodrigo, who stood among the attendant nobles, and she exclaimed,—

“Thou hast slain the best and bravest
That e'er set a lance in rest,
Of our holy faith the bulwark,—
Terror of each Paynim breast.

Traitorous murderer, slay me also!
Though a woman, slaughter me!
Spare not! I'm Ximena Gomez,
Thine eternal enemy!

Here's my heart,—smite, I beseech thee!
Smite! and fatal be thy blow!
Death is all I ask, thou caitiff,—
Grant this boon unto thy foe.”

Not a word, however, did Rodrigo reply, but, seizing the bridle of his steed, he vaulted into the saddle, and rode slowly away. Ximena turned to the crowd of nobles, and seeing that none prepared to follow him and take up her cause, she cried aloud, “Vengeance, sirs, I pray you vengeance!” A second time did the damsel disturb the king, when at a banquet, with her cries for justice. She had now a fresh complaint.

“Every day at early morning,
To despite me more, I wist,
He who slew my sire doth ride by,
With a falcon on his fist.
At my tender dove he flies it;
Many of them hath it slain.
See, their blood hath dyed my garments,
With full many a crimson stain.”

Rodrigo, however, was not punished, and the king suspected that this conduct of the young count was only typical of his purpose to hawk at the lady him-

self, and make her the captive of love. He was therefore left to pursue his career; and he soon performed an achievement which greatly increased his fame. Five Moorish chiefs or kings, and their attendants, had made a foray into the Castilian territories, and, being unresisted, were bearing off immense booty and many captives. Rodrigo, though still a youth under twenty, mounted his horse, Babieca, as famous in his story as is Bucephalus in that of Alexander, hastily gathered a host of armed men, and fell suddenly upon the Moors, among the mountains of Oca. He routed them with great slaughter, captured the five kings, and recovered all that they had taken.

The spoil he divided among his followers, but reserved the kings for his own share, and carried them home to his castle of Bivar, to present them, as proofs of his prowess, to his mother. With his characteristic generosity, which was conspicuous even at this early age, he then set them at liberty, on their agreeing to pay him tribute; and they departed to their respective territories, lauding his valor and magnanimity.

The fame of this exploit soon spread far and wide, through the land, and as martial valor in those chivalrous times was the surest passport to ladies' favor, it must have had its due effect on Ximena's mind, and will, in a great measure, account for the entire change in her sentiments towards the youth, which she manifested on another visit to Burgos. Falling on her knees before the king, she spoke thus:—

“I am daughter of Don Gomez,
Count of Gormaz was he hight;

Him Rodrigo by his valor
Did o'erthrow in mortal fight.

King! I come to crave a favor—
This the boon for which I pray,
That thou give me this Rodrigo
For my wedded lord this day.

Grant this precious boon, I pray thee;
'T is a duty thou dost owe;
For the great God hath commanded
That we should forgive a foe."

There is a touch of nature in all this, that is quite amusing: while the lady's anger burns, she cries for justice; when love has taken possession of her heart, she appeals to religion to enforce her wishes. "Now I see," said the king, "how true it is, what I have often heard, that the will of woman is wild and strange. Hitherto this damsel hath sought deadly vengeance on the youth, and now she would have him to husband. Howbeit, with right good will I will grant what she desireth."

He sent at once for Rodrigo, who, with a train of three hundred young nobles, his friends and kinsmen, all arrayed in new armor and robes of brilliant color, obeyed with all speed the royal summons. The king rode forth to meet him, "for right well did he love Rodrigo," and opened the matter to him, promising him great honors and much land if he would make Ximena his bride. Rodrigo, who desired nothing better, and who doubtless had hoped for this issue, at once acquiesced.

"King and lord! right well it pleaseth
Me thy wishes to fulfil :

In this thing, as in all others,
I obey thy sovereign will."

The young pair then plighted their troth in presence of the king, and in pledge thereof gave him their hands. He kept his promise, and gave Rodrigo Valduerna, Saldana, Belforado, and San Pedro de Cardena, for a marriage portion.

The wedding was attended by vast pomp and great festivities. Rodrigo, sumptuously attired, went with a long procession to the church. After a while, Ximena came, with a veil over her head and her hair dressed in large plaits, hanging over her ears. She wore an embroidered gown of fine London cloth, and a close-fitting spencer. She walked on high-heeled clogs of red leather. A necklace of eight medals or plates of gold, with a small pendent image of St. Michael, which together were "worth a city," encircled her white neck.

The happy pair met, seized each other's hands, and embraced. Then said Rodrigo, with great emotion, as he gazed on his bride,—

"I did slay thy sire, Ximena,
But, God wot, not traitorously;
'T was in open fight I slew him:
Sorely had he wronged me.
A man I slew,—a man I give thee,—
Here I stand thy will to bide!
Thou, in place of a dead father,
Hast a husband at thy side."
All approved well his prudence,
And extolled him with zeal;
Thus they celebrate the nuptials
Of Rodrigo of Castile.

We cannot attend this renowned hero through his long and brilliant career. We must be content to say, that on all occasions he displayed every noble and heroic quality. His life was an almost perpetual strife with the Moors, whom he defeated in many combats. Having collected a considerable force, on one occasion, he penetrated to the southeastern extremity of Arragon, and established himself in a strong castle, still called the Rock of the Cid. He afterwards pushed his victories to the borders of the Mediterranean, and laid siege to the rich and powerful Moorish city of Valencia, which he captured. Here he established his kingdom, and continued to reign till his death, about the year 1099, at the age of seventy-five.

While the Cid was living, his reputation was sufficient to keep the Moors in awe; but when he was dead, their courage revived, and they boldly attacked the Spaniards, even in Valencia, the city where his remains were laid. The Spaniards went forth to meet them; and behold, a warrior, with the well known dress of the Cid, but with the aspect of death, was at their head. The Moors recognised his features, and they fled in superstitious horror, fancying that a miracle had been performed in behalf of the Spaniards. The truth was, however, that the latter had taken him from the tomb, set him on his war-horse, and thus, even after his death, he achieved a victory over his foes. This incident sufficiently attests the wonderful power which the Cid's name exerted, as well over his countrymen as their enemies.

The Spaniards have an immense number of bal-

standing the severity of the laws, those living around the king's parks frequently shot the game. These persons were so numerous, that they finally associated together in considerable bands, for mutual protection. Many of them devoted themselves entirely to robbing the parks, and became not only skilful in the use of the bow, but familiar with the recesses and hiding-places of the forests, and expert in every device, either for plunder, concealment, or escape.

Of all the leaders of these several bands, Robin Hood became the most famous; for he was not only bold and skilful in forest craft, but he appears to have been guided by noble and patriotic sentiments. According to one of the many ballads which set forth his adventures, he displayed his courage and dexterity at a very early age.

"Robin Hood would into Nottingham go,
When the summer days were fine,
And there he saw fifteen foresters bold,
A drinking good ale and wine.

'What news? what news?' said bold Robin Hood,
'The news I fain would know;
If our king hath ordered a shooting match,
I am ready with my bow.'

The foresters stared at him, and said, "We hold it a scorn for one so young, presuming to bear a bow, who is not able to draw a string." "I'll hold you twenty marks," said Robin, "that I will hit a mark a hundred rods off, and cause a hart to die." "We hold you twenty marks, by our lady's leave," replied the foresters, "that you neither hit the mark at that distance, nor kill a hart."

"Then Robin Hood bent his noble bow,
And a broad arrow he let fly;
He hit the mark a hundred rod,
And he caused a hart to die.

The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground;
'The wager is mine,' said bold Robin Hood,
'An' 't were for a thousand pounds.'

The foresters laughed, and taunted the proud archer, and also refused to pay the twenty marks, and advised him to be gone, lest blows should follow. He picked up his arrows and his bow, and was observed to smile as he retired from these discourteous churls. When at some distance, he paused,—

"Then Robin he bent his noble bow,
And broad arrows he let fly;
Till fourteen of these fifteen foresters
Upon the ground did lye."

Sherwood forest, near Nottingham, was the chief theatre of Robin Hood's achievements. At one time he had no less than a hundred archers at his command, a gallant woodsman, by the name of Little John, being his particular friend and favorite. There was also among the merry crew, a mock friar, by the name of Tuck, who appears to have been full of mirth and humor.

Robin's orders to his men were, always to spare the common people; to aid and assist the weak; to be scrupulous never to injure or insult a woman; to be the friend of the poor, the timid, and the oppressed; but to plunder fat bishops, lazy friars, purse-proud squires, and haughty barons. His system was, to

take from the rich, and give to the poor; and while he ever observed this rule himself, he enforced it rigorously among all his followers. His history is full of details in which he illustrates these principles.

Robin became so notorious at last, that a price was offered for his apprehension, and several attempts were made to deliver him up; but his courage and dexterity, or his faithful friends, always saved him. One of the old ballads relates an adventure with a stout tinker, who, among others, sought to capture the redoubted outlaw. According to this story, Robin met him in the greenwood, and bade him good morrow; adding, "pray where live ye, and what is your trade? I hear there are sad news stirring." "Aye, indeed!" answered the other; "I am a tinker, and live at Banbury, and the news of which you speak have not reached me."

"'As for the news,' quoth Robin Hood,
'It is but, as I hear,
Two tinkers were set in the stocks,
For drinking ale and beer.'
'If that be all,' the tinker said,
'As I may say to you,
Your tidings are not worth a groat,
So be they were all true.'"

"Well," said Robin, "I love ale and beer when they are good, with all my heart, and so the fault of thy brethren is small: but I have told all my news; now tell me thine."

"'All the news I have,' the tinker said,
'And they are news for good;
It is to seek the bold outlaw,
Whom men call Robin Hood.

I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can,
And if you can tell me where he dwells,
I will make of you a man.' "

"That I can readily do," replied the outlaw; "let me look at the warrant," "Nay, nay," said the tinker, "I'll trust that with no man." "Well," answered the other, "be it as you please; come with me, and I'll show you Robin Hood." To accomplish this, Robin took him to an inn, where the ale and wine were so good and plentiful, and the tinker so thirsty, that he drank till he fell asleep; and when he awoke, he found that the outlaw had not only left him to pay the reckoning, which was beyond his means, but had stolen the king's warrant. "Where is my friend?" exclaimed the tinker, starting up. "Your friend?" said mine host; "why, men call him Robin Hood, and he meant you evil when he met with you." The tinker left his working-bag and hammer as a pledge for the reckoning, and, snatching up his crab-tree club, sallied out after Robin. "You'll find him killing the king's deer, I'll be sworn," shouted the landlord; and, accordingly, among the deer he found him. "What knave art thou," said the outlaw, "that dare come so near the king of Sherwood?"

"No knave, no knave," the tinker said,
'And that you soon shall know;
Which of us have done most wrong,
My crab-tree staff shall show.'

Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made of the trusty steel,
But the tinker he laid on so fast,
That he made Robin reel."

This raised the outlaw's wrath, and he exerted his skill and courage so well, that the tinker more than once thought of flight; but the man of Banbury was stubborn stuff, and at last drove Robin to ask a favor.

" 'A boon, a boon,' Robin he cries,
 'If thou wilt grant it me;'
 'Before I'll do 't,' the tinker said,
 'I'll hang thee on a tree.'

But the tinker looking him about,
 Robin his horn did blow;
Then unto him came Little John,
 And brave Will Scarlet too."

"Now what is the matter, master," said Little John, "that you sit thus by the way-side?" "You may ask the tinker there," said Robin; "he hath paid me soundly." "I must have a bout with him, then," said the other, "and see if he can do as much for me." "Hold, hold," cried Robin; "the tinker 's a jovial fellow, and a stout."

" 'In manhood he's a mettled man,
 And a metal man by trade;
 Never thought I that any man
 Should have made me so afraid.

And if he will be one of us,
 We will take all one fare;
Of gold and good, whate'er we get,
 The tinker he shall share.' "

The tinker was not a man of many words; he nodded assent, and added another bold forester to the ranks of the outlaw.

Robin and his friends were so sharply hunted by the sheriff of Nottinghamshire, that they deemed it

prudent to retire to the forests of Barnesdale, where they gaily pursued their calling. Their interference in church matters, in various ways, gave offence to his reverence, the Bishop of Hereford, who declared that measures should be taken to repress the insolence of the outlaw, and he promised to look strictly into the matter the first time he chanced to be near Barnesdale. It was on a sunny morning that Robin heard of the bishop's approach, "with all his company," and his joy was excessive.

"'Go, kill me a fat buck,' said bold Robin Hood,
'Go slay me a fair fat deer;
The Bishop of Hereford dines with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.'"

Accordingly, the deer was killed and skinned, and laid to the fire, and, with six of his men habited like shepherds, Robin was pacing round and round, as the wooden spit with its savory load revolved, when up came the Bishop of Hereford, who halted, and exclaimed, "What is all this, my masters? For whom do you make such a feast, and of the king's venison? Verily, I must look into this." "We are shepherds, simple shepherds, sir," replied the outlaw meekly. "We keep sheep the whole year round, and as this is our holiday, we thought there was no harm in holding it on one of the king's deer, of which there are plenty." "You are fine fellows," said the bishop, "mighty fine fellows; but the king shall know of your doings; so quit your roast, for to him you shall go, and that quickly."

"'O pardon, pardon,' cried bold Robin Hood,
'O pardon of thee I pray;

O it ill becomes a holy bishop's coat,
For to take men's lives away.'

'No pardon, no pardon,' the bishop he said,
'No pardon to thee I owe;
Therefore make haste, for I swear by St. Paul
Before the king you shall go.'"

Upon this, the outlaw sprung back against a tree, and setting his horn to his mouth, made in a moment all the wood to ring. It was answered, as usual, by the sudden appearance of threescore and ten of his comrades, who, with Little John at their head, overpowered the bishop's guard, and then inquired of Robin what was the matter that he blew a blast so sharp and startling.

"'O here is the Bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon shall we have;'
'Ho, cut off his head, then,' quoth Little John,
'And I'll go make him a grave.'

'O pardon, pardon,' then cried the bishop,
'O pardon of thee I pray;
O had I known that you were so near,
I'd have gone some other way.'"

Now Robin had no pleasure in shedding blood, but he loved to enjoy the terrors of those whom he captured: and to keep them in suspense, while he feasted them on the best, was a favorite practice of his. It was in this spirit that he now spoke:

"'No pardon, no pardon,' said bold Robin Hood,
'No pardon to thee I owe;
Therefore make haste, for I swear by my bow
That to Barnesdale with me you go.'

Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnesdale,
And he supped that night in the clear moonlight,
On the good red wine and ale."

How this was to end, the bishop seems to have had a guess. The parody which the outlaw made on his threats of carrying him to the king, showed that he was in a pleasant mood; and the venison collops, and the wine and ale, all evinced a tendency to mercy; of which, as it was now late, he took advantage. "I wish, mine host," said the bishop, with a sort of grave good-nature, "that you would call a reckoning; it is growing late, and I begin to fear that the cost of such an entertainment will be high." Here Little John interposed, for Robin affected great ignorance in domestic matters, leaving the task of fleecing his guests to his expert dependents. "Lend me your purse, master," said his scrupulous deputy to the bishop, "and I'll tell you all by-and-by."

"Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmanteau
He told three hundred pound.

'Here's gold enough, master,' said Little John,
'Tis a comely thing for to see;
It puts me in charity with the good bishop,
Though he heartily loveth not me.'

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And causing the music to play,
He made the good bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could so get away."

If we may put trust in ballad and song, the loss of

the three hundred pounds dwelt on the bishop's mind, and at the head of a fair company he went in quest of his entertainer. He had well nigh taken Robin by surprise, for he was upon him before he was aware ; but the outlaw escaped into an old woman's house, to whom he called, " Save my life ; I am Robin Hood, and here comes the bishop, to take me and hang me." " Aye, that I will," said the old woman, " and not the less willingly that you gave me hose and shoon, when I greatly needed them." It was thus that the robber always found friends among the poor, for he was uniformly their protector and benefactor.

According to one of the ballads, king Edward had become deeply incensed against Robin, and went to Nottingham to bring him to justice. But in vain did he seek to get a sight of him ; at last, however, dressed in the disguise of a monk, he met him, and dined with him and his merry men in the forest. After a time, the king was recognised by the outlaw, who bent his knee in homage, and, upon an assurance of safety, went with him to Nottingham, where he was nobly entertained, in the midst of the court. He soon, however, became sick of this kind of life, and joyfully returned to the greenwood.

But there is no safeguard against the approach of death. Time and toil began to do with Robin Hood all that they do with lesser spirits. One morning he had tried his shafts, and found that they neither flew so far as they were wont, nor with their usual accuracy of aim ; and he thus addressed Little John, the most faithful of his companions :—

" 'I am not able to shoot a shot more,
Mine arrows refuse to flee ;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Who, please God, will bleed me.' "

Now this cousin was prioress of Kirkley Nunnery, in Yorkshire, and seems to have had no good-will to Robin, whom she doubtless regarded as a godless and graceless person, who plundered church and churchmen, and set laws, both sacred and profane, at defiance.

" Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
He knocked low at the ring ;
And none came there save his cousin dear,
To let bold Robin in.

' Thrice welcome now, cousin Robin,' she said ;
' Come drink some wine with me ;'
' No, cousin, I 'll neither eat nor drink
Till I blooded am by thee.' "

She took him to a lonely room, and bled him, says the ballad, till one drop more refused to run : then she locked him in the place, with the vein unbound, and left him to die. This was in the morning ; and the day was near the close, when Robin, thinking the prioress was long in returning, tried to rise, but was unable, and, bethinking him of his bugle when it was too late, snatched it up, and blew three blasts. " My master must be very ill," said Little John, " for he blows wearily," and, hurrying to the nunnery, was refused admittance ; but, " breaking locks two or three," he found Robin all but dead, and, falling on his knee, begged as a boon to be allowed to " burn Kirkley Hall, with all its nunnery." " Nay, nay,"

replied Robin, "I never hurt a woman in all my life, nor yet a man in woman's company. As it has been during my life, so shall it be at my end."

"But give me my bent bow in my hand,
A broad arrow I'll let flee,
And where this shaft doth chance to fall,
There shall my grave digged be.

And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet ;
And cover my grave with sod so green,
As is both right and meet.

And let me have breadth and length enough,
By the side of yon green wood,
That men may say, when they look on it,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.' "

Having given these directions, he died, and was buried as he directed, under some fine trees near Kirkley, and a stone with an inscription was laid on the grave. Little John, it is said, survived only to see his master buried. His burial-place is claimed by Scotland as well as by England ; but tradition inclines to the grave in the church-yard of Hathersage.

The bond of union which had held his men so long together, was now broken ; some made their peace with the government, others fled to foreign parts, and nothing remained of Robin Hood but a name which is to be found in history, in the drama, in ballads, in songs, in sayings, and in proverbs.





PAUL JONES.

THIS hero of the American Revolution was born on the 6th of July, 1747, on the estate of Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean, Scotland. His father was a gardener, whose name was Paul, but the son assumed that of Jones, after his settlement in America. The birthplace of young Paul was a bold promontory, jutting into the sea, and was well calculated to excite a love of the briny element, for which he soon displayed a decided predilection.

At the age of twelve, he was bound apprentice to a

merchant of Whitehaven, in the American trade. He soon after went to sea, in a vessel bound for Virginia. While in port, he spent his time on shore with his brother William, who was a respectable planter in the colony. He devoted himself to the study of navigation and other subjects connected with the profession he had chosen. These he pursued with great steadiness, displaying those habits of industrious application, which raised him to the distinguished place he afterwards attained. His good conduct secured him the respect of his employers, and he rose rapidly in his profession.

At the age of nineteen, he had become the chief mate of the *Two Friends*, a slave ship, belonging to Jamaica. At this period, the traffic in slaves was exceedingly profitable, and was followed without scruple or reproach by the most respectable merchants of Bristol and Liverpool. But young Paul had pursued this business for only a short time, when he became so shocked and sickened at the misery which it inflicted upon the negroes, that he left it forever in disgust.

In 1768, he sailed from Jamaica for Scotland, as a passenger. Both the master and mate dying of fever on the voyage, he assumed the command, and arrived safely at port. Gratified by his conduct, the owners placed him on board the brig *John*, as master and supercargo, and despatched him to the West Indies. He made a second voyage in the same vessel, during which he inflicted punishment on the carpenter, named Maxwell, for mutinous conduct. As Maxwell died of fever, soon after, Paul was charged, by persons who envied his rising reputation, with having

caused his death by excessive punishment. This has been since abundantly disproved. Paul continued some time in the West India trade, but in 1773, he went to Virginia to arrange the affairs of his brother William, who had died without children, leaving no will. His brother was reported to have left a large estate; but as Paul was, soon after, in a state of penury, it is probable that this was a mistake. He now devoted himself to agriculture, but his planting operations do not seem to have prospered.

The American Revolution soon broke out, and considering himself a settled resident of the country, he determined to take her part in the bloody struggle which was about to follow. Impelled by a noble enthusiasm for the cause of liberty, a spirit of adventure, and a chivalrous thirst for glory, he offered his services to Congress, which were accepted, and he was commissioned as a lieutenant in the navy, in December, 1775. At this time, he bore the name of Jones, which he had perhaps assumed to conceal his conduct from his family, who might be pained to know that one of their name had taken part against England.

Jones was appointed first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, a flag-ship, and when the commander-in-chief came on board, he hoisted the American flag, with his own hands, being the first time it was ever displayed. At that time, the flag is said to have borne a device, representing a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the root, as if about to strike. The standard of the stars and stripes was not adopted till nearly two years later.

At this period, our hero was in the twenty-ninth year of his age. His figure was light, graceful and active, yet his health was good, his constitution vigorous, and he was capable of great endurance. There was in his countenance an expression of mingled sternness and melancholy, and his bearing was decidedly officer-like.

The first American squadron fitted out during the revolution, sailed in 1776. Jones was on board the *Alfred* in this expedition, but subsequently received the command of the sloop of war *Providence*. In this he cruised along the coast, meeting with a variety of adventures, in which he displayed admirable skill and coolness of conduct. On one occasion, he was chased by the British frigate *Milford*, off the Isle of Sable. Finding his vessel the faster of the two, he hovered near the frigate, yet beyond the reach of her shot. She, however, continued to pour forth her broadsides. This excited the contempt of Jones, and, with a humor peculiar to himself, he ordered the blustering battery of the frigate to be answered by a single shot from the musket of a marine.

Jones pursued his career with great industry and success. He seemed to glide over the seas like a hawk, passing rapidly from point to point, and pouncing upon such prey as he could master. Some of his feats resemble the prodigies of the days of chivalry. He seemed to court adventure and to sport with danger, yet a cool discretion presided over his conduct. In the year 1776, he captured no less than sixteen prizes in the space of six weeks.

Notwithstanding these signal services, Jones was

superseded in the command of the *Alfred*, probably through the mean jealousy of Commodore Hopkins. There is, perhaps, no higher proof of elevation of character than is furnished by a calm and dignified endurance of injustice and ingratitude. This evidence was afforded by Jones, who, while he remonstrated against the injury that was done him, steadily adhered to the cause he had espoused, and exerted his abilities to the utmost to bear it forward with success. His letters of this period are full of enlightened views on the subject of naval affairs, and of hearty zeal in the cause of liberty. They show that his mind was far above mere personal considerations, and that even with statesman-like sagacity he looked forward to the establishment of a naval power in the United States, suited to the exigencies of the country.

The time for a recognition of his services speedily arrived. In 1777, he received orders from Congress to proceed in the French merchant ship *Amphitrite*, with officers and seamen, to take command of a heavy ship, to be provided for him by the American commissioners, Franklin, Dean and Lee, on his arrival in Europe. These he met at Paris, and arrangements were made by which he received the command of the *Ranger*, in which he sailed from Brest, on the 10th of April, 1778.

An insight into the views of Jones, at this period, as well as his general character, may be gathered from the following extract from one of his letters:—
“I have in contemplation several enterprises of some importance. When an enemy thinks a design against him improbable, he can always be surprised and

attacked with advantage. It is true, I must run great risk, but no gallant action was ever performed without danger. Therefore, though I cannot ensure success, I will endeavor to deserve it."

In fulfilment of these views, he set sail, and in four days after, captured and burnt a brigantine loaded with flaxseed, near Cape Clear. On the 17th, he took a ship bound for Dublin, which he manned and ordered to Brest. On the 19th, he took and sunk a schooner; on the 20th, a sloop; and soon after, made a daring, but unsuccessful attempt to capture, by surprise, the English sloop of war Drake, of twenty guns, lying in the loch of Belfast.

On the 22d, he determined to attack Whitehaven, with which he was of course well acquainted. The number of ships lying here amounted to two hundred and fifty, and were protected by two batteries, mounting thirty pieces of artillery. The attack was made in the dead of night, and while the unsuspecting inhabitants lay wrapped in repose. Roused to this daring enterprise by the fires, massacres, and ravages inflicted by the British forces upon the unprotected inhabitants of the American coast, and determined to check them by one signal and fearful act of retaliation, Jones pursued his measures with a stern and daring hand.

He proceeded, in the first place, to secure the forts, which were scaled, the soldiers made prisoners, and the guns spiked. He now despatched the greater portion of his men to set fire to the shipping, while he proceeded with a single follower to another fort, the guns of which he spiked. On returning to the

ships, he found, to his mortification, that his orders had not been obeyed, from a reluctance, on the part of the seamen, to perform the task assigned them. One ship only was destroyed, which was set on fire by Jones himself.

Greatly disappointed at the partial failure of his scheme, Jones proceeded to the Scottish shore, for the purpose of carrying off the person of the Earl of Selkirk, whose gardener his father had been. The earl, however, was absent, and this part of the design failed. His men, however, proceeded to the earl's residence, and carried off his plate. Lady Selkirk was present, but she was treated with respect. Jones took no part in this enterprise, and only consented to it upon the urgent demands of his crew.

By this time, the people on both sides of the Irish channel were thoroughly roused by the daring proceedings of the *Ranger*. On the morning of the 24th April, Jones was hovering near Belfast, and the *Drake* worked out of the bay, to meet him. She had on board a large number of volunteers, making her crew amount to one hundred and sixty men. Alarm smokes were now seen rising on both sides of the channel, and several vessels loaded with people, curious to witness the coming engagement, were upon the water. As evening was approaching, however, they prudently put back.

Soon after, the two vessels met, and Jones poured in his first broadside. This was returned with energy, and a fearful conflict ensued. Running broadside and broadside, the most deadly fire was kept up. At last, after the struggle had been sustained at close

quarters for more than an hour, the captain of the *Drake* was shot through the head, and his crew called for quarter. The loss of the *Drake*, in killed and wounded, was forty-two, while the *Ranger* had one seaman killed and seven wounded.

This victory was the more remarkable as the *Drake* carried twenty guns, and the *Ranger* but eighteen, and moreover belonged to a regular navy; while the *Ranger* was fitted up with little experience and under few advantages. Jones now set sail with his prize, and both vessels arrived safely at Brest, on the 8th May. Immediately after, Jones despatched a very romantic epistle to Lady Selkirk, apologizing for the violence that had been committed at the estate of the earl, and explaining the motives of his conduct. He promised to return the plate, which he afterwards accomplished with infinite difficulty.

It eventually reached England, though some years after, in the same condition in which it had been taken; even the tea leaves in the tea-pot remaining as they were found. An acknowledgment of its receipt, by the earl, was sent to Jones, with a recognition of the courteous behavior of the *Ranger's* crew when they landed on Saint Mary's Isle.

Being now at Brest with two hundred prisoners of war, Jones became involved in a variety of troubles, for want of means to support them, pay his crew and refit his ship. After many delays and vexations, he sailed from the road of Saint Croix, August 14, 1779, with a squadron of seven sail, designing to annoy the coasts of England and Scotland. The principal occurrence of this cruise was the capture of the Brit-

ish ship of war *Serapis*, after a bloody and desperate engagement, off Flamborough Head, September 23, 1779. The *Serapis* was a vessel much superior in force to Jones' vessel, the *Bon Homme Richard*, which sunk not long after the termination of the engagement.

The sensation produced by this battle was unexampled, and raised the fame of Jones to its height. In a letter to him, Franklin says, "For some days after the arrival of your express, scarce anything was talked of at Paris and Versailles but your cool conduct and persevering bravery during that terrible conflict. You may believe that the impression on my mind was not less than on that of the others. But I do not choose to say, in a letter to yourself, all I think on such an occasion."

His reception at Paris, whither he went on the invitation of Franklin, was of the most flattering kind. He was everywhere caressed; the king presented him with a gold sword, and requested permission of Congress to invest him with the military order of merit—an honor never conferred on any one before, who had not borne arms under the commission of France.

In 1781, Jones sailed for the United States, and arrived in Philadelphia, February 18, of that year, after a variety of escapes and encounters, where he underwent a sort of examination before the board of admiralty, which resulted greatly to his honor. The board gave it as their opinion, "that the conduct of Paul Jones merits particular attention, and some distinguished mark of approbation from Congress."

That body accordingly passed a resolution highly complimentary to his "zeal, prudence, and intrepidity." General Washington wrote him a letter of congratulation, and he was afterwards voted a gold medal by Congress.

From Philadelphia, he went to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to superintend the building of a ship of war, and, while there, drew up some admirable observations on the subject of the American navy. By permission of Congress, he subsequently went on board the French fleet, where he remained until the peace, which put a period to his naval career in the service of the United States. He then went to Paris as agent for prize money, and while there, joined in a plan to establish a fur-trade between the north-west coast of America and China, in conjunction with a kindred spirit, the celebrated John Ledyard.

In Paris he continued to be treated with the greatest distinction. He afterwards was invited into the Russian service, with the rank of rear-admiral, where he was disappointed in not receiving the command of the fleet acting against the Turks in the Black Sea. He condemned the conduct of the prince of Nassau, the admiral; became restless and impatient; was intrigued against at court, and calumniated by his enemies; and had permission from the empress Catherine to retire from the service with a pension, which, however, was never paid. He returned to Paris, where he gradually sunk into poverty, neglect and ill health, and finally died of dropsy, July 18, 1792.



MASANIELLO.

THOMASO ANIELLO, called by corruption **Masaniello**, was born at Amalfi, in Italy, about the year 1622. He established himself at Naples, where he obtained a living by catching and vending fish. At this period, Naples belonged to Spain, and the Duke D'Arcos governed it as viceroy. The city was suffering under many political evils. Its treasures went to Spain, and its youth were sent to fill up the ranks of the Spanish army; and both were wasted in ruinous wars, for the ambition and selfish views of a distant court.

In addition to all this, the people were oppressed

with taxes, and outraged by the wanton tyranny of the officers of a foreign power. At last, in the year 1647, the Duke D'Arcos, in order to defray the expenses of a war against France, laid a tax on fruit and vegetables, the common articles of food of the Neapolitan people. This edict occasioned the greatest ferment, especially among the poorer inhabitants. Masaniello, who was now about twenty-five years of age, and a great favorite at the market-place, on account of his natural quickness and humor, denounced the tax in no measured terms. He seems to have perceived and felt the despotism that oppressed the people, and was, moreover, incited to opposition by an event which touched him personally.

His wife was one day arrested, as she was entering the city, attempting to smuggle a small quantity of flour,—an article which bore a heavy tax. She was accordingly, seized and imprisoned; nor could Masaniello obtain her release, but upon paying a considerable sum. Thus the fire which was soon to burst forth into conflagration was already kindling in his soul. Opportunity was only wanting, and this was soon offered.

Masaniello was at the head of a troop of young men who were preparing for the great festival of our Lady of the Carmel, by exhibiting sham combats, and a mock attack on a wooden castle. On the 7th July, 1647, he and his juvenile troops were standing in the market-place, where, in consequence of the obnoxious tax, but few countrymen had come with the produce of their gardens. The people looked sullen and dissatisfied. A dispute arose between a countryman

and a customer who had bought some figs, as to which of the two was to bear the burden of the tax.

The *eletto*, a municipal magistrate, acting as provost of the trade, being appealed to, decided against the countryman; upon which the latter, in a rage, upset the basket of figs upon the pavement. A crowd soon collected round the man, who was cursing the tax and the tax-gatherer. Masaniello ran to the spot, crying out, "No taxes, no more taxes!" The cry was caught and repeated by a thousand voices. The *eletto* tried to speak to the multitude, but Masaniello threw a bunch of figs in his face; the rest of the people fell upon him, and he and his attendants escaped with difficulty.

Masaniello then addressed the people round him in a speech of coarse, hot, fiery eloquence; he described their common grievances and miseries, and pointed out the necessity of putting a stop to the oppression and avarice of their rulers. "The Neapolitan people," said he, "must pay no more taxes!" The people cried out, "Let Masaniello be our chief!"

The crowd now set itself in motion, with Masaniello at their head; it rolled onward, increasing its numbers at every step. Their rage first fell on the toll-houses and booths of the tax collectors, which were burned, and next on the houses and palaces of those who had farmed the taxes, or otherwise supported the obnoxious system. Armed with such weapons as they could procure from the gunsmiths and others, they proceeded to the viceroy's palace, forced their way in spite of the guards; and Masaniello and others, his companions, having reached the viceroy's

presence, peremptorily demanded the abolition of all taxes.

The viceroy assented to this; but the tumult increasing, he tried to escape, was personally ill-treated, and at last contrived, by throwing money among the rioters, to withdraw himself into the castle. The palaces were emptied of their furniture, which was carried into the midst of the square, and there burnt by Masaniello's directions. He was now saluted by acclamation, as "Captain General of the Neapolitan people." A platform was immediately raised in the square, and he entered upon the duties of his office.

The revolution was soon complete, and Naples, the metropolis of many fertile provinces, the queen of many noble cities, the resort of princes, of cavaliers, and of heroes;—Naples, inhabited by more than six hundred thousand souls, abounding in all kinds of resources, glorying in its strength, and proud of its wealth—saw itself forced in one short day to yield to a man esteemed one of its meanest sons, such obedience as in all its history it had never before shown to the mightiest of its legitimate sovereigns.

In a few hours, the fisherman found himself at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men; in a few hours, there was no will in Naples but his; and in a few hours, it was freed from all sorts of taxes and restored to its ancient privileges. In a short space, the fishing wand was exchanged for the truncheon of command; the sea-boy's jacket for cloth of silver and gold. He set about his new duties with astonishing vigor; he caused the town to be entrenched; he placed sentinels to guard it against danger

from without, and he established a system of police within, which awed the worst banditti in the world, into fear.

Armies passed in review before him ; even fleets owned his sway. He dispensed punishments and rewards with the like liberal hand ; the bad he kept in awe ; the disaffected he paralyzed ; the wavering he resolved by exhortation ; the bold were encouraged by incitements ; the valiant were made more valiant by his approbation. Obeyed in whatever he commanded, gratified in whatever he desired, never was there a chief more absolute, never was an absolute chief, for a time, more powerful. He ordered that all the nobles and cavaliers should deliver up their arms to such officers as he should give commission to receive them. The order was obeyed. He ordered that all men of all ranks should go without cloaks or gowns, or wide cassocks, or any other sort of loose dress, under which arms might be concealed ; nay, that even the women, for the same reason, should throw aside their farthingales, and tuck up their gowns somewhat high.

This order changed in an instant the whole fashions of the people ; not even the proudest and the fairest of Naples' daughters daring to dispute, in the least, the pleasure of the people's idol. Nor was it over the high and noble alone, that he exercised this unlimited ascendancy. The fierce democracy were as acquiescent as the titled few. On one occasion, when the people in vast numbers were assembled, he commanded, with a loud voice, that every one present should, under the penalty of death, retire to his home.

The multitude instantly dispersed. On another, he put his finger on his mouth, to command silence ; in a moment, every voice was hushed. At a sign from him, all the bells tolled and the people shouted "*Vivas !*" at another, they all became mute.

Yet the reign of this prodigy of power was short, lasting only from the 7th till the 16th of July, 1647 ; when he perished, the victim of another political revolution. His sudden rise, and the multiplicity of affairs that crowded upon him, began to derange his intellect. He complained of sensations like that of boiling lead, in his head ; he became suspicious, wavering and cruel. In a fit of frenzy he went to one of the churches and talked incoherently to the multitude. He was taken by the priests to an adjoining convent, and advised to rest and calm himself. After reposing for a time, he arose, and stood looking forth upon the tranquil bay of Naples, no doubt thinking of happier days, when, as a poor fisherman, he glided out contented upon its bosom—when all at once a cry was heard, of "*Masaniello !*" At the same instant armed men appeared at the cell door. "*Here am I,—O, my people want me,*" said he. The discharge of guns was their only reply ; and the victim fell, exclaiming, "*Ungrateful traitors !*" His head was now cut off, fixed on a pole, and carried to the viceroy, while the body was dragged through the streets and thrown into a ditch, by those who had followed it with acclamations a few hours before !

RIENZI.

NICHOLAS GABRINE DE RIENZI was a native of Rome, and son of one of the lowest order of tavern-keepers. He was, however, well educated, and early distinguished himself by his talents and the elevation of his sentiments. The glory of ancient Rome excited his enthusiasm, and he soon came to be regarded by the people as destined to rescue them from the despotism of the aristocracy that ruled the city.

The pope, Clement VI., had removed the papal see from Rome to Avignon, in France, leaving the people under the sway of certain noble families, who exercised every species of brutal and insolent tyranny towards their inferiors. Rienzi saw this, and he felt all the indignation which a generous sympathy for the oppressed could excite. His sentiments being known, he was appointed, in 1346, among others, to proceed to Avignon, and exhort the pope to bring back the papal court to its original seat. He acted, on this occasion, with so much energy and eloquence, that the pope, though he refused compliance with the request, conferred upon him the office of apostolic notary, which, on his return, he executed with the strictest probity.

It appears that Rienzi had long meditated some great effort for the liberation of his countrymen. He now lost no opportunity to instruct the people in their rights, and stir up indignation against their oppressors. Having prepared men's minds for a change, and having secretly engaged persons of all orders in his designs, he proceeded to put them in execution. In April, 1347, Stephen Colonna, a nobleman, who was governor of Rome, being absent from the city, Rienzi secretly assembled his followers upon Mount Aventine, and, by an energetic speech, induced them all to subscribe an oath for the establishment of a new government, to be entitled the *Good Estate*.

Proceeding now with more boldness, another assembly was held in the capital; a constitution of fifteen articles was produced and ratified, and Rienzi was pronounced Tribune by acclamation, with the power of life and death, and all the attributes of sovereignty. Colonna returned, and threatened him with punishment; but the power had changed hands, and Colonna himself was obliged to fly. Rienzi proceeded in the exercise of his authority with strict justice. Some of the more culpable nobles were executed, and others banished.

The power of the new tribune was established, and his reputation extended throughout Italy. His friendship was solicited by kings and princes; the pope sanctioned his authority, and even Petrarch, the immortal poet, addressed him letters, which are still extant, bestowing upon him eloquent praise, and urging him to perseverance in his glorious career. But, unhappily, there was a weakness in Rienzi's character,

which disqualified him for this giddy elevation. Intoxicated with the possession of supreme power, and the flatteries bestowed upon him, he became capricious and tyrannical, and, in short, commenced a reign of terror.

His descent was as rapid as his rise ; soon finding that he had lost the affection of the people, in 1348, he withdrew for safety to Naples. Two years after, during a public jubilee at Rome, he secretly returned to that city, but being discovered, he withdrew to Prague. He now fell into the hands of Pope Clement, who kept him in prison for three years. His successor, Innocent VI., caused him to be released, and sent him to Rome, to oppose another demagogue, named Boroncelli.

The Romans received him with joy, and he suddenly recovered his former authority. But he was still a tyrant, and after a turbulent administration of a few months, another sedition was excited against him, and he was stabbed to the heart. The fickle people now bestowed every indignity upon the senseless remains of him, whom they had almost worshipped a few weeks before. Such was the career of Rienzi, who was endowed with noble sentiments and remarkable eloquence, but was deficient in that steadiness of mind and firmness of principle, which are necessary to the just exercise of unlimited sway.





SELKIRK.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK was born at Largo, Scotland, in 1676, and bred to the sea. Having engaged in the half piratical, half exploring voyages in the American seas, into which the spirit of adventure had led so many Englishmen, he quarrelled with his captain, one Straddling, by whom he was left ashore, September, 1704, on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, with a few books, his nautical instruments, a knife, boiler, axe, gun, powder and ball. These constituted his whole equipment.

The island of Juan Fernandez lies in the Pacific

Ocean, and is about three hundred and thirty miles west of Chili. It is twelve miles long and six wide. It is beautifully diversified with hills and valleys, and has been long resorted to for water, fruits, and game, by vessels navigating the Pacific Ocean. Upon this island, Selkirk now found himself alone. He saw the vessel depart with sadness and sickness at heart. His emotions of terror and loneliness overwhelmed him for a time, and he remained in a state of stupor and inactivity.

But these feelings gradually faded away, and though his situation was appalling, he concluded to make the best of it. He now set about erecting himself two huts, one of which served him for a kitchen, the other for a dining-room and bed-chamber. The pimento wood supplied him with fire and candles, burning very clearly, and yielding a most fragrant smell. The roofs of his huts were covered with long grass.

The island was stocked with wild goats. He supplied himself with meat by shooting these, so long as his ammunition lasted. When this was exhausted, he caught them by running; and so practised was he at last in this exercise, that the swiftest goat on the island was scarcely a match for him. When his clothes were worn out, he made himself a covering of goat-skins. After a short space, he had no shoes, and was obliged to go barefoot; his feet, however, became so callous, that he did not seem to need them.

Soon after he had become settled in his hut, he was annoyed by rats, which became so bold as to gnaw his clothes and nibble at his feet while he slept. However, the same ships which had supplied the

island with rats, had left some cats ashore. Some of these, Selkirk domesticated, and the rats were taught to keep themselves at a distance. He caught also some young goats, which he reared, and amused himself by teaching them to dance and perform many other tricks. During his stay upon the island, Selkirk caught and killed nearly five hundred goats. A few he set at liberty, having cropped their ears. Thirty years after, Lord Anson's crew shot a goat upon the island, and found its ears marked in the manner described.

Selkirk generally enjoyed good health, but in one case he nearly lost his life by accident. In the eager pursuit of a goat among the mountains, he fell over a precipice, and lay there for some time in a state of insensibility. On recovering his senses, he found the animal which had caused his fall, lying dead beneath him.

Selkirk often saw vessels pass by the island, and made frequent, but vain attempts to hail them. At length, after he had lived here in perfect solitude for four years and four months, he was taken off by an English vessel, commanded by Captain Rogers. This occurred in February, 1709. Although he felt great joy at his deliverance, he still manifested much difficulty in recovering his speech, and in returning to such food as he found on board the ship. It was a long time before he could again accustom himself to shoes.

Captain Rogers made him a mate of his ship, and he returned to England in 1711. It has been supposed that he gave his papers to De Foe, who wove,

out of his adventures, the admirable story of Robinson Crusoe. It appears, however, that he made little use of Selkirk's narrative, beyond the mere idea of a man living alone for several years upon an uninhabited island.





JOHN LAW.

THIS celebrated financial projector was born at Edinburgh, in April, 1671. His father was a goldsmith, and gave him a liberal education. He made considerable progress in polite literature, but his favorite study was finance as connected with national prosperity.

In 1694, he visited London, where his talents and accomplishments gained him access to the first circles. He possessed an easy address, with an elegant person, and being a favorite with the fair, he acquired some

notoriety in fashionable life. He became involved in a duel, in which he killed his antagonist, and was consequently committed to prison. He contrived, however, to escape, and took refuge on the continent.

In 1700, he returned to Edinburgh, where he broached a scheme for removing the difficulties which then existed in consequence of the scarcity of money and the failure of the banks. Having confounded currency with credit, he adopted the notion that paper money, equal to the whole property of the nation, might safely be issued. Upon this egregious error, his project was founded, and was, of course, rejected by his wary and sagacious countrymen.

Law now visited the principal cities of Europe; his address gaining him admittance to the highest circles in all countries. He finally settled in Paris, and was there during the regency of the Duke of Orleans, as guardian of Louis XV. The government of France was then on the verge of bankruptcy, in consequence of the enormous expenditures of Louis XIV. Law now brought forward his schemes for a free supply of money, and they were seized upon with avidity.

He established a bank, for which a royal charter was granted in 1718. It was first composed of twelve hundred shares, of three thousand livres each, but the number was afterwards increased and the price reduced. This bank became the office at which all public moneys were received. A Mississippi company was also attached to it, which had grants of land in Louisiana, and which was expected to realize immense sums by planting and commerce. One privi-

lege after another was granted, until the prospects of advantage appeared to be so great that crowds came forward to make investments in the stock of what was called the Mississippi Company.

Thousands embarked in the scheme with enthusiasm. The shares were greedily bought up, and such was the rage for speculation, that even the unimproved parts of the new colony were actually sold for thirty thousand livres the square league! But the delusion did not stop here. In consequence of the company promising an annual dividend of two hundred livres per share, the price rose from five hundred and fifty to five thousand livres, and the mania for purchasing the stock spread over the nation like a tempest. Every class, clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen and princes,—nay, even ladies, who had, or could produce money for that purpose, turned stock-jobbers, outbidding each other with such avidity, that, in November, 1719, after some fluctuations, the price of shares rose to more than sixty times the sum for which they were originally sold!

Law was now at the pinnacle of his fame. He was considered a man of so great consequence, that his levee was constantly crowded by persons of eminence, who flocked to Paris to partake of the golden shower. On one occasion, he was taken sick, and such was the feverish state of the public mind, that the shares of the company immediately fell nearly eight per cent., and, upon the rumor of his convalescence, immediately rose, even beyond their former price.

But the mighty bubble, now inflated to the utmost,

was about to burst. On the 21st of April, 1719, a royal-order, under pretence of a previous depreciation of the value of coin, declared it necessary to reduce the nominal value of bank notes to one half, and the shares of the Mississippi Company from nine thousand to five thousand livres. It is not possible to describe the calamitous effects which immediately followed, throughout France. The bank notes could not be circulated for more than one tenth of their nominal value. Another order was issued, intended to counteract the effect of the first ; but the charm was broken, and nothing could restore the confidence of the public. All was panic and confusion. Bank notes were refused in all transactions of business, and even a royal order, commanding their acceptance, was of no avail. The public alarm was carried to its height, and at last the bank suspended the payment of its notes.

The splendid scheme had now exploded ; the institution was bankrupt, and the shares were utterly worthless. Thousands of families, once wealthy, were suddenly reduced to indigence. The indignation of the public was speedily turned against the chief instrument of these delusions, and Law found it necessary to seek safety by flight. He resided, for some time, in different places in Germany, and settled at length in Venice, where he died, in 1729.



TRENCK.

FREDERICK, BARON TRENCK was born in Königsberg, in Prussia, on the 16th February, 1726, of one of the most ancient families of the country. His father, who died in 1740, with the rank of major-general of cavalry, bestowed particular care on the education of his son, and sent him, at the age of thirteen, to the university of his native city, where he made a rapid

progress in his studies. He soon began to manifest that impetuous disposition and those violent passions, which were probably the source of his subsequent misfortunes. By the time he was sixteen, he had been engaged in three duels, in each of which he wounded his antagonist.

He went into the army at an early period, and soon obtained the notice and favor of the king. When arrived at manhood, he was remarkable for personal beauty and mingled grace and dignity of bearing. Being stationed at Berlin, he became acquainted with the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederick the Great, and a mutual attachment followed. This became a subject of conversation, and soon reached the ears of Frederick. He warned Trenck to break off his intercourse with the princess ; but this being unheeded, the king sent him to Glatz, under some pretext, and caused him to be imprisoned.

His confinement soon became insupportable to his impatient temper, and he resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity of escape. The window of his apartment looked toward the city, and was ninety feet from the ground, in the tower of the citadel. With a notched penknife, he sawed through three iron bars, and with a file, procured from one of the officers, he effected a passage through five more, which barricaded the windows. This done, he cut his leathern port-manteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, added the sheets of his bed, and safely descended from the astonishing height.

The night was dark, and everything seemed to promise success ; but a circumstance he had never

considered was, that he had to wade through moats full of mud, before he could enter the city. He sunk up to the knees, and, after long struggling and incredible efforts to extricate himself, he was obliged to call the sentinel, and desire him to go and tell the governor that Trenck was stuck fast in the ditch !

After the failure of several other attempts, he finally succeeded in effecting his escape, and fled to Vienna. From thence, he went to St. Petersburg, where he was received with the highest distinction, and the road to honors and emoluments was laid open before him. But at this period, the death of a wealthy cousin in Austria, induced him to return thither. Here, an immense property slipped through his hands, in consequence of some legal flaws.

In 1754, his mother died, from whose estate he received a considerable sum. With a view to the settlement of her affairs, he went to Dantzic, not permitting his name to be known. He was, however, betrayed into the hands of Frederick's officers, and being conveyed to the castle of Magdeburg, was immured in a dungeon, and loaded with irons.

Round his neck was a broad band of iron, to the ring of which his chains were suspended. These were of such weight, that, when he stood up, he was obliged to sustain them with his hands, to prevent being strangled. Various other massive irons were riveted to his body, and the whole were fastened to a thick staple, which was set in the stone wall. Under this staple was a seat of bricks, and on the opposite side a water jug. Beneath his feet was a tomb-

stone, with the name of Trenck carved over a death's head.

His confinement in this dreadful cell continued for nine years and five months. In vain did he attempt to bribe the sentinels, and by other ingenious means, to effect his escape. His furniture consisted of a bedstead, a mattress, and a small stove. His food was a pound and a half of mouldy bread and a jug of water a day. He was permitted to hold no intercourse with any one except his keepers, and even these returned no answer to his thousand questions.

Such, however, were the vigor of his constitution and the elasticity of his spirits, that, amid the gloomy horrors of his prison, he seemed still to seek amusement by the exertion of his talents. He composed verses, and, having no ink, wrote them with his blood. He also carved curious emblems upon tin cups with his knife. His great ingenuity excited the attention of many persons of rank, particularly the Empress Maria Theresa, who ordered her minister to employ all his influence at the court of Berlin to obtain his enlargement.

The Baron, in his *Life*, relates the following curious anecdote:—"I tamed a mouse so perfectly that the little animal was continually playing with me, and used to eat out of my mouth. One night it skipped about so much, that the sentinels heard a noise, and made their report to the officer of the guard. As the garrison had been changed at the peace, and as I had not been able to form, at once, so close a connection with the officers of the regular troops, as I had done with those of the militia, an officer of the former,

after ascertaining the truth of the report with his own ears, sent to inform the commanding officer that something extraordinary was going on in my prison.

"The town major arrived, in consequence, early in the morning, accompanied by locksmiths and masons. The floor, the walls, my chains, my body, everything, in short, was strictly examined. Finding all in order, they asked me the cause of last evening's bustle. I had heard the mouse myself, and told them frankly by what the noise had been occasioned. They desired me to call my little favorite; I whistled, and the mouse immediately leaped on my shoulder. I solicited its pardon, but the officer of the guard took it into his possession, promising, however, on his word of honor, to give it to a lady who would take great care of it. Turning it afterwards loose in his chamber, the mouse, who knew nobody but me, soon disappeared and hid itself in a hole.

"At the usual hour of visiting my prison, when the officers were just going away, the poor little animal darted in, climbed up my legs, seated itself on my shoulder, and played a thousand tricks to express the joy it felt at seeing me again. Every one was astonished and wished to have it. The major, to terminate the dispute, carried it away and gave it to his wife, who had a light cage made for it; but the mouse refused to eat, and a few days afterwards was found dead."

Trenck was at length released, and soon after married an amiable lady, by whom he had eleven children. On the death of Frederick the Great, his successor granted him a passport to Berlin, and restored

his confiscated estates, which he had not enjoyed for forty-two years. He soon set off for Konigsburg, where he found his brother, who was very sick, waiting for him with impatience, and who adopted his children as his heirs. He was also received by all his friends with testimonies of joy. Here, it would appear, that Trenck might have spent the remainder of his days, in peace and quiet, but his restless disposition again made him the football of fortune. After many vicissitudes, he terminated his career in obscurity, and died in 1797.



JOHN DUNN HUNTER.

ABOUT the year 1822, there appeared at New York a young man, of small stature, light hair, light eyes, and in every respect of ordinary appearance, who told of himself a strange and interesting story, which was briefly this.

At an early period of his childhood, he, with two other white children, living on the farthest bound of the western settlements, were one day carried off by a party of Indians, probably Kickapoos. One of the children was killed before his eyes, and he was soon separated from the other. He was carried to a considerable distance by the Indians, who at last arrived at their hunting grounds. He became gradually reconciled to his situation, and, though he was occasionally taunted by being *white*, he was finally regarded as one of the tribe.

He continued to live among the Indians for many years; travelled with them in their migrations over the vast western wilds, visited the borders of the Pacific Ocean, and shared in the wild adventures of Indian life. He came, with his Indian friends, at last, to the Osage settlements on the Arkansas, where he found some white traders, among whom was a Colonel Watkins, who treated him with kindness, and

sought to persuade him to leave the Indians, and return to civilized life. Such, however, was his attachment to his adopted friends, that he rejected these suggestions.

Soon after, however, under the influence of intoxication, his Indian friends having laid a deep scheme for murdering Colonel Watkins and his party of hunters, the hero of our story deserted his tribe, and gave timely notice to Watkins, thus saving his life, and that of his friends.

Though his mind was greatly agitated by a feeling of self-disgust for the treachery he had committed toward his Indian brethren, he continued with the party of Watkins for a time, and descended the Arkansas river with them, nearly to its junction with the Mississippi. Here he left them, having made up his mind to join some Indian tribe which might not be acquainted with his breach of faith to the band of Osages, with whom he had lived so long.

Being supplied with a rifle and plenty of ammunition, he struck into the wilderness in a northerly direction, and pursued his wanderings alone, amid the boundless solitude. In the volume which he afterwards published, he thus describes this portion of his adventures:—

“The hunting season for furs had now gone by, and the time and labor necessary to procure food for myself, was very inconsiderable. I knew of no human being near me; my only companions were the grazing herds, the rapacious animals that preyed on them, the beaver and other animals that afforded pelts, and birds, fish and reptiles. Notwithstanding this soli-

tude, many sources of amusement presented themselves to me, especially after I had become somewhat familiarized to it.

“The country around was delightful, and I roved over it almost incessantly, in ardent expectation of falling in with some party of Indians, with whom I might be permitted to associate myself. Apart from the hunting that was essential to my subsistence, I practised various arts to take fish, birds, and small game; frequently bathed in the river, and took great pleasure in regarding the dispositions and habits of such animals as were presented to my observation.

“The conflicts of the male buffaloes and deer, the attack of the latter on the rattlesnake, the industry and ingenuity of the beaver in constructing its dam, and the attacks of the panther on its prey, afforded much interest, and engrossed much time. Indeed, I have lain for half a day at a time, in the shade, to witness the management and policy observed by the ants in storing up their food, the manœuvres of the spider in taking its prey, the artifice of the mason-fly in constructing and storing its clayey cells, and the voraciousness and industry of the dragon-fly to satisfy its appetite.

“In one instance, I vexed a rattlesnake, till it bit itself, and subsequently saw it die from the poison of its own fangs. I also saw one strangled in the wreathed folds of its inveterate enemy—the black snake. But, in the midst of this extraordinary employment, my mind was far from being satisfied. I looked back with the most painful reflections on what I had been, and on what sacrifices I had made, merely

to become an outcast, to be hated and despised by those I sincerely loved and esteemed. But, however much I was disposed to be dissatisfied and quarrel with myself, the consolation of the most entire conviction that I had acted rightly, always followed, and silenced my self-upbraidings.

“The anxiety and regrets about my nation, country and kindred, for a long time held paramount dominion over all my feelings ; but I looked unwaveringly to the Great Spirit, in whom experience had taught me to confide, and the tumultuous agitations of my mind gradually subsided into a calm ; I became satisfied with the loneliness of my situation, could lie down to sleep among the rocks, ravines, and ferns, in careless quietude, and hear the wolf and panther prowling around me ; and I could almost feel the venomous reptiles seeking shelter and repose under my robe, with sensations bordering on indifference.

“In one of my excursions, while sitting in the shade of a large tree, situated on a gentle declivity, with a view to procure some mitigation from the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun, I was surprised by a tremendous rushing noise. I sprang up, and discovered a herd, I believe, of a thousand buffaloes, running at full speed, directly towards me ; with a view, as I supposed, to beat off the flies, which, at this season, are inconceivably troublesome to those animals.

“I placed myself behind the tree, so as not to be seen, not apprehending any danger, because they ran with too great rapidity, and too closely together, to

afford any one of them an opportunity of injuring me, while protected in this manner.

"The buffaloes passed so near me on both sides that I could have touched several of them, merely by extending my arm. In the rear of the herd, was one on which a huge panther had fixed, and was voraciously engaged in cutting off the muscles of the neck. I did not discover this circumstance till it had nearly passed beyond rifle-shot distance, when I discharged my piece, and wounded the panther. It instantly left its hold on the buffalo, and bounded, with great rapidity, towards me. On witnessing the result of my shot, the apprehensions I suffered can hardly be imagined. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to retreat, and secrete myself behind the trunk of the tree, opposite to its approaching direction. Here, solicitous for what possibly might be the result of my unfortunate shot, I prepared both my knife and tomahawk for what I supposed would be a deadly conflict with the terrible animal.

"In a few moments, however, I had the satisfaction to hear it in the branches of the tree over my head. My rifle had just been discharged, and I entertained fears that I could not reload it without discovering and exposing myself to the fury of its destructive rage. I looked into the tree with the utmost caution, but could not perceive it, though its groans and vengeance-breathing growls told me that it was not far off, and also what I had to expect in case it should discover me.

"In this situation, with my eyes almost constantly directed upwards to observe its motions, I silently

loaded my rifle, and then, creeping softly round the trunk of the tree, saw my formidable enemy resting on a considerable branch, about thirty feet from the ground, with his side fairly exposed. I was unobserved, took deliberate aim, and shot it through the heart. It made a single bound from the tree to the earth, and died in a moment afterwards.

"I reloaded my rifle before I ventured to approach it, and even then not without some apprehension. I took its skin, and was, with the assistance of fire and smoke, enabled to preserve and dress it. I name this circumstance, because it afterwards afforded a source of some amusement; for I used frequently to array myself in it, as near as possible to the costume and form of the original, and surprise the herds of buffaloes, elk and deer, which, on my approach, uniformly fled with great precipitation and dread.

"On several occasions, when I waked in the morning, I found a rattlesnake coiled up close alongside of me: some precaution was necessarily used to avoid them. In one instance, I lay quiet till the snake saw fit to retire; in another, I rolled gradually and imperceptibly away, till out of its reach; and in another, where the snake was still more remote, but in which we simultaneously discovered each other, I was obliged, while it was generously warning me of the danger I had to fear from the venomous potency of its fangs, to kill it with my tomahawk."

After Hunter had been engaged in roving about in this manner for several months, hoping to meet with some party of Indians to whom he might attach himself, he met with a company of French hunters, whom

he accompanied to Flee's settlement, on the White river. From this point, after a stay of some months, in which he acquired a good deal of credit for cures which he performed by means of Indian remedies, he set out on a hunting expedition, during which he collected a large quantity of furs. These he sold to a Yankee, for 650 dollars, as he supposed, but, being ignorant on the subject of money, he found, on having the cash counted, that it was only 22 dollars !

This took place at Maxwell's fort, on the White river. Disgusted with the white people, by this act of plunder, he determined to quit them forever, and set off again to join the Indians. He was, however, diverted from his purpose, and went with a hunting party up the west fork of the river St. Francis. Spending the season here, he returned, and making his way down the Mississippi, sold his furs for 1100 dollars. Thence he proceeded as a boatman to New Orleans, where his mind was greatly astonished at the scenes he beheld, the streets, the houses, the wharves, ships, &c.

He retraced his steps, and came to Cape Girardeau, in Missouri, where he remained some time, acquiring the rudiments of the English language. His acquaintances had given him the name of Hunter, because of his expertness and success in the chase. His Christian name was adopted, as he says in his book, from the following circumstance. "As Mr. John Dunn, a gentleman of high respectability, of Cape Girardeau county, state of Missouri, had treated me in every respect more like a brother or a son than any other individual had, since my association with

the white people, I adopted his for that of my distinctive, and have since been known by the name of John Dunn Hunter." It is important for the reader to mark this passage, for important results afterwards turned upon it.

He now spent two or three years, a part of the time at school, making, however, several expeditions to New Orleans, to dispose of furs he had either taken in hunting or obtained by purchase. At last, in the autumn of 1821, he crossed the Alleghenies, and entered upon a new career. So far, his story is told by himself, in his book, which we shall notice hereafter.

On his way, Hunter paid a visit to Mr. Jefferson, who received him kindly, and, taking a strong interest in his welfare, gave him letters of introduction to several persons at Washington. Hunter went thither, and, passing on, came to Philadelphia, and at last to New York, everywhere exciting a lively interest, by the remarkable character of his story, and the manner in which he related it. He was found to be well-informed as to many things, then little known, respecting the western country; he was, accordingly, much sought after, patronized and flattered, especially by persons distinguished for science and wealth. He was, in short, a lion. The project was soon suggested, that he should write a book, detailing his adventures, and giving an account of the Indians, and the Indian country, as far as he was acquainted with these subjects. A subscription was started, and readily filled with a long list of great names. The book was written by Mr. Edward Clark, and, in 1823, it

was published, under the title of "Manners and Customs of the several Indian Tribes located west of the Mississippi, &c."

This work, written in a clever style, detailed the wonderful life and adventures of the hero, and gave a view of the Far West—the country, the animals, the plants; and it described the Indian tribes, their numbers, character, customs, &c. It also gave an account of their system of medicine, and their practice of surgery. The book was well received, and Hunter was borne along upon the full tide of public favor.

And now, another view was opened to him. It was suggested that he should go to England, and publish his work there. Taking letters from several men of the highest standing, and especially one to the Duke of Sussex, from Mr. Jefferson, as we are informed, he crossed the Atlantic, and made his appearance in the great metropolis. The career upon which he now entered, affords a curious piece of history.

Hunter's letters, of course, secured him the favor and kind offices of some of the leading men in London. His book was immediately published and heralded forth by the press, as one of the most remarkable productions of the day. The information it contained was treated as a revelation of the most interesting facts, and the tale of the hero was regarded as surpassing that of Robinson Crusoe, in point of interest.

Hunter was a man of extraordinary endowments, and sustained the part he had to play with wonderful consistency. But all this would hardly account for his success, without considering another point. In

London, as well among the high as the low, there is a yearning desire for excitement. Imprisoned in a vast city, and denied companionship with the thousand objects which occupy the mind and heart in the country, they go about crying, "Who will show us any new thing?" Thus it is, that, in a crowded street, there is always a mob ready to collect, like vultures to the carcass, around every accident or incident that may happen: and these seem to consist of persons who have no profession but to see what is going on.

In high life, this passion for novelty is more refined, but it is equally craving. There are thousands in the circles of rank and fashion, who, having no business to occupy them, no cares, no sources of hope and fear, are like travellers athirst in a desert; and to them, a new scandal, a new fashion, a late joke, a strange animal, a queer monster, is an oasis, greatly to be coveted. One quality this novelty must have; it must, in some way or other, belong to "good society"—my Lord, or my Lady, must have a finger in it: they must, at least, patronize it, so that in naming it, the idea of rank may be associated with it.

Such a new thing was John Dunn Hunter. He was, supposing his story to be true, remarkable for his adventures. There was something exceedingly captivating to the fancy in the idea of a white man, who had lived so long with savages, as to have been transformed into a savage himself: beside, there was a mystery about him. Who was his father?—who his mother? What a tale of romance lay in these preg-

nant inquiries, and what a beautiful development might yet be in the womb of time !

Nor was this all : Hunter, as we have said, was a man of talent. Though small and mean in his personal appearance, his manner was remarkable, and his demeanor befitted his story. He had taken lodgings in Warwick street, and occupied the very rooms which Washington Irving had once inhabited. Another American author, of no mean fame, was his fellow-lodger. He held free intercourse with all Americans who came to London. He sought their society, and, in the height of his power, he loved to exercise it in their behalf, and to their advantage.

In dress, Hunter adopted the simplest garb of a gentleman ; in conversation, he was peculiar. He said little till excited ; he then spoke rapidly, and often as if delivering an oration. He was accustomed to inveigh against civilized society,—its luxuries and its vices,—and to paint in glowing hues the pleasures and virtues of savage life. He was very ingenious, and often truly eloquent. It was impossible, believing in the genuineness of his character and the sincerity of his motives, not to be touched by his wild enthusiasm.

It is easy to see, that such a man, unsuspected, introduced into society by the brother of the king, and patronized by the heads of the learned societies—launched upon the full tide of fashionable society, in the world's metropolis,—had a brilliant voyage before him. During the winter of 1823-4, Hunter was the lion of the patrician circles of London. There was a real strife even among countesses, duchesses, and the

like, to signalize their parties by the presence of this interesting wonder. In considering whether to go to a ball, a soirée, or a jam, the deciding point of inquiry was, "Will Hunter be there?"—If so, "Yes."—If not, "No!"

Nothing could be more curious than to see this singular man, in the midst of a gorgeous party, where diamonds flashed and titles hung on every individual around him. He seemed totally indifferent to the scene; or, at least, unobservant of the splendors that encircled him. He was the special object of regard to the ladies. There was something quite piquant in his indifference. He seemed not to acknowledge the flatteries, that fell like showers of roses, and that too from the ruby lips and lustrous eyes of princes' daughters, thick upon him. He seldom sat down: he stood erect, and, even when encircled by ladies, gazed a little upward, and over them. He often answered a question without looking at the querist. Sometimes, though quite rarely, he was roused, and delivered a kind of speech. It was a great thing, if the oracle would but hold forth! The lass or lady who chanced to hear this, was but too happy. The burden of the oration was always nearly the same:—the advantages of simple savage life over civilization. It was strange to see those who were living on the pinnacle of artificial society, intoxicated with such a theme; yet, such was the art of the juggler, that even their fancy was captivated. Those who had been bred in the downy lap of luxury, were charmed with tales of the hardy chase and deadly encounter; those to whom the artifices of dress constituted more

than half the pleasures of existence, delighted to dwell upon the simplicity of forest attire : those who gloried in the splendors of a city mansion,—halls, boudoirs, saloons, and conservatories,—thought how charming it would be to dwell beneath the wide canopy, or a deer-skin tent ! Surely, such triumphs display the skill and power of a master.

During the winter of which we speak, Hunter's card-rack was crowded with cards, notes, and invitations, from lords and ladies of the very highest rank and fashion, in London. Many a fair hand indited and sent billets to him, that would have turned some loftier heads than his. On one occasion, by some accident, he had dislocated his shoulder. The next morning, Dr. Petingale, surgeon to the Duke of Sussex, called to see him, by command of his Grace, and delivered to him a long note of consolation. This note, from his Royal Highness, was somewhat in the style of Hannah More, and kindly suggested all the topics of comfort proper to such an hour of tribulation.

Hunter did not spend his whole time in fashionable dissipation. He visited the various institutions of London, and often with persons of the highest rank. He fell in with Robert Owen, of Lanarck, who had not yet been pronounced mad, and the two characters seemed greatly delighted with each other. Hunter seemed interested in the subject of education, and made this a frequent topic of discussion. He visited the infant school of Wilderspin, consisting of two hundred scholars, all of the lower classes. When he heard forty of these children, under three years of age, unite in singing " God save the King," his heart

was evidently touched, and the tears gathered in his eyes. It is not one of the least curious facts in his history, that he patronized his countrymen, and was the means of establishing a portrait painter from Kentucky, in his profession. He induced the Duke of Sussex, with whom he regularly dined once a week, to sit for him: the portrait was exhibited at Somerset House, and our artist was at once famous.

Hunter now took a tour to Scotland. In his way, he spent some weeks with Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and experienced the noble hospitalities of that truly noble gentleman. He passed on to Scotland, where he excited a deep interest among such persons as the Duke of Hamilton, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey, and others of the highest eminence. The ladies, also, manifested the very liveliest sensations in his behalf.

During his stay in Scotland, he was invited to spend a few days at a charming seat, in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Thither he went. One day, as he was walking in the park with a fair lady, daughter of the proprietor, they came to an open space, through which a bright stream was running. At a particular point, and near the path of the rambles, was a large rock, at the base of which the rivulet swept round, forming a small eddying pool. Over this the wild shrubs had gathered, growing luxuriously, as if escaped from the restraints of culture. Hunter paused, folded his arms, and gazed at the picturesque group of rock, shrub, and stream. The lady looked at him with interest. She hesitated, then gathered courage, and asked what it was that so moved him.

"Nothing! nothing!" said he, half starting, and

passing on. "Nay, nay," said the fair one, "you must tell me." "Well, if I must," was the reply, "I must. You may think it foolish, yet such is the truth,—that little pool, gathered in the shelter of the rock and briar, reminds me of early days—of my childhood, and the forest. Past memories come over my bosom, like summer upon the snow; I think how I have often stooped at such a stream as this, and quenched my thirst, with a relish nothing can now bestow. I feel an emotion I can hardly resist; it seems to call me from these scenes, this voluptuous, yet idle life. I have a sense of wrong, of duty neglected, of happiness missed, which makes me sad even in such a place as this, and with society like yours."

By this time Hunter had framed a design, either real or pretended, of doing some great thing for the Indians. He insisted that the attempt to civilize them at once, was idle and fallacious; he proposed, therefore, to select some spot along the banks of the Wabash, and which he represented as a wild kind of paradise, and here he would gather the Indians, and, adopting a system which might blend the life of the hunter with that of the cultivator, wile them gradually, and without shocking their prejudices, into civilization. This scheme he set forth as the great object of his wishes. He spoke of it frequently, and in Edinburgh, especially, delighted his hearers with his enthusiastic eloquence in dilating upon the subject. No one suspected his sincerity, and the greatest men in Scotland avowed and felt the deepest interest in his project.

The summer came, and Hunter went back to London. He now announced his intention to return to America: still, he lingered for several months. His friends noticed that he was dejected, yet he assigned no cause for this. Presents were made to him, and hints of assistance, to further his scheme of Indian civilization, were suggested. He availed himself of none of these advantages, save that he accepted a watch, richly jewelled, from the Duke of Sussex, and a splendid set of mathematical instruments, from Mr. Coke, of Norfolk. He also borrowed a hundred pounds of a friend. He took his farewell of London, and bearing with him the best wishes of all who had known him on that side of the Atlantic, he embarked at Liverpool for America.

Immediately after his arrival, he hastened to the south, spent a few days at New Orleans, and pushed into the wilds bordering upon Texas. In some way, he excited the jealousy of the Indians, who resolved to take his life. On a journey through the wilderness, he was attended by an Indian guide. Having occasion to pass a river, he stopped a moment in the middle of it, to let his horse drink. The guide was behind: obedient to his orders, he lifted his carbine, and shot Hunter through the back. He fell, a lifeless corpse, into the stream, and was borne away, as little heeded as a forest leaf.

Such are the facts, as we have been able to gather them, in respect to this remarkable man. The writer of this article saw him in London, and the incidents related of him while he was in England and Scotland, are stated upon personal knowledge. The events

subsequent to his departure are derived from current rumor. The question has often been asked, What was the real character of John Dunn Hunter? That he was, to some extent, an impostor, can hardly be doubted. Mr. Duponceau, of Philadelphia, examined into some Indian words which Hunter had given him, and found them to be fabrications. Mr. John Dunn, of Missouri, mentioned by Hunter as his friend and benefactor, was written to, and he declared that he had known no such person. These facts, with others, were laid before the public in the *North American Review*, and were regarded as fatal to the character of Hunter. The common judgment has been, that he was wholly an impostor; we incline, however, to a different opinion.

We believe that the story of his early life, was, in the main, correct;* that he did not originally intend any deception; that he came to New York with honest intentions, but that the flatteries he received led him by degrees to expand his views, and finally drew him into a deliberate career of fraud. So long as he was in the tide of prosperity abroad, he did not seem to reflect, and glided down contented with the stream: when the time came that he must return, his real situation presented itself, and weighed upon his spirits. It is to be remarked, however, that, even in this condition, he availed himself of no opportunities to amass money, which he might have done to the amount of

* We have been informed that Mr. Catlin, in his excursions among the western Indians, often met with tribes who had known Hunter, and their accounts corroborated that which the latter gave in his book.

thousands. These facts, at war with the supposition that he was a mere impostor, seem to show that he had still some principle of honor left, and some hope as to his future career. At all events, he was a man of extraordinary address, and his story shows how high a course of duplicity may elevate a man, yet only to hurl him down the farther and the more fatally, upon the sharp rocks of retribution.





CASPER HAUSER.

IN the year 1828, a great sensation was created throughout the civilized world, by the story of Casper Hauser. This, as it appears, was in substance as follows :—

On the 20th May, in the year above named, as a citizen of Nuremburg, in Bavaria, was proceeding along one of the streets, he happened to see a young man in the dress of a peasant, who was standing like

one intoxicated, attempting to move forward, yet appearing hardly to have command of his legs. On the approach of the citizen, this stranger held out to him a letter directed to a well-known and respectable military officer, living in Nuremburg.

As the house of this person lay in the direction of the citizen's walk, he took the youth thither with him. When the servant opened the door, the stranger put the letter into his hand, uttering some unintelligible words. The various questions which were asked, as to his name, whence he came, &c., he seemed not to comprehend. He appeared excessively fatigued, staggered as if exhausted, and pointed to his feet, shedding tears, apparently from pain. As he seemed to be suffering from hunger, a piece of meat was given to him, but scarcely had he tasted it, when he spat it out, and shuddered as if with abhorrence. He manifested the same aversion to beer. He ate some bread and drank water, with signs of satisfaction.

Meantime, all attempts to gain any information from him were fruitless. To every question he answered with the same unintelligible jargon. He seemed to hear without understanding, and to see without perceiving. He shed many tears, and his whole language seemed to consist of moans and unintelligible sounds.

The letter to the officer, above mentioned, contained no satisfactory information. It stated that the writer was a poor day-laborer, with a family of ten children; that the bearer had been left with him in October, 1812, and he had never since been suffered to leave his house:

that he had received a Christian education, been baptized, &c. He was sent to the officer with the request that he might be taken care of till seventeen years old, and then be made a trooper, and placed in the sixth regiment, as his father had been of that corps. This letter was supposed, of course, to be designed to mislead, and no reliance was placed upon it.

The officer, suspecting some imposition, sent the stranger to the police. To all inquiries the latter replied as before, displaying a kind of childish simplicity, and awkward dulness. He was continually whimpering, and pointing to his feet. While he had the size of a young man, his face had the expression of a child. When writing materials were placed before him, he took the pen with alacrity, and wrote *Kaspar Hauser*. This so contrasted with his previous signs of ignorance and dulness, as to excite suspicions of imposture, and he was therefore committed to a tower used for the confinement of rogues and vagabonds. In going to this place, he sank down, groaning at every step.

The body of Caspar seemed perfectly formed, but his face bore a decided aspect of vulgarity. When in a state of tranquillity, it was either destitute of expression, or had a look of brutish indifference. The formation of his face, however, changed in a few months, and rapidly gained in expression and animation. His feet bore no marks of having been confined by shoes, and were finely formed; the soles were soft as the palms of his hands. His gait was a waddling, tottering progress, groping with his hands as he went, and often falling at the slightest impediment. He

could not, for a long time, go up and down stairs without assistance. He used his hands with the greatest awkwardness. In all these respects, however, he rapidly improved.

Caspar Hauser soon ceased to be considered either an idiot or an impostor. The mildness, good nature, and obedience he displayed, precluded the idea that he had grown up with the beasts of the forest. Yet he was destitute of words, and seemed to be disgusted with most of the customs and habits of civilized life. All the circumstances combined to create a belief that he had been brought up in a state of complete imprisonment and seclusion, during the previous part of his existence.

He now became an object of general interest, and hundreds of persons came to see him. He could be persuaded to taste no other food than bread and water. Even the smell of most articles of food was sufficient to make him shudder. When he first saw a lighted candle, he appeared greatly delighted, and unsuspectingly put his fingers into the blaze. When a mirror was shown him, he looked behind to find the image it reflected. Like a child, he greedily reached for every glittering object, and cried when any desired thing was denied him. His whole vocabulary seemed hardly to exceed a dozen words, and that of *ross* (horse) answered for all quadrupeds, such as horses, dogs, and cats. When, at length, a wooden horse was given as a plaything, it seemed to effect a great change in him; his spirits revived, and his lethargy and indifference were dissipated. He would

never eat or drink without first offering a portion to his horse.

His powers seemed now to be rapidly developed ; he soon quitted his toy, and learned to ride the living horse with astonishing rapidity. He, however, was greatly oppressed, as he acquired knowledge, at discovering how much inferior he was in knowledge to those around him, and this led him to express the wish that he could go back to the hole in which he had always been confined. From his repeated statements, now that he had learned to speak, it appeared that he had been, from his earliest recollections, confined in a narrow space, his legs extended forward upon the floor, and his body upright ; and here, without light, and without the power of locomotion, he had remained for years. The date or period of his confinement he knew not, for in his dungeon there was no sunrise or sunset, to mark the lapse of time. When he awoke from sleep, he found some bread and water at his side ; but who ministered to his wants, he knew not ; he never saw the face of his attendant, who never spoke to him, except in some unintelligible jargon. In his hole he had two wooden horses and some ribands as toys—and these afforded him his only amusement. One day had passed as another ; he had no dreams ; time run on, and life ebbed and flowed, with a dull and almost unconscious movement. After a time his keeper gave him a pencil, of which he learned the use ; he was then partially taught to walk, and shortly after, was carried from his prison, a letter put into his hand, and he was

left, as the beginning of our story finds him, in the streets of Nuremburg.

The journals were now filled with accounts of this mysterious young man. A suspicion was at last started that he was of high birth, and that important motives had led to the singular treatment he had received. He was himself haunted with the fear of assassination, from the idea that the circumstances which led to his incarceration, now that his story was known, might tempt his enemies to put a period to his life—thus seeking at once the removal of a hated object, and security against detection. His fears were at last partially realized; while he was under the care and protection of Professor Daumer, he was attacked and seriously wounded by a blow upon the forehead.

After this event, Earl Stanhope, who happened to be in that part of Germany, caused him to be removed to Anspach, where he was placed under the care of an able schoolmaster. Here his fears subsided; but in December, 1833, a stranger, wrapped in a large cloak, accosted him, under the pretence of having an important communication to make, and proposed a meeting. Caspar agreed, and they met in the palace garden, alone. The stranger drew some papers from beneath his cloak, and while Hauser was examining them, the ruffian stabbed him in the region of the heart. The wound did not prove immediately fatal. He was able to return home, and relate what had happened. Messengers were sent in pursuit of the assassin, but in vain. Hauser lingered three or four days—that is, till the 17th December, 1833, when he

died. On dissection, it appeared that the knife had pierced to the heart, making an incision in its outer covering, and slightly cutting both the liver and stomach. A reward of five thousand florins was offered by Lord Stanhope, for the discovery of the assassin, but without effect—nor was the mystery which involved Caspar's story ever fully unravelled.

Such was the tale of this extraordinary individual, as it appeared a few years ago. Since that period, the facts in the case have been carefully sifted, and the result is a settled conviction, that Hauser was an impostor; that the story of his confinement was a fabrication; that his pretended ignorance, his stupidity, his childishness, were but skilful acting to enforce his story; and, strange as it may appear, there is no good reason to doubt that the wounds he received, in both instances, were inflicted by himself. Such were the deliberate convictions of Earl Stanhope, and others who investigated the facts on the spot, and with the best advantages for the discovery of the truth. Caspar's motive for wounding himself doubtless was, to revive the flagging interest of the public in his behalf—a source of excitement he had so long enjoyed, as to feel unhappy without it. In the latter instance, he doubtless inflicted a severer wound than he intended, and thus put an undesigned period to his existence.

His story presents one of the most successful instances of imposture, on record. It appears probable that he was aided in his imposition by the narrative of Fuerbach, one of the judges of Bavaria, who adopted some theory on the subject, which he sup-

ported with gross, though perhaps undesigned misrepresentation. He published an interesting account of Hauser, in which he rather colored and exaggerated the facts, thus making the narrative far more wonderful than the reality would warrant. It was, doubtless, owing to these statements of Fuerbach, that an extraordinary interest in the case was everywhere excited; and it is highly probable that Hauser himself was encouraged to deeper and more extended duplicity, by the aid which the mistaken credulity of the judge afforded him, than, at first, he had meditated. He probably looked with surprise and wonder at the success of his trick, and marvelled at seeing himself suddenly converted from a poor German mechanic, as he doubtless was, into a prodigy and a hero—exciting a sensation throughout the four quarters of the globe. The whole story affords a good illustration of the folly of permitting the imagination to lead us in the investigation of facts, and the extended impositions that may flow from the want of exact and scrupulous veracity in a magistrate.



PSALMANAZAR.

GEORGE PSALMANAZAR was born about the year 1679. All that we know of his early history is from his own memoirs, which were published after his death; but they do not tell us his true name, nor that of his native country, though it is generally believed that he was born in the south of France. His education was excellent, probably obtained in some of the colleges of the Jesuits.

At an early period, he became a wandering adventurer, sometimes passing himself off as a pilgrim, then as a Japanese, and then as a native of Formosa—a large island lying to the east of China, and subject to that country. His extensive learning and various knowledge enabled him to sustain these and other disguises. Thus he travelled over several parts of Europe, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. He was by turns a soldier, a beggar, a menial, a monk; a preceptor, a Christian, a heathen, a man of all trades. At last, he came to Liege in Belgium, pretending to be a Formosan, converted to Christianity. Here he became acquainted with the chaplain of an English regiment, and was solemnly baptized.

He now went to London, and was kindly received

by Bishop Compton, who gave him entertainment in his own house, and treated him with the utmost confidence. His great abilities and extraordinary story, seconded by the patronage of the bishop of London, gave him immediate currency with literary men, and he soon became the wonder of the day.

Psalmanazar played his part to admiration. He shunned, rather than sought, the notice of the public, and, avoiding meat, lived chiefly on fruits, and a simple vegetable diet. At the same time, he appeared to display the Christian characteristics, and devoted himself to study. He began to prepare a grammar of the Formosan language, which he finally completed. This was, of course, a fiction, yet he proceeded to translate the Church Catechism into this fabricated tongue. He finally wrote an extensive history of Formosa, which was also a fable; yet such was the reputation of the author, that it was received with general confidence, and speedily passed through several editions.

During this period, he had been sent to study at Oxford, where a controversy was carried on between his patrons, and Dr. Halley, Dr. Mead, and some others, in respect to his pretensions. Certain discrepancies were at last detected in his history of Formosa, and, in the result, Psalmanazar was completely exposed, and finally confessed his imposture. Soon after this, a moral change took place in him: he grew ashamed of his dishonorable courses, and determined to reform. He applied himself intensely to study, and, after a time, became engaged in literary pursuits, by which he earned an honest subsistence, and con-

siderable reputation during the rest of his life. He died in London, in 1753.

He wrote for the large work, styled the *Universal History*, most of the parts concerning ancient history, except that of Rome, and his writings met with great success. He wrote a volume of essays on several scriptural subjects, a version of the Psalms, beside his own memoirs, already mentioned. He also wrote for the "*Complete System of Geography*," an article on the Island of Formosa, founded upon authentic information, as a reparation for the stories which he had palmed upon the public in his former account.

Psalmanazar is the name that he had assumed when he began his wandering life, and which he retained till his death. Of the sincerity of his piety, there can be no doubt. Dr. Johnson said that he never witnessed a more beautiful example of humility, and tranquil resignation, combined with an active discharge of duty, than was displayed by him during the latter portion of his life!





VALENTINE GREATRAKES.

THIS person, renowned in the annals of quackery, was born at Affane, in Ireland, in 1628. He received a good education at the classical free school of that town, and was preparing to enter Trinity College, Dublin, when the rebellion broke out, and his mother, with a family of several children, was obliged to fly to England for refuge.

Some years after, Valentine returned, but was so affected by the wretched state of his country, and the

scenes of misery that were witnessed on every hand, that he shut himself up for a whole year, spending his time in moody contemplations. He afterwards became a lieutenant in the army, but in 1656, he retired to his estate in Affane, where he was appointed justice of the peace for the county of Cork.

Greatrakes was now married, and appears to have held a respectable station in society. About the year 1662, he began to conceive himself possessed of an extraordinary power of removing scrofula, or king's evil, by means of touching or stroking the parts affected, with his hands. This imagination he concealed for some time, but, at last, revealed it to his wife, who ridiculed the idea.

Having resolved, however, to make the trial, he began with one William Maher, who was brought to the house by his father, for the purpose of receiving some assistance from Mrs. Greatrakes, a lady who was always ready to relieve the sick and indigent, as far as lay in her power. This boy was sorely afflicted with the king's evil, but was to all appearance cured by Mr. Greatrakes' laying his hand on the parts affected. Several other persons having applied to him, to be cured, in the same manner, of different disorders, his efforts seemed to be attended with success, and he acquired considerable fame in his neighborhood.

His reputation now increased, and he was induced to go to England, where he gained great celebrity by his supposed cures. Several pamphlets were issued upon the subject; it being maintained by some that Greatrakes possessed a sanative quality inherent in

his constitution ; by others, that his cures were miraculous ; and by others still, that they were produced merely by the force of imagination. The reality of the cures seemed to be admitted, and the reputation of the operator rose to a prodigious height ; but, after a brief period, it rapidly declined, and the public became convinced that the whole excitement was the result of illusion. Greatrakes, himself, possessed a high character for humility, virtue and piety, and was doubtless the dupe of his own bewildered fancy. He died in 1680, having afforded the world a striking caution not to mistake recovery for cure, and not to yield to imagination and popular delusion, especially in respect to the pretended cure of diseases.





MATTHEW HOPKINS.

ABOUT 250 years ago, the reality of witchcraft was very generally admitted throughout Europe. The belief in the active agency of the Spirit of Evil in human affairs, had existed among Christians from the earliest period, and the legends of saints, their trials and temptations, in which the devil plays so important a part, served to extend and confirm these popular notions. At last, the direct agency of diabolical powers, and its open manifestation, was assumed, and,

at the period of which we speak, was held to be a point of Christian faith. The pious Baxter considered the disbelief of witchcraft as equivalent to infidelity; the just and sagacious Sir Matthew Hale admitted its reality, and pronounced sentence against those who were convicted of it; and, alas! the pedantic king, James I. of England, wrote a book entitled, "Dæmonologia, or a Discourse on Witchcraft."

The purpose of this work was to prove the reality of witchcraft, its prevalence among mankind, its great enormity, and the means of its detection and punishment. Its effect was to extend the belief in witchcraft, and, of course, to multiply the apparent instances of its existence. The insane fancies of diseased minds, unusual phenomena of nature, and the artful machinery of designing malignity, ambition, or hypocrisy, were all laid at Satan's door. Of the horrors that followed, history furnishes a melancholy account. It is supposed that 30,000 persons were executed in England, from the year 1500 to 1722. The same dreadful delusion prevailed in other parts of Europe, and extended in due time to this country, and about the year 1692, twenty persons were executed in Salem, Massachusetts, for the crime of witchcraft.

During the period in which this fearful mania was prevalent in England, Matthew Hopkins, denominated Witch-Finder General, acted a conspicuous part. He pretended to be a great critic in special marks or signs of witchcraft. Moles, warts, scorbutic spots, were in his eyes teats to suckle imps, and were sufficient evidences to bring a victim to the halter. He

was assisted by one John Stern, a kindred genius, and in the year 1644, 5 and 6, they brought a great number of poor wretches to the fatal tree. Matthew, himself, hung in one year no less than sixty reputed witches of his own county of Essex. He received twenty shillings a head from the public authorities for every witch he discovered. The old, the ignorant, and the indigent,—such as could neither plead their own cause nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of his credulity, avarice, and spleen.

When other evidences of guilt were wanting, Hopkins adopted the trial by water, which had been suggested by king James, who remarks that “as some persons have renounced their baptism by water, so water refuses to receive them.” Those accused of diabolical practices, therefore, were thrown into a pond. If they floated or swam, according to king James’ notion the water refused to receive them, and they were therefore guilty. These were consequently taken out and burnt, or hung. If they were innocent, they sunk, and were only drowned.

Suspicion was at last turned against Hopkins himself, and the ordeal of swimming was applied in his own case. In consequence of this experiment, he was convicted and executed as a wizard. An allusion to this extraordinary character is made in the third canto of Hudibras, who says,

Has not the present parliament
A lodger to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has he not within a year
Hanged threescore of them in one shire?



PETER, THE WILD BOY.

ON the continent of Europe, portions of which are interspersed with vast forests and uncultivated tracts, various individuals of the human species have, at different times, been discovered in a state no better than that of the brute creation. One of the most singular of these unfortunate creatures was Peter the

Wild Boy, whose origin and history, previous to his discovery, must remain forever a secret. He was found in the year 1725, in the woods, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, in Germany. He walked on all fours, climbed trees like a squirrel, and fed on grass and moss.

When he was taken, he was about thirteen years old, and could not speak. He soon made his escape into the woods, where he concealed himself amid the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England, in the year 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. He received the title of Peter the Wild Boy, which name he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie in a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of a room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house he was to have been baptized; but, notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech, or the pronunciation of more than a very few words. As every effort to give him an education was found to be vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from London, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death, which occurred in 1785, at the age of about seventy-three years.

Peter was low of stature, and always wore his beard. He occasionally wandered away from his place of residence, but either returned or was brought back.

He was never mischievous ; was remarkable for his strength ; became fond of finery and dress, and at last, was taught to love beer and gin. He was a lover of music, and acquired several tunes. He also became able to count as far as twenty, and could answer a few simple questions. He learned to eat the food of the family where he lived, but in his excursions, he subsisted upon raw herbage, berries and roots of young trees. He was evidently not an idiot, but seemed to continue in a state of mental infancy, thinking of little beyond his physical wants, and never being able to conceive of the existence of a God.





JOHN KELSEY.

It is well for every person to be apprized of the fact, that, in all ages and all countries, there are religious enthusiasts, who, having given themselves up to heated imaginations, lose the power of judging according to truth and reason upon this particular subject. They see things by a false vision, and are not only deluded but they often delude others.

These persons are monomaniacs—insane upon the subject of religion, though often sane upon all others.

It appears that every person is liable to this species of delusion, if he gives up the reins to his fancy, and ceases to be guided by common sense ; and the frequency of such occurrences shows that this liability is by no means remote. In a recent case, a man by the name of Elijah Thayer, a native of Massachusetts, conceived the idea that the present dispensation was speedily to pass away, and that the second coming of Christ was to be realized in his own person.

Believing himself to be commanded by God to announce this event to the great powers of England, Rome, and Jerusalem, he took passage in the steamer *Britannia*, in September, 1842, and proceeded upon his mission. He was a common laborer, but he possessed a good deal of knowledge, especially of the Bible. He was rational and sagacious upon all subjects except that of his peculiar religious views ; and even in maintaining these, he displayed much skill, and was singularly dexterous in the quoting of Scripture.

Soon after his arrival, he proceeded to Windsor, where Queen Victoria was then residing. He made application for an interview with her majesty, saying that he had a most important communication to make to her. Being requested to state the substance of it, he sent her word that Elijah Thayer, the prophet of God, had come, by the command of the Most High, to announce a mighty change, which was speedily to take place throughout the universe. The present system of things was to pass away ; crowns, thrones and sceptres were to be trampled in the dust ;

kings and queens were to be reduced to the level of common mortals ; universal equality was to be established among mankind ; an era of peace was to begin, and he himself, Elijah Thayer, passing from the prophetic to the kingly state, was to reign in righteousness over the earth as Christ himself.

This message was delivered by Elijah, in his fur cap, and his long-skirted blue coat, with a perfectly sober face, to the queen's servants at Windsor Castle. These received the extraordinary tidings with decorous politeness, promised faithfully to deliver the message, and the prophet, well satisfied, went his way. He now proceeded to London, and visited the several Jewish synagogues, announcing to the high priests his wonderful mission. The last we heard of him, he was preparing to make his way to Rome, in fulfilment of his insane project.

It would be easy to add numerous instances of similar delusion. In 1790, an Englishman, by the name of Richard Brothers, announced that he had a mission for the restoration of the Jews and to make Jerusalem the capital of the world. He said that he was commanded to notify the king, the lords and the commons of the same, which he did in a manner so obstreperous, that he was lodged in Newgate prison.

Roger North gives us an account of one John Kelsey, a Quaker, who, about the year 1680, "went on a sort of pilgrimage to Constantinople, for converting the Great Turk ; and the first scene of his action was standing up in a corner of the street, and preaching to the people. They stared at him, and concluding him to be out of his wits, he was taken and carried

to the madhouse ; there he lay six months. At last, some of the keepers heard him speak the word *English*, and told of it so that it came to the ambassador, Lord Winchelsea's ear, that he had a subject in the madhouse.

"His lordship sent and had him at his house. The fellow stood before the ambassador. with a dirty, ragged hat on, and would not put it off, though he was so charged and admonished ; thereupon the ambassador ordered him down, and had him drubbed upon the feet, after the Turkish manner. Then he was anything and would do anything, and afterwards did own that that drubbing had a great effect upon his spirit.

"Upon searching him, there was found in his pouch, among a few beans, a letter to the Grand Signior, very long and canting ; but the substance was to let him know that he was the scourge in God's hand with which he chastised the wicked Christians ; and now, their wickedness was so great, that God, by the spirit, had sent him, to let him know that he must come forthwith to scourge them.

"He was sent for England, but got off by the way, and came up a second time to Constantinople, from whence he was more surely conveyed ; and some that knew John, told Sir Dudley North that they had seen him on the Exchange, where he recognised the admirable virtue of Turkish drubbing."



BAMFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

THIS eccentric character was born in 1693, at Bickley, in Devonshire, of which place his father was many years rector. Being descended from an ancient and honorable family, he was educated agreeably to his condition. At the age of twelve, he was sent to the Tiverton school, where his good behavior led his friends to hope that he might some day shine in the clerical profession. But the Tiverton scholars having at their command a fine pack of hounds, Carew, and two or three of his companions, devoted themselves more to hunting than study.

One day they engaged in the chase of a deer, just before the commencement of harvest. The animal took his course through the fields of grain, and the

young sportsmen, with their hounds, followed, reckless of the damage that was done. The mischief was so considerable, that the proprietors complained to the school-master. Carew and his companions were so much frightened, that they absconded, and joined a gang of gipsies, who happened to be in the neighborhood. This society consisted of about eighteen persons of both sexes, who carried with them such an air of mirth and gaiety, that the youngsters were quite delighted with their company, and, expressing an inclination to enter into their society, the gipsies admitted them, after the performance of the requisite ceremonies and the administration of the customary oaths.

Young Carew was speedily initiated into all the arts of the wandering tribe, for which he seemed to have a happy genius. His parents, meanwhile, lamented him as one that was no more, for, though they had repeatedly advertised his name and person, they could not obtain the least intelligence of him. At length, after an interval of a year and a half, hearing of their grief and repeated inquiries after him, his heart relented, and he returned to Bickley. Being greatly disguised, both in dress and appearance, he was not known at first by his parents; but when he discovered himself, a scene followed which no words can describe, and there were great rejoicings, both in Bickley and the neighboring parish of Cadley.

Everything was done to render his home agreeable; but Carew had contracted such a fondness for the society of the gipsies, that, after various ineffectual struggles with the suggestions of filial piety, he once

more eloped to his former connections, and soon gave new proofs of his aptitude for their peculiar calling.

Having remained with the gipsies for some time, he left them, and proceeded on a voyage to Newfoundland. He soon returned, and, landing at Newcastle, eloped with a young lady, the daughter of an eminent apothecary of that town. Proceeding to Bath, they were married, and paid a visit to Carew's uncle, a distinguished clergyman of Dorchester. He received them with great kindness, and endeavored to persuade his nephew to take a final leave of his gipsy life. This, however, proved vain, for Carew soon returned to that vagrant community, with whom he spent the remainder of his days.

He now led an adventurous career, seeming to be guided more by the humor of enterprise than the love of gain. His art in transforming his person so as to represent various characters, extorted from the gipsies themselves the greatest applause, and, at last, when Clause Patch, their king, died, Carew had the honor of being elected in his stead.

Though his character was known, he was rather a favorite with many persons of good standing, and was on one occasion invited to spend several days in hunting with Colonel Strangeways, at Milbury. The conversation happened one day, at dinner, to turn on Carew's ingenuity, and the colonel remarked that he would defy him to practise deception on him. The next day, while the colonel was out with his hounds, he met with a miserable object upon a pair of crutches, with a wound in his thigh, a coat of rags, and a venerable, pity-moving beard. His countenance ex-

pressed pain and sorrow, and as the colonel stopped to gaze upon him, the tears trickled down his silver beard. As the colonel was not proof against such an affecting sight, he threw him half a crown, and passed on. While he was at dinner, the miserable object came in, when lo, it was Carew himself!

The life of this singular man has afforded materials for a volume. His friends in vain offered to provide him with a respectable maintenance; no entreaty could prevail upon him to abandon the kind of life he had adopted. He spent about forty years with gipsies and beggars, and died in 1770, aged 77.





JOHN ELWES.

A **MONOMANIAC** is generally made by dwelling for a long period upon one object with intense interest, to the exclusion of others. By this process, this one object at last occupies the whole soul, fills the entire vision, and makes the mind blind to the relative importance of other things. A man in this condition is insane, and resembles the bedlamite, who, being asked why he was confined, replied, "I thought the world mad, and the world thought me mad, and they

outvoted me!" While the world, guided by common sense, assigns to each subject its relative importance, the monomaniac we have imagined, sees but one thing, his own hobby, and pronounces mankind mad because they do not agree with him.

There are a thousand forms and shades of this insanity; one of the most common is displayed by the miser, who has dwelt so long and so intently upon the acquisition of money, that money becomes his idol: he thinks it the supreme good: he has a mad delight in amassing it: his eagerness to increase his store, quenches the lights of the soul—pity, benevolence, charity, and mercy; he is beset by a horrid fear of its being taken from him; and, as age creeps on and weakens his powers of body and mind, the demon of avarice takes possession of the bosom, and, putting out the light of reason, holds its revel in darkness and fear, till death closes the scene.

Of misers, history has furnished us a long list. We are told of M. Osterwald, a wealthy banker of Paris, who died in 1790, of want, yet leaving an estate of 600,000 dollars! When he began life, and bought a bottle of beer for his dinner, he took away the cork in his pocket. He practised this for a long period, and had at last collected such a quantity that they sold for nearly one hundred dollars! A few months before his death, he refused to buy meat for soup. "I should like the soup," said he, "well enough, but I do not want the meat. What, then, is to become of that?" The fear of losing the meat, led him to starve himself; yet, at the very moment, he had 800 assignats, of 200 dollars each, in a silken bag, around his neck!

Another Frenchman, by the name of Fortescue, affords a curious piece of history. He was a farmer-general of the taxes, and amassed an immense fortune by grinding the poor. The government at length called upon him for a considerable sum, but he pleaded poverty. Fearing that some of his neighbors should testify to his wealth, he determined to conceal it. He therefore dug a vault beneath his wine-cellar, where he deposited his gold. He went down to it by a ladder, and fastened the door by a spring lock. One day, while he was in the vault, the door closed, and the lock fastened him in! In vain were his cries for help! There he remained, till, worn out by horror of mind and starvation of body, he perished in the very midst of his heaps of gold! His miserable fate was not known till some years after, when, his house being sold, his bones were discovered in the vault with his treasures.

The celebrated John Elwes, whose portrait we have placed at the head of this article, has furnished a memorable instance of the inconsistency of man. He has showed that the most sordid parsimony may be combined with the greatest negligence and profusion, and that principles of the purest honor may be associated with a degree of meanness, that is utterly degrading to the human character. He was born in London, about the year 1714, his father's name being Meggot. He was educated at Westminster school, and afterwards went to Geneva, where he seems to have led rather a gay life.

On his return to England, his father being dead, he went to live with his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, a

wealthy miser, who resided at Stoke, in Suffolk. In order to make a favorable impression upon his uncle, the nephew doffed his gay attire, at the little inn at Chelmsford, and appeared at Stoke with an old worn-out coat, a tattered waistcoat, darned worsted stockings, and small iron buckles in his shoes. He was received by Sir Harvey with satisfaction, who now adopted him as his heir. Here the two lived together, shivering with a single stick on the fire, occasionally dividing a glass of wine between them, and railing against the extravagance of the times. When night approached, they went to bed, to save the expense of candles!

But at last, Sir Harvey paid the debt of nature, and left his fortune, of more than a million of dollars, to his nephew. John Meggot, who was now about forty years old, adopted his uncle's surname agreeably to the will, and, while he inherited Sir Harvey's parsimony, he still addicted himself to gambling. He became a member of various clubs in London, and often played for very high sums. He once played two days and a night without intermission, the Duke of Northumberland being one of the party; and, as it was the custom among these gamblers in high life to throw aside the cards after being once used—at the close of the sitting, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards.

While Elwes was thus engaged, he had the most grasping desire of money, and, having sat up all night at play with persons of the highest rank, he would walk out at four o'clock in the morning, to Smithfield, to meet his cattle coming to market from his estates

in Essex. There, forgetting the scenes he had just left, he would stand in the cold or rain, higgling with the butcher for a shilling. Sometimes, if the beasts had not arrived, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, which was seventeen miles from London, without stopping, after sitting up all night.

Mr. Elwes usually resided at Meacham, in Berkshire. In travelling between this place and London, he used to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, with a few crusts of bread, into his great-coat pocket; then, mounting one of his hunters, he would set off, taking the route with the fewest turnpike gates. Avoiding the taverns, he would stop under a hedge, and, while he ate his frugal meal, the horse would refresh himself by nibbling the grass.

Notwithstanding this excessive meanness, Mr. Elwes displayed many instances of generosity. On one occasion, he lent Lord Abington £7000, at a very critical moment, and entirely unsolicited, and when he had little reason to suppose the money would ever be repaid. Beside, he made it a principle never to ask for money which he won at play, and thus he lost many thousands of pounds, which he might have received by demanding it. At the same time, he had an equanimity of temper which nothing could disturb, and a gentleness and urbanity of manner, which never forsook him.

When he was somewhat advanced in life, he dismissed his fox-hounds, retrenched his expenses, and lived in the most parsimonious manner. Riches now

rolled in upon him like a torrent ; at the same time, his mean, miserly propensities increased. When in London, he would walk home in the rain, rather than pay a shilling for a coach ; and sit in his wet clothes, rather than have a fire to dry them. On one occasion, he wore a black wig above a fortnight, which he picked out of a rut in a lane, and which had probably been discarded by a beggar. While the black, stray wig was thus atop of his own gray hair, he one day tore his coat, and, in order to supply himself, resorted to an old chest of Sir Jervaise, his uncle's father. From this, he took the first he came to, which was a full-dress, green, velvet coat, with slashed sleeves. In this attire, he sat down to dinner : not even the solemn severity of his poor old servant could resist the ludicrous effect of his appearance.

In order to invest his immense property, Mr. Elwes erected a great number of buildings in London, particularly about the Hay-Market. He was the founder of a large part of Mary-le-bone, Portman Place, Portman Square, and several of the adjacent streets. It was his custom in town, to occupy any one of his numerous houses that was vacant. Two beds, two chairs, a table and an old woman, comprised all his furniture. Thus he travelled from street to street, and it was often difficult to find him.

One day, his nephew, Colonel Timms, came to town, and, wishing very much to see him, made a long, but ineffectual search for him. At last, he was directed to a particular house, which he found, and knocked loudly at the door, but no answer was returned. He then entered, but all was silent below.

On ascending to one of the chambers, he found Mr. Elwes on a shabby pallet bed, in a state of insensibility. The poor old woman, the partner of his journeys, was found lifeless on a rug in one of the garrets, where she had apparently been dead for at least two days, and where she had probably expired for want of the comforts of life. Mr. Elwes, being restored by cordials, stated that he had been sick for a long time, and wondered that the old woman did not come to his assistance.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable traits in Mr. Elwes' character, yet such was the confidence reposed in his integrity, that, without his own solicitation, he was elected a member of the House of Commons, for Berkshire, which he represented for three successive parliaments. Nothing could exceed the rigid fidelity with which he fulfilled his duties here. His vote was always given according to his conscience, and, in all weathers, and during the latest sittings, he was in his seat.

One night, as he was returning from the House of Commons, it being extremely dark, he ran against the pole of a sedan chair, and cut both his legs very badly. As usual, he refused to have medical assistance, but Colonel Timms insisted upon some one being called in. At length he submitted, and a surgeon was sent for, who immediately began to expatiate on the ill consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wounds. "Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes, "but, Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt ;

now you think they are ; so I will make this agreement. I will take one leg, and you shall take the other ; you shall do what you please with yours ; I will do nothing to mine ; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before yours." He exultingly beat the surgeon by a fortnight.

About the year 1785, Mr. Elwes paid a visit to his seat at Stoke, which he had not seen for some years. On his arrival, he complained of the expensive furniture of the rooms. To save fire, he would sit with a servant in the kitchen, or walk about the remains of a ruinous greenhouse. During harvest, he amused himself with gleaning the corn upon the grounds of his own tenants. In the autumn, he would pick up stray chips and carry them to the fire in his pocket. On one occasion, he was seen robbing a crow's nest for fuel. He denied himself the common necessities of life : one day, he dined on a moor-fowl, which a rat had drawn out of a river, and, on another, he ate the undigested part of a pike, which was taken from the stomach of a larger fish, caught in a net.

At last, the powers of life began to decay, and, in the autumn of 1786, his memory entirely failed him. On the 18th of November he sank into a state of extreme debility ; yet he lingered till the 26th, when he expired without a sigh, leaving property to the amount of four millions of dollars. More than half of this was bequeathed to his two natural sons ; the rest, being entailed, was inherited by Colonel Timms. Such was John Elwes, a singular compound of parsimony and profusion, of generosity and meanness, of honesty and avarice, of virtue and vice.



BARON D'AGUILAR.

THIS strange character presents another remarkable instance of inconsistency ; of avarice and liberality, of cruelty and kindness, of meanness and integrity, of misanthropy and benevolence. He was the son of a German Jew, who settled in London, and left him his title, and a large estate. In 1758, he was married to a lady whose fortune amounted to 150,000 pounds. In 1763, being left a widower, he married,

a few days after, another lady of fortune. Up to this time, he had lived in the highest style of fashion, but, owing to the loss of an estate in America, and domestic disagreements, he now suddenly withdrew from his family connections and the society of the gay world, and established himself at a farm-house in Islington. Here he professed to be a farmer; he stocked his yard with cattle, pigs, and poultry, yet he kept them in such a lean and miserable condition, that the place acquired the name of Starvation Farm-yard.

Everything in his establishment was conducted on the meanest scale; yet D'Aguilar, at this very time, was a liberal patron of public institutions, and profuse in his charities. While his cattle were actually in the agonies of starvation, he was doing some kindly, yet secret act, to alleviate the distresses of the poor. His wife had been obliged to leave him, but, after a separation of twenty years, he called to see her, and a reconciliation took place. In a short time, however, his extreme rigor compelled her again to leave him, and, by the advice of friends, she instituted legal proceedings against him. In this suit she was successful, and he was compelled to make a liberal provision for her.

At last, he was taken severely ill, and a physician was sent for, but he would not permit him to see him. He was therefore obliged to prescribe from a report of his symptoms. His youngest daughter begged permission to see him, but the stern father refused. In March, 1802, he died, leaving a property estimated at a million of dollars. His diamonds alone were worth thirty thousand pounds!



THOMAS GUY.

THIS gentleman was bred a bookseller, and began trade in the city of London, with no more than two hundred pounds. By his industry and uncommon frugality, but more particularly by purchasing seamen's tickets in Queen Anne's wars, and by speculations in the South Sea stock, in the memorable year 1720, he amassed an immense fortune.

In proof of his penurious disposition, it is recorded of him that he invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof sheet, or an old newspaper, was his common substitute for a table-cloth. One winter evening, as he was sitting in his room, meditating over a handful

of half-lighted embers confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person, who came to inquire for him, was introduced, and, after the first compliments were passed and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit.

The stranger was the famous Vulture Hopkins, characterized by Pope in his satires. "I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but I have been told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you are come about?" said Guy; "why, then, we can talk this matter over in the dark." So saying, he extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged that he was convinced of Guy's superior thrift, and took his leave.

The penuriousness of this singular man seemed, however, to have for its object the indulgence of a systematic benevolence. He was the founder of a celebrated institution called Guy's Hospital, which cost him nearly 100,000 dollars, and, at his death, he endowed it with a fund amounting to a million of dollars. Nor were his benefactions confined to this institution. He made provision for his poor relations, founded a hospital at Tamworth, and made various donations for benevolent and charitable objects. He died in 1724, at the age of 81 years, having never been married.



OLD PARR.

THE extreme limit of human life, and the art of attaining it, has attracted the attention of mankind in ancient as well as modern times. Cornaro, an Italian, who died at the age of one hundred and four years, in 1566, wrote several treatises on this subject, the purpose of which was to prove that sobriety of life is the great secret of longevity. He shows that in his own case he restored a constitution prostrated by

indulgence, to health and vigor. One of his papers was written at the age of ninety-five, and is commended by Addison in the 195th paper of the Spectator.

Sir George Baker gives us the history of a remarkable restoration of a constitution broken down by indulgence, in the case of Thomas Wood, a miller of Essex, England. He had been long addicted to high living and the free use of fermented liquors, but, at the age of forty-five, finding himself overwhelmed with a complication of painful disorders, he set about changing his mode of life. He gradually became abstemious in his diet, and in 1765 he began to drink nothing but water. Finding himself one day better without taking any liquid, he at last took leave of drinking altogether, and from October, 1765, to the time when Sir George Baker's account was drawn up, in August, 1771, he had not tasted a drop of water, or any other liquid, except in one instance. During all this period his health seemed to improve, under the strict regimen he had adopted.

The oldest man of whom we have any account in modern times, was Henry Jenkins, who resided in Bolton, Yorkshire. The only history we have of him was given by Mrs. Saville, who conversed with him, and made inquiries respecting him of several aged persons in the vicinity. He was twelve years old at the time the battle of Flodden Field was fought, in 1513, and he died, December 8th, 1670. He was, therefore, 169 years old when he died.

Of the celebrated Thomas Parr, we have a more particular account, furnished by Taylor, the Waterman,

or Water-poet, as he is usually called. This is entitled "The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man; or the Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr, &c." It appears that the Earl of Arundel, being in Thropshire, heard of Parr, who was then, 1635, one hundred and fifty-two years old. Being interested in this extraordinary case of longevity, the earl caused Parr to be brought to London, upon a litter borne by two horses. His daughter-in-law, named Lucy, attended him, and, "to cheer up the olde man, and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow, called Jacke, or John the Foole," of the party. Parr was taken to court, and presented to Charles I. He died in London soon after his arrival, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, 1635.

Whether Parr's long life was greatly lengthened beyond that of ordinary men by a peculiar mode of living, we have not the means of telling. It is probable that there was something peculiar in his constitution. His body was dissected after death, and all the organs were found in a perfect state. We are also informed by an eye-witness, that

"From head to heel, his body had all over
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'ral hairy cover."

We may here mention an instance of longevity attained by an individual who spent his whole life in London. This was Thomas Laugher, who was born in 1700. His father died at the age of 97, and his mother at the age of 108. Though he was a liquor dealer during the early part of his life, yet he drank only milk, water, coffee, and tea. After a severe fit of illness at the age of eighty, he had a fresh head of

hair, and new nails, both on his fingers and toes. He had a son who died at the age of eighty, some years before him, whom he called "Poor Tommy," and who appeared much older than his father. Laugher was greatly respected for his gentle manners and uninterrupted cheerfulness. He died at the age of 107. We have placed a sketch of him at the head of this article.





O'BRIEN.

THAT men of extraordinary stature, called giants, have frequently existed, we know, but there is no good reason to believe that the general stature of man was ever different from what it now is. If men were either smaller or larger than they are, they would be ill proportioned to the condition of things around them; beside, those of extraordinary height have usually a

feeble pulse, and short lives. Those greatly below the usual stature, generally die early. It is fair to infer from these facts, that the present average height of man is the permanent standard. Among the mummies of Egypt, or the ancient remains of mankind found in other countries, there appears to be no general deviation from the common height.

Of the individual instances of great stature, Patrick O'Brien, born in the county of Kinsale, Ireland, in 1761, affords a memorable instance. He was put to the trade of a bricklayer, but such was his height at eighteen, that he was taken to England, and shown as the Irish giant. At twenty-five he attained the height of eight feet and seven inches; and, though not well made, his bulk was proportioned to his height. He continued to exhibit himself for several years, when, having realized an independence, he retired to the vicinity of Epping forest, where he died, in 1806. He was peculiarly mild and gentle in his character and manners. His body was enclosed in a leaden coffin, 9 feet 2 inches long, and to prevent any attempt to disturb his remains, his grave, by his own direction, was sunk twelve feet in the solid rock.





MAXAMILLIAN CHRISTOPHER MILLER.

THIS man was born at Leipsic, in 1694, and finally attained the height of eight feet. He travelled through Europe, being exhibited as a giant. He went to England in 1733, where he attracted attention by his great size, his enormous head and face, and his fantastic attire. His hand measured a foot, and his finger nine inches. He died in London, in 1734, aged 40.



HUYALAS.

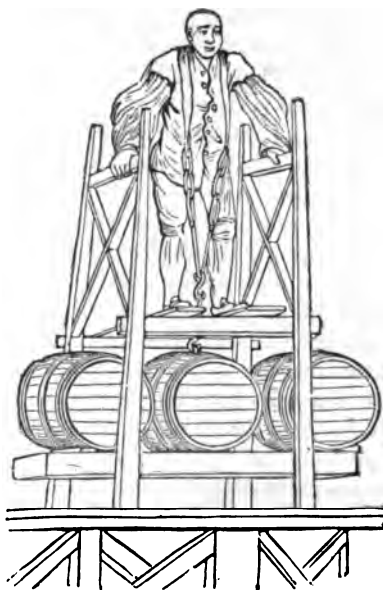
It was formerly said that the Patagonians were a race of giants, but it seems that they are but little larger than other races of men. South America appears to furnish its share of persons of extraordinary height. An instance is furnished in Basileo Huyalas, who was a native Indian of Peru, and was brought from the city of Ica to Lima, in May, 1792, to be exhibited on account of his enormous stature and extraordinary appearance.

His height was seven feet two inches and a half: his head, and the upper parts of his body, were mon-

strous. His arms were of such length as to touch his knees, when he stood erect. His whole weight was 360 pounds. At this period he was twenty-four years old. The annexed sketch gives a good idea of his appearance.

We are furnished with an account of a giant of New Grenada, an Indian, named Pedro Cano, who was seven feet five and a half inches high. His shoe was half a yard in length !





THOMAS TOPHAM.

THIS man, whose feats of strength might have figured with those of the heroes of Homer, was born in London, about the year 1710. He was bred a carpenter, and attained the height of five feet ten inches, being well proportioned in other respects. At the age of twenty-four, he took a tavern on the city road, and displayed his extraordinary powers in the gymnastic exhibitions then common at Moorfields.

He was here accustomed to stop a horse by pulling against him, his feet being placed against a low wall. A table six feet long, with half a hundred weight upon it, he lifted with his teeth, and held it for some time in a horizontal position !

His fame for strength spread over the country, and his performances excited universal wonder. He would throw a horse over a turnpike gate, carry the beam of a house as a soldier his firelock, break a rope capable of sustaining twenty-two hundred weight, and bend a bar of iron an inch in diameter by striking it against his naked arm, into a bow ! On one occasion, he found a watchman asleep in his box ; he took them both on his shoulder, and carried them to the river, where he tipped them into the water. In May, 1741, he lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 pounds !

Though possessed of such wonderful strength, Topham was of a mild and pacific temper. His mind does not appear to have possessed the energy of his body, for, being deceived by a faithless woman, he resorted to the desperate resolution of taking his own life, and died by suicide in the flower of his age.





FOSTER POWELL.

THIS famous pedestrian was born near Leeds, in 1734. In 1762, he came to London, and articulated himself to an attorney in the Temple. After the expiration of his clerkship, he was in the service of different persons, and in 1764, he walked fifty miles on the Bath road, in seven hours. He now visited several parts of Switzerland and France, where he gained much praise as a pedestrian. In 1773, he

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walked from London to York, and back again, upon a wager, a distance of 402 miles, in five days and eighteen hours. In 1778, he attempted to run two miles in ten minutes, but lost it by half a minute.

In 1787, he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London bridge and back again, in twenty-four hours, the distance being 112 miles, and he accomplished it, to the great astonishment of thousands of spectators. He performed many other extraordinary feats, and died in 1793. Though he had great opportunities of amassing money, he was careless of wealth, and died in indigent circumstances. His disposition was mild and gentle, and he had many friends.





JOSEPH CLARK.

IN a work devoted to the curiosities of human nature, we must not omit Joseph Clark, of London, a man whose suppleness of body rendered him the wonder of his time. Though he was well made, and rather gross than thin, he could easily exhibit every species of deformity. The powers of his face were even more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He would suddenly transform himself so com-

pletely as not to be recognised by his familiar acquaintances. He could dislocate almost any of the joints of his body, and he often amused himself by imposing upon people in this way.

He once dislocated the vertebræ of his back and other parts of his body, in such a manner, that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his cure. On one occasion, he ordered a coat of a tailor. When the latter measured him, he had an enormous hump on his left shoulder; when the coat came to be tried on, the hump was shifted to the right side! The tailor expressed great astonishment, begged a thousand pardons, and altered the coat as quickly as possible. When he again tried it on, the deformity appeared in the middle of his back!

Of the life of this remarkable person, we have few details, and we can only add that he died about the year 1700.





EDWARD BRIGHT.

THIS individual, who was remarkable for his great size, combined with active habits, was born in Essex, England, about the year 1720. He weighed 144 pounds at the age of twelve years. When he grew to manhood, he established himself as a grocer at Malden, about forty miles from London. He gradually increased in size, till he weighed nearly 500 pounds. He was still industrious and active in his mode of life, riding on horseback, and walking with ease. He paid close attention to his business, and went frequently to London to purchase goods.

At the age of twenty-three, he was married, and had five children. He was cheerful and good-natured, a kind husband, a tender father, a good master, and an honest man. When thirty years of age, he was taken with fever, and died, November 10th, 1750. At the period of his death he weighed 616 pounds.



DANIEL LAMBERT.

THIS individual was born at Leicester, England, in 1770, and was apprenticed to the business of a die

sinker and engraver. He afterwards succeeded his father as keeper of the prison ; and from this period, his size began to increase in a remarkable degree. In this situation he continued for some years, and so exemplary was his conduct, that when his office was taken away, in consequence of some new arrangements, he received an annuity of fifty pounds for life, as a mark of esteem, and the universal satisfaction he had given in the discharge of his duties.

His size increased to such a degree, that he was an object of universal wonder, and was at last persuaded to exhibit himself in London. Here he was visited by crowds of people, and, among the rest, by Count Boruwlaski, the Polish dwarf. The contrast between the two must have been striking indeed ; for as Lambert was the largest man ever known, so the count was one of the smallest. The one weighed 739 pounds, and the other probably not over 60. Here were the two extremes of human stature.

In general, the health of Lambert was good, his sleep sound, his respiration free. His countenance was manly and intelligent ; he possessed great information, much ready politeness, and conversed with ease and propriety. It is remarkable that he was an excellent singer, his voice being a melodious tenor, and his articulation clear and unembarrassed. He took several tours through the principal cities and towns of Great Britain, retaining his health and spirits till within a day of his death, which took place in June, 1809. His measure round the body was 9 feet 4 inches, and a suit of clothes cost him a hundred dollars !



JEFFREY HUDSON.

IN the early ages of the world, when knowledge chiefly depends upon tradition, it is natural for mankind to people the universe with a thousand imaginary beings. Hence the stories of dragons, giants, and dwarfs, all of which have some foundation in reality; but when these are scrutinized, the dragon becomes only some wild beast of the forest, the giant is a man of uncommon size, and the dwarf of uncommon littleness.

We have already given some account of giants: we must say a few words in respect to dwarfs. These have never been known to be distinguished for their talents, though their figures are often perfectly well formed. They have generally one trait in common with children—a high opinion of their own little persons, and great vanity. In the middle ages, and even down to a much later period, dwarfs were a fashionable appendage to royal courts and the families of nobles.

Among the most celebrated of this class of persons was Jeffrey Hudson, born at Oakham, England, in 1619. At seven years of age, he was taken into the service of the Duke of Buckingham, being then but eighteen inches high. He afterwards was taken into the service of the queen of Charles I., who sent him to the continent on several confidential commissions. His size never exceeded three feet nine inches, but he possessed a good share of spirit, and, on the breaking out of the civil wars, he became a captain of horse.

On one occasion, he went to sea, and was taken by a Turkish corsair, and sold for a slave; but he was fortunately ransomed, and enabled to return to England. When the infamous Titus Oates pretended to reveal a plot against the king, Charles II., Hudson was one of the suspected persons, and, in consequence, lay some time in prison. He was at length released, and died in 1678.



JOSEPH BORUWLASKI.

THIS little personage was one of the most famous and agreeable of the pigmy race to which he belonged. He was a native of Poland, and, on account of his diminutive size, was early taken under the care of a lady of rank. She soon married, however, and he was transferred to the Countess Humieska, and accompanied her to her residence in Podolia. Here he remained for six months, and then attended the countess on a tour of pleasure through Germany and

France. At Vienna, he was presented to the empress queen, Maria Theresa, being then fifteen years old. Her majesty was pleased to say that he was the most astonishing being she ever saw.

She took him into her lap, and asked him what he thought most curious and interesting at Vienna. "I have observed nothing," said the little count, smartly, "so wonderful as to see such a little man on the lap of so great a woman." This delighted the queen, and, taking a fine diamond from the finger of a child five or six years old, who was present, placed it on his finger. This child was Marie Antoinette, afterwards queen of France; and it may be easily imagined that Boruwlaski preserved the jewel, which was a very splendid one, with religious care.

From Vienna, they proceeded to Munich and other German cities, the little companion of the countess everywhere exciting the greatest interest and curiosity. At Luneville, they met with Bébé, a famous French dwarf. A friendship immediately commenced between the two little men, but Bébé was four inches the tallest, and Boruwlaski, being therefore the smaller of the two, was the greatest wonder. He was also remarkable for his amiable and cheerful manners. These things excited the jealousy of Bébé, and he determined to take revenge. One day, when they were alone, slyly approaching his rival, he caught him by the waist, and endeavored to push him into the fire. Boruwlaski sustained himself against his adversary, till the servants, alarmed by the noise of the scuffle, came in and rescued him. Bébé was now chastised and disgraced with the king, his master, and soon after died of mortification and spleen.

The travellers now proceeded to Paris, where they passed more than a year, indulging in all the gaieties of that gay city. They were entertained by the royal family and the principal nobility. M. Bouret, renowned for his ambition and extravagance, gave a sumptuous entertainment in honor of Boruwlaski, at which all the table service, plates, knives and forks, were of a size suited to the guest. The chief dishes consisted of ortolans and other small game.

The countess and her charge returned to Warsaw, where they resided for many years. At twenty-five the count fell in love with a French actress, but she made sport of his passion, and his little heart was nearly broken. When he was forty years old, the black eyes of Isalina Barboutan, a domestic companion of the countess, again disturbed his peace; he declared his affection, but was again rejected. He, however, persevered, even against the injunctions of his patroness. She was so much offended with his obstinacy, that she ordered him to leave her house forever, and sent Isalina home to her parents.

He now applied to prince Casimir, and, through his recommendation, was taken under the patronage of the king. Continuing his addresses to Isalina Barboutan, he was accepted, and they were soon after married. By the recommendation of his friends, he set out in 1780 to exhibit himself in the principal cities in Europe. His wife accompanied him, and, about a year after their marriage, presented her husband with a daughter.

Passing through the great cities of Germany and France, the count arrived in London, where he was

liberally patronized. He not only had exhibitions of his person, but he gave concerts which were well attended. In 1788, he wrote his life, which was published in an octavo volume, and was patronized by a long list of nobility. He at last acquired a competence, and retired to Durham with his family, where he spent the remainder of his days, and died at the age of nearly 100 years. He had several children, and lived happily with his wife, though it is said, that, in an interview with Daniel Lambert, he remarked that she used to set him on the mantel-piece, whenever he displeased her.





THE SIAMESE TWINS.

In the year 1829, Captain Coffin, of the American ship *Sachem*, arrived in the United States, with two youths, born in the kingdom of Siam, and united by a strong gristly ligature at the breast. Their names were Eng and Chang, and they were natives of Mak-long, a village on the coast of Siam. They were born in May, 1811, of Chinese parents, who were in humble circumstances. They were engaged in fishing, keeping poultry, and manufacturing cocoa-nut oil, till they left their country. When they arrived, they were five feet two inches in height, well made,

and muscular. They have been known to carry a person weighing 280 pounds.

The band that united these two persons was a cartilaginous substance, an eighth of an inch thick, and an inch and a half wide. It was flexible, and permitted the youths to turn in either direction. It was covered with skin, and seemed to be without pulsation. It was very strong, and of so little sensibility, that it might be smartly pulled, without seeming to give uneasiness. When touched in the centre, it was equally felt by both; but at half an inch from the centre, it was felt by only one.

They were agile, could walk or run with swiftness, and could swim well. Their intellectual powers were acute; they played at chess and draughts remarkably well, but never against each other. Their feelings were warm and affectionate, and their conduct amiable and well-regulated. They never entered into conversation with each other, beyond a simple remark made by one to the other, which seemed to be rationally accounted for by the fact, that, their experience being all in common, they had nothing to communicate. The attempt has frequently been made to engage them in separate conversations with different individuals, but always without success, as they are invariably inclined to direct their attention to the same thing at the same time.

In their movements perfect equanimity is observed; the one always concurring with the other, so that they appear as if actuated by a common mind. In their employments and amusements, they have never been known to utter an angry word towards each

other. Whatever pleases or displeases one, has the same effect on the other. They feel hunger and thirst at the same time, and the quantity of food taken by them is as nearly alike as possible. Both feel the desire to sleep simultaneously, and they always awake at the same moment. Upon the possibility of separating them with safety, there is some difference of opinion among medical men.

These two youths excited an extraordinary sensation upon their arrival in this country. For three or four years, they were exhibited here, and in Europe, and, finally, having obtained a competence, they purchased a farm in North Carolina, and established themselves as planters, where they still reside. They furnish the only instance in which two individuals have been thus united, and their case has probably excited more interest than any other freak of nature that has ever happened.

The most curious part of the story of Eng and Chang, is, that on the 13th of April, 1843, they were married to two sisters, Sarah and Adelaide Yeates, of Wilkes county, North Carolina!

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